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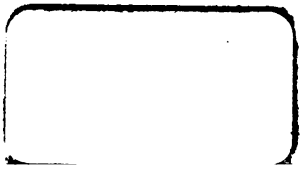

MEMOIR

OF

THE REV. JOHN STANFORD, D. D.

LATE CHAPLAIN TO THE HUMANE AND CRIMINAL INSTITUTIONS IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

BY

CHARLES G. SOMMERS,

PASTOR OF THE SOUTH BAPTIST CHURCH IN NEW-YORK.

TOGETHER WITH

AN APPENDIX,

COMPRISING

BRIEF MEMOIRS

OF

THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, THE REV. THOMAS BALDWIN, D. D. AND THE REV. RICHARD FURMAN, D. D.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—*Psalm* cxii. 6.

NEW-YORK:

SWORDS, STANFORD, AND CO.

No. 152 Broadway.

1835.

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The design of this memoir is, neither to build the tombs of the prophets, nor to garnish the sepulchres of the righteous; but, by recording the virtues of the pious dead, to enforce the divine precept—"Go thou and do likewise." The advantages of a good example are every where acknowledged, because, by a secret but powerful influence, it urges us to imitation. This principle was so well understood by the Romans, that they preserved, with the greatest care, the pictures of their brave progenitors, as a means of exciting them to emulate their heroic patriotism. Cæsar never said to his soldiers, "Ite," go on; but his animating command was, "Venite," come on, or, follow me. In the name of One, greater than Cæsar, the apostle commands all who aspire to the immortal honours of victory over the powers of darkness, "Be ye followers

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truth; and a faithful appropriation of all the powers of his mind to promulgate the gospel, by proclaiming the way of salvation, through Jesus Christ, from the pulpit and from the press. In the first of these departments of Christian effort, the following pages will show, that he was surpassed by few men of the present age; and as a pungent and lucid writer on practical divinity, he is favourably known to the Christian world.

By the death of Dr. Stanford, the cause of truth has sustained a great loss; yet he was providentially preserved to an advanced age, to bless mankind by his precept and example. While, therefore, we bow in submission before Him whose ways are unsearchable, and his judgments past finding out, we may hope, that the imperishable lustre of the example which he has bequeathed will excite thousands to the faithful and diligent performance of their duty, that, when time with them shall be no more, they may inherit the blessing.

The following work has been in part composed from manuscript volumes containing his diary, from fugitive pieces, written at intervals, and from such facts, with regard to his public labours, as the author could collect from his own memory, or that of friends. In every instance, great pains have been taken to give, in Dr. Stanford's own words, whatever was fit for the public eye. From the very imperfect state of all his papers, it is evident that he could not have written with a view to posthumous publication.

It was originally the design of the writer to have enriched the present work with a condensed history, and lithographic views, of all the public institutions in this city, in which Dr. S. laboured; and to have furnished the statistics of New-York, from the days of its original founders, materials for which had been amply provided in a manuscript volume which Dr. S. prepared, with incredible labour, in the examination of the public and private sources of statistical information; and which contained important facts relating to the history of New-York, for more than one hundred and eighty years past, which few other men had the means of obtaining. This valuable production, written in Dr. Stanford's usual style of elegant penmanship, was presented to the Common Council of New-York, but is now, we fear, irrecoverably lost. Great disappointment has been experienced in the impossibility of finding this book, notwithstanding a most laborious and persevering search of about six months; by which this memoir has been delayed until the present time, and the author has been compelled to have recourse to other sources for the historical statements which are interspersed throughout the present work.

That the following pages, designed to promote the interests of evangelical piety, may be acceptable to the reader, and accompanied with the blessing of God, is the sincere prayer, and the highest ambition, of

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were true. I now began to feel a desire to know myself, and to be saved from my sins. Mr. Hooper perceiving he had at least obtained access to my ear, and that I began better to approve of his religious conversation, sent me Romaine's treatise on "The Life of Faith," accompanied with an affectionate note. On Mr. Hooper's next visit, he explained to me the office of the Holy Spirit to enlighten the dark mind, to testify of Christ, and to lead the soul into happy communion with God. I felt much distressed that I knew nothing of these things, and concluded I was far from being in a state of safety.

"After the departure of my friend I retired to my chamber with a desire to pray, in hope of obtaining relief. I prostrated myself before the Lord, but my mind was covered with darkness—not one suitable thought did I possess of the majesty of the supreme Being whom I was about to address. All was darkness and confusion—I cried out, 'O Lord, I do not know thee; how then shall I pray.' I arose with conscious shame; hastily left my chamber, and went many days mourning over a hard, ignorant, unbelieving heart. A period this, which it is not probable I shall ever forget, as it was the first time I might be said to realize my fallen and sinful state.

"One day while reading the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, I received great encouragement from the thirteenth verse: 'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.' After this I retired for prayer, earnestly pleading this gracious promise, and found thereby a very great increase of earnest desires after the Lord. I could not rest satisfied; but panted after the enjoyment of that *real good*, which I was unable to describe. If walking the streets, at home, or abroad, I every where felt an engagedness of heart for spiritual blessings unknown to me before. While sitting in my chamber meditating upon the wonderful mercy of the

Lord, I cast my eyes upon a pack of cards, to the use of which I had been greatly addicted; I instantly seized and carried them into the garden, and threw them into a trench dug to receive some plants, and covered them up. Thus I left the book of cards and embraced the book of God, which I hope will be the means of my enjoying more abundant and more sublime pleasures.

"About this time my mind was greatly distressed on account of having received the Lord's supper when I was in an unconverted state, and merely as constituting a public profession; thereby, as I concluded, having sealed my own condemnation, 'not discerning the Lord's body.' Moreover, my conduct to Mr. Potter, the young gentleman already named, gave me great disquietude, and had a tendency to show me, how far my pharisaical zeal had influenced me to throw stumbling-blocks in the way of others who were concerned for their salvation. This subject produced much uneasiness of mind, nor could I rest until I had formed an acquaintance with him, and acknowledged with regret that I was the author of the letter already alluded to. It pleased God so far to bless this resolution, that a mutual friendship was produced, and we walked together many years in the ways of Christian obedience. Glory be to the Lord for this instance of his sovereign goodness.

"As to the general exercises of my mind for several months, hope and fear, pleasure and pain, alternately occupied my heart. Sometimes cold and indifferent, then warm desires expressed in the language of David, 'O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away, and be at rest.' About this time, my uncle invited me to join a party of young persons to visit Vauxhall Gardens, a place of carnal pleasure. This was not only a strong temptation, but a source of great distress—my temporal interest I knew depended upon his favour, and I had not fortitude sufficient to refuse,

although compliance created intense agony of mind. In the garden I seemed as if in the infernal regions—music, singing, exhibitions, company, all, all was in opposition to the state of my feelings, and filled my heart with sorrow. However, I found some consolation in contemplating the alteration in my own mind, for I had never before considered such amusements as incompatible with Christianity. This consideration was the more welcome, as it enabled me upon scriptural principles, to conclude, that God must have produced this great and surprising change in my opinions and feelings."

Shortly after this, Mr. Hooper commenced a systematic correspondence with Mr. S. which was blessed of God as a means of his spiritual improvement in the knowledge of Christ. The writings of Hervey, Jones, Romaine, and especially a pamphlet, entitled "A Drop of Honey from the Rock Christ," (the work of Wilcox, one of the early Baptist ministers of London,) were also very useful to him. But above all, the sacred volume appears to have been the chief source of his consolation. Through this celestial medium, he was enabled to contemplate the person, offices, vicarious sacrifice, grace, and promises, of the Lord Jesus, as exactly suited to his necessities. Thus did the Holy Spirit mercifully conduct and shine upon his soul, to dispel the moral darkness and to enable him to say with David, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."

From this time his mind was directed to the prayerful study of the Holy Bible, in every part of which, he seems to have discovered the glory of Christ, as John beheld the apocalyptic angel, standing in the midst of the sun.

Like the primitive Baptist, the public ministry of John Stanford commenced amongst the poor.

Divine Providence so ordered it, that shortly after

his conversion, he was frequently invited to visit the sick and dying; and on these occasions he generally used the form of prayer prescribed by the Episcopal Church. But, upon this subject, he remarks, "being one day requested to attend an unhappy man, whose criminal indulgencies had prostrated his vital energies, and brought him to the gates of death; I found that the form of prayer, although generally very excellent, did not suit the peculiarities of his case." On this occasion he for the first time, in the presence of others, ventured to express his desires to God, by extemporaneous prayer.

Not enjoying the stated ministry of the Gospel in his native town, he embraced every opportunity of going to London, where, to his great edification, and growth in grace; he heard the Rev. Mr. Romaine, and other evangelical ministers of Christ. Here for a time, he seemed to "*lie down in green pastures,*" and to be led "*beside the still waters;*" but, as in the case of Israel, who had no sooner passed over Jordan, than they were met by the Canaanites, so, although to him unknown, the hour and the powers of darkness were at hand.—In his journal he remarks:—"Passing over Wandsworth bridge in a very happy frame of mind; I was strongly tempted to question whether I was a child of God, as I was exempted from those afflictions to which in the Scriptures, the saints are said to be appointed. Little did I then think I was so near the furnace, much less, that I should wear the badge of affliction so many years. By some unknown persons, it was intimated to my uncle, that his nephew had become "strangely religious, left his church, and went after *dissenters.*" This intelligence greatly exasperated him; and one day as he was passing by my window, he saw me reading a religious book, which had a tendency to confirm his suspicion, and he withdrew his attention from me. From this time our intercourse was cut off, and I saw him no

more, until his death, which occured after a few weeks of confinement to his chamber! On inquiry concerning his affairs, I found he had altered his will, left his property to an indifferent person; and bequeathed no more to me, than enough to answer the requisition of the law in my favour as his heir. After so many years sanguine expectation, at the very period when his assistance seemed to be indispensably necessary to my advancement in public life; to have my earthly support fail, and my prospects suddenly blasted; was certainly a severe trial. Young in experience, I could not then penetrate the designs of Providence in that event; but it afforded me great satisfaction to feel entirely conscious, that I had not procured this treatment by any imprudent or sinful conduct; but only, because I '*had become religious, and had gone after the dissenters.*'

"When subsequently I walked over those fields which my late uncle had so often told me should be mine, I confess that I felt a degree of disappointment; but I was assisted to reflect, that if my heavenly Father knew that the possession of these fields would have been for my good, I most certainly should have inherited them. This consideration entirely reconciled me to the dispensations of heaven, and enabled me to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'

"But no sooner was my uncle deposited in his grave, and my mind in a great degree relieved from the distress which his conduct towards me had produced, than a far greater affliction was prepared for the trial of my faith. My mother was now about forming a second marriage, but she was suddenly taken very ill with a bilious fever, and, within the time appointed for her nuptials, she was conveyed to the silent tomb.

"This sudden and painful bereavment, which devolved upon me, the charge of three sisters, the oldest not more than twelve years of age, with but a dark prospect before me, almost bowed me down to the dust.

But the Lord enabled me to adopt the prayer of David —'Guide me in the way in which I should go, for I lift up my soul unto thee.' This affliction was greatly augmented by a near relative who took possession of my mother's property, under a pretext of obligations due to him from my deceased father, and we were left not merely orphans, but destitute of the means of support.—In the evening, while sitting alone in the parlour, quite disconsolate, and without an earthly friend in whom I could confide, it pleased God sensibly to apply to my mind this appropriate and invaluable promise—'Verily thou shalt be fed.' Psalm xxxvii. 3. It was indeed the voice of God, speaking comfort to my disconsolate heart. True, the Lord by this promise did not say when, where, with what, nor by what means I should be fed; but it was enough for me at that time to be assured, that a supply should be granted. Nevertheless, during the ensuing two weeks the cloud seemed to grow darker. I now made my last visit to Samuel Naylor, Esq, attorney in London, in order to settle my mother's affairs. At the close of business, and finding that I had been bereft of all, Mr. Naylor expressed his generous concern for my afflictions, and asked me what now were my prospects? I told him, that as to the result I was of course ignorant, but that my reliance was wholly upon the Lord. I then knew not that Mr. Naylor was a professor of religion. He replied, 'A minister who keeps a boarding-school at the place where I have my country-house; is going to live upon an estate in Northamptonshire, left him by his grand-father, and if you choose to accept the settlement, I will secure it for you.' To this I objected, having no property; but Mr. Naylor generously engaged to become responsible for me, and his offer was gratefully accepted."

Mr. Stanford's removal to Hammersmith was not only attended with many temporal comforts, but ultimately led to the establishment of a church in that

place. Thus did the Lord show him, that his "way is in the whirlwind, and the clouds are the dust of his feet." In this field of usefulness he continued to labour with successful assiduity, until the Holy Spirit, the Providence of God, and the Church of Christ, with united voice, called him to the more exalted and responsible duties of the Christian ministry.

CHAPTER II.

HE EXAMINES THE VALIDITY OF INFANT BAPTISM—JOINS THE CHURCH UNDER THE CARE OF THE REV. BENJAMIN WALLIN—ORDAINED TO THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY—COMMENCES HIS DIARY.

HAVING detailed the prominent incidents in the history of young Stanford's life, up to the period when, surrounded with an accumulation of earthly cares, he was thrown upon the Providence of God and his own resources; we shall present an extract from his diary, which will disclose the exercises of his mind respecting *believer's baptism*, at the time he made a public profession of religion, and became a member of that denomination which he continued to adorn, until, from the toils of the wilderness, he was removed to enjoy the substantial bliss of the paradise above.

A change of opinion is no uncommon event, even amongst men of sound and discriminating minds. But when such changes occur, and stand connected with the voluntary sacrifice of every prospect of worldly emolument—when they sunder the dearest ties of consanguinity—and when, as in the case of young Stanford, there is a voluntary relinquishment of the strong prepossessions of early education—then may it with truth be said, that the event not only demonstrates the sincerity of the individual, but becomes a practical commentary on the importance of the subject which occasioned the change.

"'Truth, though sometimes clad
In painful lustre, yet is always welcome;
Dear as the light that shows the lurking rock;
'Tis the fair star, that ne'er into the main
Descending, leads us safely on through stormy life."

The author hopes that it will not be regarded as invidious, but due to truth, to say, that in the history of the Baptist Church, events of a similar description have already multiplied beyond computation; and they continue to recur with such frequency, as to have well nigh ceased to be the subject of particular remark. These repeated instances of change, from *pædobaptism* to *believer's baptism*, cannot, so far as the ministry is concerned, be ascribed to the hope of greater pecuniary advantage; because that end, it is confidently believed, would in most cases be better attained, by remaining in the communion of any other evangelical denomination. It is moreover an invariable practice, to demand a scriptural account of the reasons which have led to the change; and no person can be admitted as a private member, much less as a *minister* of the Baptist Church, unless he is able to point to those parts of the Bible which prove the immersion* of believers, to be, *the baptism of the New Testament.* Upon this subject Mr. Stanford remarks:—"Educated in the Church of England, as by law established, I was very warmly attached to its services. Mr. Hooper, in conversation one day, asked me, If I had thought on the validity of my baptism? I replied, I have no doubt of the validity of my baptism: the rector performed the ceremony; my uncle was godfather; and my baptismal name is registered in the parish church book. I do not deny, said Mr. H. but that you may have had infant baptism, but I wish to know if you believe that service to have been commanded by the Lord, in the New Testament? I answered, that I had never thought of calling my

* Upon the authority of an Episcopal clergyman of this city, it is gratifying to be permitted to state a fact, which is not generally known; that "In this country, baptism by immersion, is of very frequent recurrence in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

"The minister shall *dip* the child or person to be baptized in the water, or *pour* water upon him."—*Rubricks in the office for baptism.*

baptism in question, nor examined the scriptures on the subject. More to gratify my friend, than from any scruple in my own mind, I took the first opportunity to inquire into the scriptural authority for my baptism. This, after importunate prayer to God was performed, by the aid of the New Testament, and a concordance; which enabled me to turn to the words, *baptize*, *baptism*, &c. &c. To my extreme mortification, search was in vain. I found that little children were brought to Jesus, and he 'BLESSED them;' but they were neither baptized by him, nor by his disciples. Mark x. 16. I found many passages where persons were said to be baptized, all of them, professing to *believe*, Acts viii. 37—39, and xviii. 8; *repent*, Acts ii. 38; *receive the word gladly*, Acts ii. 41; and to, *go on their way rejoicing*, Acts viii. 39. A moment's reflection convinced me, that in my *infant baptism*, I had not possessed any of these *prerequisites;* because unconscious of the act, it having been performed by others on my behalf, and not by any previous consent of my own mind. I likewise found, that whereas, by my said baptism, I had been declared to be, '*A child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven:*' it had proved a delusive snare to my soul, and prevented me from seeing the absolute necessity of the NEW BIRTH, BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD. From this time I began to consider myself an *unbaptized* person; but that I was now entitled to the ordinance of baptism, seeing I had obtained mercy 'to *believe* to the saving of my soul.' Up to this time I had never witnessed the administration of the ordinance according to the practice of the Baptist Church.

"Perceiving an error in my former profession, I proceeded in a further examination of the subject. With the New Testament in my hand, I found that Christ had declared, '*My kingdom is not of this world;*' but, THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, is established by the law of the land; and forms a material part of

the civil constitution; and the king of the realm is styled, 'HEAD OF THE CHURCH, AND DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.' I also recollected that the Church of England considers the whole nation as baptized in infancy; and every individual, good and bad, to be *members;* and consequently required to receive the Lord's supper. Whereas the members of the Church of Christ, as described in the scriptures, are said to be, '*regenerated*'—'*called out of the world*'—'*new creatures,*' and acknowledging no other Lord and King, but Jesus Christ.

"I next examined the doctrinal articles of the Church of England, and could not but approve of them as really good. I recollected also, many pious and learned ministers, and others of that communion, to whom I felt the most affectionate attachment. Duty, however, was a personal concern; and what ever others might do, according to what they had been taught, it became me to listen to the voice of Jesus—'*What is that to thee, follow thou me.*' This I wished to do in humility and love; at the same time, possessing the most sincere regard for others, though not united to the same denomination with myself. I can truly say, '*Grace, mercy and peace, be with the Israel of God.*' At this time I was introduced to the Rev. Benjamin Wallin,* of London; and carefully examined the principles and practices

* The Rev. Benjamin Wallin, was for more than forty years, the devoted and useful pastor of the Baptist church in Maze-pond, London. As a minister of the Gospel he was laborious, affectionate, and successful; nor were his efforts to promote the glory of God and the moral interests of the world, circumscribed by the bounds of his own congregation. He was a man of public spirit, and sincerely attached to all good men.—Mr. Wallin was one of the ministers who, in 1772, petitioned parliament, to relieve dissenters from the oppressive law which required them to subscribe to the articles of the Church of England. As an author he commenced his career in 1746, and attained considerable celebrity. His "Pious Memorials"—"Memoirs of a Young Gentleman, intended as a warning to Deists," and several other equally meritorious works, give ample evidence of his fervent piety, and of a sound and discriminating mind.

of the church over which he was pastor, and found them to correspond with those described in the New Testament. I therefore resolved, in the fear of God, to unite with that people, and accordingly offered myself as a candidate for membership. As '*with the heart man believeth unto righteousness*,' so '*with the mouth confession is made unto salvation*.' (Rom. x. 10.) I therefore declared before the Church, what I believed the Lord had in mercy done for me; and was accepted, baptized, and received into the fellowship of that community, as a baptized church of Christ, where I enjoyed much of the power and presence of the Lord Jesus.

"Many years have passed away since my public baptism; I have frequently and conscientiously examined the principles upon which I then acted; I have also had a more extensive acquaintance with the different religious denominations of Christians, and a more deep penetration into the word of God; and although I am far from believing that Baptist churches are in a state of perfection, yet I cannot but still approve of that denomination, as nearest to the truth, as it is in Christ, and rejoice in the profession I have made."

Added to the loss of his uncle's valuable estate, (to which he was the lawful heir, and which had repeatedly been promised to him,) in consequence of his leaving the Episcopal Church, and attending the ministry of dissenters; he now experienced much of that unkindness which, alas! too often frowns upon those who conscientiously believe that *Christ and his apostles were Baptists;* and that therefore duty to God requires them to imitate his example. But, regardless of pecuniary losses, and unyielding amid the reproaches of his relations and former friends, and the odium which his change of sentiment on the subject of baptism occasioned, he seemed with holy magnanimity to say:—

" Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all the shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd?

" Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?"—

From the foregoing narrative, it does not appear that his conversion can be refered to any particular period, but that the Lord led him step by step, like as it was with Ephraim; " *I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt. I taught Ephraim also to go, taking him by the hand; I drew him with cords of love, and with the bands of a man.*" (Hosea xi.) His convictions of sin were not as pungent and overwhelming as do sometimes precede the joys of a hope in Christ; " nevertheless," he remarks in his diary; " the God of my mercy has done that for me which I could not have performed for myself. ' *Whereas I was blind, now I see.*' If I were not the Lord's, surely he would not have dealt thus kindly with me. Glory be to his unbounded mercy and unchanging grace!"

The subsequent parts of this narrative, must necessarily exhibit a diversified scene. His call to the ministry—public ordination—success and discouragements—his private and public afflictions—leaving his native country—emigration to America—connections—travels—friends and foes—these, with their attendant hopes, fears, pleasures and pains, have in such close succession attended his steps, that he was accustomed to say, that Providence, by its vicissitudes, seemed to have furnished him with " a Joseph's coat of many colours."

Although like David, he was permitted to " *sing*," both " *of mercy and judgment*," and to testify his gratitude to that Almighty Saviour by whom he had often

been miraculously preserved, "nevertheless," he remarks; "I have drunk deep of the truly bitter cup; my storms have been more violent than fall to the common lot of men; but when deprived of the creature, the Lord has made up the loss in the enjoyment of Himself, and proved to me '*a friend, that sticketh closer than a brother.*'"

The subjoined extracts may serve to describe, the light in which he contemplated the prospective duties of life, and the ultimate solemnities of a dying hour. "My future prospects, whether temporal or spiritual, private or public, I most cheerfully leave with that good and gracious Shepherd, who hath hitherto been my guide and unchangeable friend. May thy visitation preserve my heart from sin, and my life from evil, that I may walk before thee in the light of the living." At a subsequent period, and when treading the declivity of life, he remarks: "My death, in some form, is as certain as the decree of God. The time, the place, the means, with every attendant circumstance, I leave to be ordered by infinite wisdom. I have known much of mankind, of books, of the world, and something of my own heart, and I cannot but consider it a most important point, rightly to draw the lines of life, so that they may terminate in a happy death. To Jesus, who lived and died for me, I resign the circumstances and the event of my decease, believing that he will graciously bestow upon me that faith which will sustain me in the solemn hour." In this holy expectation he was not disappointed. Having thus early formed his purposes, upon the divine plan, of faith in Jesus Christ—he believed *firmly*—loved *fervently*—prayed *earnestly*—walked *humbly*—laboured *diligently*—waited *patiently*—and died *triumphantly*, for God was with him.

"A light was there,
Whose beam was kindled from above."

The following abstract of the account of the public ordination of Mr. Stanford to the work of the Christian ministry, was found amongst his papers, and will, it is hoped, be interesting to the reader.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

"Prayer by the Rev. John Reynolds,—Introductory address by the Rev. W. Clarke,—Confession of faith by Mr. Stanford,—Hymn, and charge to the minister, by the Rev. Abraham Booth,—Prayer by the Rev. R. Burnham,—Sermon to the church by the Rev. T. Davis,—Hymn,—Concluding prayer.

"After the public reading of, the call to the pastoral office from the church of Christ in Hammersmith to the Rev. John Stanford; the introductory address, &c. was delivered by the Rev. William Clarke, A. M. who then requested John Stanford publickly to declare his acceptance of the call of this church, and also to give a public testimony of his views of the doctrines revealed in the Bible; and of the order, and practices of the primitive churches."

After a very able document upon this subject, but which is here omitted for want of room, the Rev. Mr. Clarke rose and said—

"The church having given an account of the steps by them adopted relative to the call of our brother to the pastoral office; and whereas he has signified his acceptance, and has now witnessed a good confession of his faith before many witnesses; we do therefore proceed, in the name of the Lord Jesus, by the laying on of our hands, and by prayer; to invest him with the pastoral office over you as a church."

The Rev. Abraham Booth, Rev. John Reynolds, Rev. R. Burnham, and Rev. T. Davis, then proceeded to lay hands upon the pastor elect; while the Rev. William Clarke offered the *ordaining prayer*.

Abstract of the address delivered to the pastor by the Rev. Abraham Booth, A. M.

"I shall commence the duty assigned to me on this occasion, by reading to you, my brother, the second verse of the fourth chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians.—

"*By manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.*

"When I contemplate the Apostle Paul, as the most honoured and useful servant of the Lord Jesus, in spreading the glories of divine grace, I can hardly forbear wishing, like Austin, to have beheld him in the pulpit; if, thereby, I might form a more correct idea of his doctrine and manner of preaching. Yet such a wish is quite unavailing; and indeed, the gratification of it quite unnecessary. For that incomparable man, in his several epistles, has drawn his own character both as a Christian and as a minister of Christ. In the words of our text, we have the representation of Paul in the pulpit. His grand business is, *to manifest the truth.* What is his immediate and first aim? It is to approve himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Paul, my brother, is therefore a pattern for your imitation.

"Your business is to 'manifest the truth.' Truth is a just representation of facts, whether it relates to the primary ideas of our own minds, or to objects recited by others. All falsehood is, denying that to be fact which really is fact, or asserting that to be fact which is not fact. This definition of truth, concerns not only such facts as are discoverable by the light of reason, but such as are peculiar to revelation. There is, however, something in the sacred writings which, by way of eminence, is called 'the truth,' and which is mentioned in our text, and deserves our particular regard.

"There are certain doctrines founded on facts, which are of an immutable nature, and these, by way of eminence, are called 'the *truth*,' and comprise the doctrine of salvation by Jesus Christ. Gospel truths, and the reality of the facts on which they are founded, show the adorable wisdom, power, and glory of God; and you, my brother, are bound to search the scriptures, and endeavour to understand them and their immediate connection. Among these facts are the marvellous character of God, and that he made and governs the world. Upon these truths all the doctrines of divine revelation are founded. My young brother, you are to study these truths as a man, as a Christian, and particularly as a *minister*. If you do not study these truths, with their nature and tendency, it is not to be expected that you will commend them to others in your ministry. For you are not only to study the truth, but, according to the example of Paul, to manifest the truth to others. This is to be the great business of your ministry, for it is '*the truth*,' which is appointed of God to enlighten the understanding, and awaken the conscience, under the influence of the divine Spirit. The truth of which the apostle speaks, and which will comfort the hearts of your hearers, stands in direct opposition to error and falsehood; and which, in the preceding part of this verse he calls '*The hidden things of dishonesty; walking in craftiness, and handling the word of God deceitfully.*' No man ought to be countenanced as a minister of Christ that is found guilty of this fault; or who conceals a part of the truth of God's word, or makes a false representation of it. You are, then, to *manifest* '*the truth*,' *the whole truth*, every part of which is *precious*.

"Labour to become acquainted with the doctrines contained in the scriptures, that you may be able to '*teach others also*.' But remember that you are not always to dwell on some particular and favourite

points, but deliver the whole truth in all its variety. You are not to give *a body of divinity* in a sermon, nor an account of all the articles in your creed; for this would be very injudicious. Carefully avoid that ambiguity in language which would leave the people at a loss to know your real sentiments.

"In the whole of your ministry, resolve to be free from the imputation of handling the word of God deceitfully.

"Here let me lay before you a caution or two. Take care, that under pretence of being open and explicit, you do not degenerate into dogmatism, or become personal in your addresses. In the pulpit, you have to do rather with characters than with persons. You are bound, in faithfulness and in duty, to declare, that drunkards, covetous, self-righteous men, shall not inherit the kingdom of God: but you must not single out any particular person before you; for you will then become ungenerous, and the consequences will be injurious.

"Carefully avoid all language which is low and inelegant; but study '*to find out acceptable words*,' that your ministry may not become contemptible. Never think of doing good, but as you preach the plain truth of God.

"The first end the apostle had in view, was, to '*commend himself to every man's conscience*.' This shows us the integrity and openness of his heart towards the children of God, and to the consciences of all men. The more you keep God, truth, and the consciences of men in view, the more peace will you have in your own mind; the fear of man will be discarded, and the greater probability will there be of your success in the work.

"The first thing I would mention as an advantage from this way of preaching is, you will be careful what kind of texts you choose for your discourses. I will venture to say, that a minister, whether old or

young, who takes what may be comparatively called mysterious texts, does so, more to show his own supposed abilities, than to commend the truth of God to the consciences of men. How many are there, who, to show their dexterity, take historical facts, and endeavour to make them speak evangelical truths, which they were never intended to utter. I recommend you, therefore, to avoid that fanciful and vain disposition to which young men are more inclined than those who have been long in the ministry. In my younger days I myself was guilty of this fault, which now I very much deplore.

"Again, the more you keep the approbation of conscience, and the favour of God, in your eye, the more careful will you be to study your text and to manifest the truth which it contains; that the understanding and the conscience of your hearers may be duly enlightened, feel its authority, and God himself approve your labours. My brother, you have first of all to do with the understanding of your hearers, and as there is a glorious harmony and influence in divine truth, it must certainly operate on the will. Therefore, preach in simplicity, the unadulterated truth as it is in Jesus, and leave the event to the pleasure of God.

"Again, the more you keep the approbation of God and conscience in view, the more earnest and engaged will you be in the work of your ministry. I do not mean, by speaking as loud as you can, to show that you are in earnest; for a person may have a very trifling frame of mind, and utter a great deal of nonsense while speaking very loud. I wish you to have such a sense of your subject, that you may speak in a persuasive manner, and convince your hearers that you are in earnest. If you believe what you say, and wish the conscience of the people to be properly affected, this will surely make you in earnest; for that man must be under a strange influence who is

not roused, when he considers that he has to do with *truth*, with *conscience*, and with *God*.

"Further, the more you keep the approbation of conscience, and the glory of God, in view, the more serious and devotional will you be, when you preach; consequently you will be preserved from levity. When a man gives loose to wit and low comparisons, so that the most serious of his hearers are tempted to smile, we must certainly imagine, that God and conscience are out of sight. Remember then, that in the pulpit you do not forget your station as a minister, and become a mountebank. I have no jealousy over you, but think it my duty to exhort you. If you gain not the serious attention of your hearers, you have no great reason to expect success.

"You are to address the people who hear you, as though there were no other people in the world; preach *to* them, as well as *before* them. If you keep the approbation of God and conscience in view, you will be better pleased to find any of your hearers go away with the language of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' than admiring your composition or your delivery. If a sinner goes away out of conceit of himself, abhorring himself as a wretch that deserves to perish; or if others depart, in love with Christ, and a disposition to pray in secret, you will undoubtedly have received the approbation of God.

"The more you keep the approbation of God and conscience in view, the more you will pray for your people in secret. He who neglects this duty, is an unfaithful pastor, and must prove a useless labourer.

"If you preach the whole counsel of God faithfully, you must expect to be treated by some as an Armenian—if you assert the unchangeableness of salvation for those who, though undeserving, yet *believe* in Christ, you must expect to be reproached by others as an Antinomian. But, be not discouraged: the testimony of God and conscience will bear you through.

"In the government of the church, or when you visit your congregation, especially the unfortunate or the sick, still remember you have to do with conscience and with God.

"Now, my dear brother, though I might have enlarged upon all the particulars on which I have addressed you, I must conclude, in the words of Paul to Timothy:—'I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry,' and the God of grace be with you. Amen."

This was followed by a very interesting discourse, delivered to the church, by the Rev. Thomas Davis, A. M. from Heb. xiii. 8.—"*Pray for us.*" The services were then closed with appropriate sacred music, and with prayer.

With the termination of this solemn service, it may be said, that the public labours of the Rev. Mr. Stanford commenced.

At an early period, he appears to have been impressed with the importance, especially to Ministers, of keeping a diary, or journal of the exercises of their minds, the duties they have performed, and the changes through which they have passed; yet he made no attempt of this kind until the year 1798.

He then, owing to a variety of circumstances, received a very strong conviction of its utility, as a means of correcting his errors, humbling his heart, and promoting a spirit of *vital piety*. In this practice he continued without interruption, nearly thirty-five years.

CHAPTER III.

MR. STANFORD REMOVES TO AMERICA—INVITED TO BECOME THE PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN PROVIDENCE —RETURNS TO NEW-YORK—VARIOUS TRIALS.

EXTRACTS from his diary will be introduced into the subsequent pages of this memoir; but it is deemed proper, first to present a brief account of the more prominent events of his life, from the time of his ordination to the work of the gospel ministry, in the year 1781, until the commencement of his journal in 1798.

A few years subsequent to his entering upon the duties of the public ministry, the mind of Mr. Stanford became much dissatisfied with his situation; and after importunate prayer to God, and with the advice of several ministers, and other friends, he resolved to visit America. He accordingly left England, January 7th, 1786, and after a very tempestuous voyage, in a bad ship, and repeated escapes from the most imminent dangers, he arrived in Norfolk, in Virginia, on the 16th of April; where, though a stranger, he was cordially received, and experienced numerous expressions of hospitality and kindness. Having the most satisfactory letters of introduction to several persons of respectability in the city of New-York, he forwarded them to the gentlemen addressed; and while waiting for their answers, employed himself in the education of a few classes, composed of the children of some of the most opulent families in the place. In a short time, he received an invitation to visit New-York; and on the 4th of November, 1786, he sailed from Norfolk, and in the course of the following month, by the aid of his friends, he opened an academy in

this city, which, by the smiles of Providence, was in a few months raised to a very flourishing condition. Shortly after his arrival in New-York, he occasionally preached for the venerable John Gano; pastor of THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, in Gold-street; who bestowed upon him the affection and attentions of a father.

In the year 1787, Dr. James Manning, (the first) president of Brown University, in Providence, Rhode-Island, having resigned the charge of the Baptist church in that place, Mr. Stanford received three successive invitations to spend a year with them; but as to the propriety of the step, there was a difference of opinion amongst his friends in New-York. The annual income from his academy was one hundred per cent. above the compensation offered by the church; his academial duties were less arduous, and gave him more entirely the control of his time; besides which, he would not be burdened with those solicitudes which are connected with the increasing responsibilities of the pastoral office. Nevertheless, after many prayers, and great mental conflicts, he concluded to remove to Providence, for the time specified. His first sermon to that church and congregation, was delivered from Psalm cxxii. 9; "*Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.*" The congregation gradually increased, and many were converted to the truth.

This being *the oldest church in the state*, of any religious denomination, and THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH CONSTITUTED IN AMERICA, (founded A. D. 1639,) he employed part of the first nine months, in writing her history; which was afterwards printed in England.

The original document is in our possession; but is here omitted, as it may be found in the first volume of the "HISTORY OF THE BAPTISTS," published by the Rev. David Benedict, A. M. See page 473—485.

As this is the first church in which Mr. Stanford was engaged as a stated preacher in America, the subjoined view of their beautiful edifice is here presented, for the purpose of gratifying those who have never visited the spot, where, to employ the language of Governor Hopkins; "Roger Williams justly claimed the honour of being the first legislator in the world, who fully and effectually provided for, and established a free, full, and absolute liberty of conscience."*

The building is eighty feet square, and much of the beauty of correct taste, is displayed in its internal arrangements. The roof and galleries are supported by twelve fluted pillars of the Dorick order. The ceiling is a continued arch; but interseeted immediately over the galleries. The steeple is one hundred and ninety-six feet in height, and is by competent judges regarded as among the most beautiful specimens of architectural symmetry in the United States.

* That the Baptists were the first who practised upon the principle of unrestricted religious liberty, and that they have never denied to others the freedom which they claimed for themselves, is a fact which ought to be universally known. Not only during the eventful period, when Stennett and Piggot, with many others, appealed to the throne of England, and plead for the continuance of those glorious principles of British law, by which the equal civil rights, and inalienable privileges of religious liberty were guaranteed to the nation; but also throughout the English revolution of 1688, and in the colonial, and revolutionary history of our own country, the Baptists have, as a denomination, every where distinguished themselves, by zealously contending for the honour of God, and the rights of man. This eulogy has seldom been denied to the Baptists, by any writer of great research. Catholics and Protestants have admitted the fact, aad upon the pages of impartial history, it will indisputably perpetuate that praise, to which they are so justly entitled.

In the mind of Roger Williams, a Baptist, we find the germ of these principles, and that enlightened zeal which procured for the colony of Rhode-Island the charter, by which, for the first time, mankind were practically taught the salutary lesson of *universal religious liberty*. Mr. Williams was not only the founder of the state of Rhode-Island, but in consequence of his friendly intercourse with the Indians, he became the means of saving all the American colonies from the desolating storm which was gathering around the council-fires of "*the grand confederacy*," and would, in all probability, but for the providential interference of Mr. W. have swept from our shores the last traces of our pilgrim fathers.

The clock and bell were both manufactured in London; the weight of the latter is 2387 pounds. The following original inscription on the bell, is a characteristic relic of olden times—

"For freedom of conscience, this town was first planted,
Persuasion, not force, was us'd by the people;
This church is the oldest, and has not recanted,
Enjoying and granting, bell, temple, and steeple."

About this time he received the following letter from the venerable and Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

"*New-Haven, May* 5, 1788.

"REV. SIR,

"Your obliging favour of April 29, was duly received. I am happy to hear of your prosperous journey and agreeable reception at Providence. Please to present mine and Mrs. Edwards' compliments to Nicholas and John Brown, Esqrs. I shall be ever proud to acknowledge the family connection, and intend a visit at Providence, when Mrs. Edwards can find it convenient to accompany me.

"I am glad to hear of the intention of your neighbouring ministers to form a ministerial society. You may depend upon it, that properly conducted, it will be of real and great advantage. This I say from my own experience in the society of which I am a member. We meet on the Tuesday of every month, and continue together till after dinner on the next day. We choose a moderator and scribe, and our meetings are opened and closed with prayer by the moderator. A sermon is preached publickly. After sermon, critical remarks are made on the sentiments, the style, and the delivery of the sermons and other public exercises. Next are considered the theological questions, commonly three, proposed at the preceding meeting. In the consideration of them, every one offers his sentiments in his turn, by the direction of

the moderator. After the questions; every one reads either extracts from some author, or a sermon, or some other composition of his own. On the extracts, sermons, and other compositions, critical remarks are made, as on the sermon preached. These exercises commonly fill up our time to the length before mentioned. It is a fundamental rule of the meeting, to attend closely to business, and not to suffer ourselves to be diverted by compliments or company, or by common, vague conversation. No man is allowed to speak in the meeting, before rising and obtaining leave of the moderator. Our criticisms on the sermons and other performances of the members of the meeting, in which great brotherly freedom is used, are made before the members of the meeting only. The other exercises are not private.

"It is nine years since our meeting, called, *a meeting for mutual improvement*, was established; and I see no disposition in the members to discontinue it. The questions we have discussed, are some of the most important in the circle of theology. I most sincerely wish you and the other gentlemen success and pleasure in your proposed meeting.

"With my respectful compliments to Dr. Manning, and with most ardent wishes for your success in the ministry, I am,

"Your brother in the Gospel,

"JONATHAN EDWARDS."

During his residence in Providence, Mr. Stanford devoted a considerable part of his leisure, to promote the comfort and moral improvement of the poor, without regard to denominational distinctions. For the better discharge of this duty, he divided the town into three parts, which enabled him, in addition to his unavoidable parochial visitations, to see and converse with nearly all the poor in the town about once in each month. Such fidelity, and zeal in pastoral ser-

vice, did not long escape observation, and he was accordingly elected as a trustee of Brown University, and at the following annual commencement, on the 3d of September, 1788, he was honoured with the degree of Master in the Arts. The following is an extract from the minutes of the corporation of the college.

"At the annual meeting of the corporation of the college in Providence, Sept. 3d, 1788.

"Voted and resolved, That the Rev. John Stanford be elected, and appointed to the place of a trustee in this college; and that he be requested to accept the same.

"Voted, That the honorary degree of A. M. be conferred on the Rev. John Stanford.

"Attest.

"SOLOMON DROWN, *Dept. Sec'ry.*"

As this institution has always been entirely literary in its character, and there being no theological department, Mr. Stanford, anxious to assist the rising ministry of his denomination, received into his study a small class of students in divinity, whom he gratuitously instructed.* This laid the foundation of a course of theological lectures, which have since been enriched with the fruits of nearly thirty years experience and study, and have, during the interval, been frequently read to divinity classes, many of whom survive their venerable instructor, and nearly all of them have occupied prominent stations in the Church

* This was probably among the earliest systematic efforts for the exclusively *theological* instruction of Baptist students in America. The first academy of this kind was that of Mr. Eaton, opened in 1756, and closed in 1767, and at which were educated, President Manning, Dr. Samuel Jones, and Dr. Isaac Skillman, and many others, whose names are now passing into oblivion, but into the fruit of whose labours the Baptists of this generation have entered, and whose "record," lost though it be amongst men, "is on high."

of Christ, and are known, as successful labourers in the Lord's vineyard.

During his residence in Providence, the glory of God, the welfare of his Church, the interest of the college, and the good of the community generally, seem to have been objects very dear to his heart; of which the following document is ample testimony.

"To all, whom these presents may concern. The under written, inhabitants of the town of Providence, in the state of Rhode-Island, and Providence Plantations—who are members of, or belonging to, the congregation usually worshipping in the Baptist church;

"This certifies, that the Rev. John Stanford, a native of Great-Britain, now a citizen of this state, in pursuance of a unanimous request from the Baptist church and congregation in this town, came and began to preach here, in the spring of the year 1788; and before he had resided here one full year, received a unanimous call from the said church and society to settle with them, as their pastor. That from his first coming among us, to the present time, his preaching has received the universal approbation of the said church and society, and manifestly tended to their edification and increase. His private character, so far as we have been witnesses, has well comported with the evangelical doctrines of his public ministry. Irreproachable in his morals—of polite manners, and easy of access—diligent in his studies, and laborious in his visits to *rich* and *poor*, without distinction—his life, while with us, has been an amiable pattern of the Gospel minister.

"*Providence, Nov.* 15, 1789."

This document is signed by *ninety-five persons*, but it is not thought necessary to print their names in this place.

His residence in this town, owing to the affectionate solicitations of the church, and a numerous circle of friends, was protracted three months beyond the stipulated period; after which, at the particular invitation of his friends in New-York, he thought it his duty to return, and resume his former employment in the education of youth; and in preaching the Gospel of Christ, wherever God in his providence should appoint. "Here," he one day said to a friend, "I have lived many years, passed through scenes of sorrow and of joy, and I am now in a station of usefulness which seldom falls to the lot of any man; and here I expect and hope to continue to live, and to die in the Lord."

Among other evidences of his Christian philanthropy, the education of destitute youth, may be mentioned as a prominent trait. During the last twenty years of his life he was seldom without some poor orphan boy as an inmate of his family, to whose moral and religious education he was much devoted. Several of these have amply rewarded his generosity and toil, by exemplifying the spirit, and praiseworthy deportment of their tutor. Some of them have risen to great respectability, and continue to fill important stations in the community.—In his anxiety to promote the welfare of the rising generation, Mr. Stanford had few equals. He seems to have adopted, as a favourite maxim, the saying of a Christian of the sixteenth century: "Give them education, that their lives may be useful; teach them the fear of the Lord, that their death may be happy!"

What is called, a roving, versatile disposition, appears not to have been amongst the frailties of Mr. Stanford. The changes of his life seem, in a remarkable manner, always to have been appointed and regulated by the providence of God. By this arrangement in the divine economy, he was experimentally taught, that Jehovah "*hath his way in the whirlwind*,

and in the storm, and that the clouds are the dust of his feet."

His afflictions, though often severe and protracted, were not only necessary, and designed for his personal benefit, but greatly contributed to his future usefulness in administering consolation to others.

It is related of the good Mr. Whitefield, that during a visit in the north of England, he one day went into a glass-house, where he saw one of the workmen take a piece of glass and put it into one burning furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. "Why," said Mr. Whitefield, addressing the man, "why do you put it into so many fires?" "Because, Sir, the first and second fires were found not to be sufficiently hot to produce the degree of transparency which I wish, and therefore I put it into a third fire." Strikingly does this anecdote illustrate the dealings of the Almighty with his people, they must be purified, if necessary, even "*so as by fire;*" until freed from dross, they become prepared for their Master's service.

From this, let young Christians, and especially young Ministers, be encouraged, under their most distressing calamities, to trust in the Lord. The wisdom and the goodness of God may be discovered as truly amid, scenes of darkness and tribulation, as in the sunshine of prosperity. Nevertheless, if at the commencement of their journey the Lord were to discover to them the thorny path they have to tread, discouragement, if not despair, would generally be the consequence. But, by gradually unfolding his will, day by day, and step by step; he girds them with strength, keeps them dependent on his arm, and inspires them with a disposition to give *him* the honour due to his name; as their Redeemer, their guide, and never-failing friend.

Mr. Stanford's return and settlement in the city of New-York, was particularly marked by the smiles of the Almighty. Every desirable encouragement was

afforded him, and in a few months the academy under his charge, attained to considerable celebrity. The year following, he experienced a very severe mental affliction, which we shall here briefly describe, especially, as his deliverance from it, seems to have been a remarkable token of the Lord's goodness; and with the hope, that the recital may be made useful to others. At this period his mind, though generally cheerful, became suddenly dejected and gloomy.

"Alas!
How oft will doubt and fear arise
E'en in the soul redeem'd and free:
For clouds will fly o'er brightest skies,
And breezes swell the calmest sea."

Very seldom could he be prevailed upon to preach; the reading of his Bible was apparently without effect; and private devotion dwindled into formality. The presence of his friends became a burden; and he seems particularly to have coveted solitude. Public worship afforded him no satisfaction, and he frequently immured himself in his chamber during the whole day. Repose departed from his pillow, and "*the pains of hell gat hold upon him.*" In this deplorable state of mind, he not only doubted the sincerity of his character as a minister and a Christian, but such was the depression of his spirit, that, during several weeks, he was entirely disqualified for the duties of life. He did not dare to deny the being of a God; but was led so far as to question the divine authenticity of the scriptures, and the existence of grace in the soul of any man. But, he that setteth bounds to the raging seas interposed, by his Holy Spirit, to arrest the progress, and destroy the power, of the tempter. One morning, after examining the senior class, he returned to the desk, with despair brooding over his heart; when the following inquiries presented themselves to his mind:—"Does not God support and

nourish your body by natural food? and is it not more necessary that he should feed and nourish your soul, which is the noblest work of his hand? And has not the Lord said, '*I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me, shall never hunger?*' and has not God also said, '*Ask, and ye shall receive?*'" While these thoughts were revolving in his mind, the hour to dismiss the scholars arrived, and he went into his chamber to pray. But all he could say, was, "Think upon me, my God, for good." A short but acceptable prayer:—

"Oratio brevis penetrat cælum."

The next day, being the Sabbath, he went to hear the late Rev. Dr. John Mason, concerning which he remarks: "I had no spirit to follow him in prayer. He opened his Bible and read his text—'*He hath sent me to bind up the broken in heart.*' This text, to me was never more forcible; and when he described the broken heart, and the ability of Christ to bind up its wounds, my unbelieving fears took wing; my heart leaped for joy; and from that moment I have never had a doubt of the authenticity of the scriptures, nor of the ability of Christ the Lord, *to save to the uttermost.*" Thus ended, by the mercy of God, an overwhelming temptation, that had lasted through five tedious months; and he has often said, when alluding to this subject: "I firmly believe that it was to me, however painful, one of the most advantageous trials I ever endured. For it not only showed me more of the evils of my own heart, and the ability and the glories of the Saviour, but prompted me, with the greater care, to examine the evidences on which the truths of revelation are founded, as well as to explain them for the benefit of others."

It is the opinion of all experienced Christians, that sanctified afflictions are special mercies; because they humble the pride of the heart, correct extravagant

expectations, restrain the indulgence of sensuality, and lead the soul to God. Hence said David, "*It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.*" (Psalm cxix. 71.) And similar to this, have been the acknowledgments of Manasseh, Hezekiah, Job, Paul, and millions of souls, now in glory.

No sooner was the mind of Mr. Stanford relieved, than the tone of his animal spirits and general health were gradually restored, and he again resumed the duties of his station, with gratitude and pleasure. On the 4th of August, 1791, he received the following letter, signed by twenty-three gentlemen, of different religious denominations, inviting him to deliver a course of Lord's day evening lectures.

"*To the Rev. John Stanford, A. M.*

"DEAR SIR,

"We, the subscribers, from a confidence in your abilities, as well as disposition, to promote the spiritual and temporal interest of mankind in general, and your friends in particular: And many of us having lately experienced much pleasure and satisfaction in your lectures; do therefore request the favour of you to officiate for us in your ministerial capacity, on the ensuing Lord's day evening; and as often after that as convenient, in a place provided for the purpose in Fair-street, known by the name of Hopkins' Long-Room.

"*New-York, August 4th*, 1791."

With this request he very cheerfully complied. The introductory discourse was, "*On the utility of the gospel to support the mind, under the sufferings of human life.*" This sermon was afterwards published at the expense of those who heard it, but is now out of print.

On the 16th of June, 1790, Mr. Stanford was married to Miss Sarah Ten Eyck, the daughter of

Abraham Ten Eyck, Esq. who was at the time of his death an officer in the Custom-House, and a vestryman of Trinity Church. By this pious lady, Mr. Stanford had four children, only one of whom survives. In less than eight years, this union, which was cemented by the strong principle of Christian affection, and stood identified with the fond recollection of many endearments, was sundered by the touch of death. Mrs. Stanford died in New-York during the prevalence of the yellow fever, and was buried in Trinity Church yard, on the 6th of September, 1798. (To this subject, reference will again be made in the proper place.) How solemn the thought, that all the most valued and interesting connections which we form on earth will be dissolved by time, and how soon, is known only to Him who is the sovereign Disposer of all events. Amongst the Jews, it is in some countries the custom at weddings, after the Rabbi has finished the ceremony, to bless a glass of wine, of which the bride and bridegroom drink, and then dash the glass against a stone, upon which a double triangle, and the letters Mem and Teth are inscribed. This is an abreviation of the words Mazel Tov, i. e. good fortune. This ceremony is intended to express their desire, that as the fragments of the broken glass cannot be re-united, so their union may continue indissoluble until death. It is also calculated to teach them, that their mutual happiness depends upon the continuance of life, which is frail and brittle as glass. Such was the painful experience of Mr. Stanford, in the sudden loss of the youthful companion of his life and cares: but though bereaved, it is not known that he murmured against the righteous dispensations of heaven. As resignation to the divine will was his interest, so it was a duty which he appears always to have performed with cheerfulness. He did not complain of what was, for faith, taught him to see the hand of God in every event of Providence; and he

seems not to have been anxious about that which was future, because he saw all events in the hand of God.

Having purchased a lot of ground in Fair-street, (now Fulton-street,) Mr. Stanford erected upon it a building, which he occupied as an academy and lecture room. It was opened on the 27th of February, 1795, with a discourse on 2 Chronicles vi. 18. "*Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house which I have built!*" As most of his hearers had no stated place of worship, he consented, at their request, to perform service three times on each Lord's day; nor was it long before he had the happiness of believing, that the Lord, by his spirit and word, had brought many sinners to drink of the cup of salvation. In the latter end of April, a number of persons who had received the blessings of the gospel under his ministry, expressed their earnest desire to be baptized, and to enjoy the fellowship of a Christian church. This appears to have been regarded as a subject of peculiar importance, and one intimately connected with the honour of God. To the throne of grace therefore did he repair, with frequent and fervent supplication, for "*that wisdom which is profitable to direct*," and, as a rational means of ascertaining the will of the Lord, he consulted several intelligent ministers, who united in the opinion, that the indications of Divine Providence made it sufficiently evident, that these believers in Christ, ought to be baptized, and publickly constituted as a church. In consequence of this, and the concurrence of other Christian friends, they were accordingly formed into a gospel church, on the 31st of May, and at the same time Mr. Stanford was installed as their pastor. This was a solemn and impressive event, and all present, but especially the incumbent, seemed to realize that:—

"'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands."

The following year Mr. Stanford visited the annual Association of ministers and representatives of churches, assembled at Pleasant-Valley, about eighty miles from New-York. Into the fellowship of this body, the newly constituted church and her pastor, were cordially received. During the session of the Association, Mr. Stanford delivered a discourse, founded upon 2 Corinthians viii. 23. "*Whether our brethren be inquired of, they are the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ.*"

During this year, Mr. Stanford was elected a member of the "Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY, the RELIEF OF FREE NEGROES unlawfully held in BONDAGE, and for IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE AFRICAN RACE."

Among Mr. Stanford's numerous correspondents, it is gratifying to find the name of the venerable and Rev. Rowland Hill. The following letter from his pen, will no doubt be read with pleasure.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"Your packet from Mr. Naylor was not received till yesterday evening, with information that if an answer was returned, it must be by this evening. I have time, therefore, but for a few lines.—The plan of our Missionary society is upon the most enlarged principles. Among Christians of all denominations, who rejoice in Christ Jesus, worship God in the spirit, and have no confidence in the flesh; and should it please God to plant any Christian churches by their instrumentality, it is our solemn determination to leave the settlement of such churches in regard to their outward government, among themselves, as they shall judge most consistent with the word of God. In

this corrupted state of things, for want of more of the mind of Christ, little matters sometimes create great differences; but, blessed be God, when the work of regeneration is perfected in glorification, all will be eternal unity and love.

"The Church of Christ is but one in the esteem of him who is the living Head of influence among all those who believe on his name. We being many, are one body in Christ, and every one, members one of another;—as all the elect of God are converted and saved by the gratuitous love of God, which is in Christ Jesus; so surely they will prove that they are his disciples by loving one another.

"We are not without the same awful attacks with us, as with you, from infidels of every description, against the glorious truths of the word of God. Still, however, we have reason to be thankful, that the word of God runs, and is glorified; and not a few are the instances of an influence going with the word of life, so that infidelity itself can never deny, that it must be of God. The Lord is giving us to see that he needs no human powers for the promotion and protection of his eternal truths; when he works, none can let.

"Much of the mischief done to the cause of Christianity, has been from pretended Christians themselves. If human reason, in its corrupted state, is to be the judge of divine revelation, if man's righteousness is to be preferred to Christ's righteousness, and heathen morality is to be substituted for the work of the Holy Spirit on the souls of the elect, then the truths of the Bible are only calculated to puzzle and distract.

"America has been famous for the power of religion. O that the Spirit of the Lord may again descend on her ministers, and send them forth with that flaming zeal for the glory of God, as that thousands under the influence of a divine power, may fall down and acknowledge God is in them of a truth.

"God is humbling the pride of our nation, daily; all our judgments we well deserve; the curse of a continued war is most righteous in his hands, who is ever just.

"I have sent you some account of our present proceedings in the enclosed printed addresses. May the Lord stir you all up to be very zealous for the Lord of hosts. Our time is short, and we have much to do. When saved ourselves, should we not agonize for the salvation of others? Had not many things called this day for my attention, I should have been glad to have been more particular.

"Some attempts have been making by the Missionary society to call up the attention of the Jews. I send you some of our papers.

"I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely in our common Lord,

"ROWLAND HILL.

"*London, Feb.* 25, 1796."

On the morning of the 8th of August, an alarming circumstance occurred, by which, but for a merciful Providence, Mr. Stanford must in a few minutes have been bereft of his earthly all. Shortly after he arose, an unusual smoke was seen issuing from the eaves of an adjoining bake-house, which in a few minutes was enveloped in flames, and with several of the surrounding buildings, entirely consumed. His dwelling-house, though within a few feet of the conflagration, was mercifully preserved; but the adjoining part of the building, occupied as a place of worship, was considerably injured.

"*Behold!*" saith the prophet Amos, (vii. 4,) "*the Lord called to contend by fire.*" This is certainly one among the greatest earthly calamities. The burning of a city, or even a single dwelling, with all its tumult of concomitant distress, is one of the most dreadful spectacles which this world can offer to human eyes.

This is particularly true, when contemplated as the act of a sin avenging Providence. We have an instance of this in the destruction of London, on the 11th of September, 1666, where, in a few hours, desolation rolled her burning waves, over scenes of prosperity and pleasure; and mirth and frivolity were exchanged for lamentation and woe.

The year 1796 appears to have been noted, for many of those afflictive incidents, by which the previous and subsequent parts of Mr. Stanford's life were distinguished. Nevertheless, he received the most gracious and repeated assurances of the divine favour, in the increase of his church and congregation. During this year, a part of his time was occupied in preparing, and printing two volumes, entitled, "*The Christian's Pocket Library.*" The principal design of which was, to afford to the youthful readers of that day, a work, at once entertaining and evangelical. In this, Mr. Stanford was in no ordinary degree successful. As an instance of the peculiar ingenuity with which he exemplified the adage: "*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci;*" the vignette upon the title page, (though not original) is both beautiful and instructive. The centre exhibits the figure of the adorable Saviour, accompanied by Mercy and Justice, the latter of whom poises a pair of scales, one of which contains the two tables of the moral law; the other, a bubble, as the appropriate emblem of man in his unrenewed state, and who, when weighed in opposition to the law of God, is "*found wanting.*" Justice is then represented as receiving the cross, from Christ, as the allusive figure of his vicarious sacrifice, and dropping the point of her sword, she acknowledges her claims to be cancelled. On the right of the Saviour, Mercy is seen, receiving the olive-branch, as the emblem of "*peace on earth, and good will to men;*" and upon the cloud, immediately beneath the feet of Christ, is inscribed that most consoling decla-

ration, "I WILL HAVE MERCY." The poetic description of this frontispiece, by "Euxene," may serve further to illustrate its beauties.

"Said JUSTICE, 'Man, I'd fain know what you weigh,
If weight, I spare you; if too light, I slay.'
Man leap'd the scale. It mounted. 'On my word,'
(Said JUSTICE) 'less than nothing! where's my sword?'
VIRTUE was there, and her small weight would try.
The scale, unsunk, still kick'd the beam on high.
MERCY, the fairest dove that ever flew,
From Calv'ry brought a branch of crimson hue:
Aloft it sent the scale on t'other side,
Man smil'd, and JUSTICE own'd—'I'm satisfied.'"

Although it is believed, that Mr. Stanford never realized any adequate pecuniary emolument from the publication of this work, yet he had the paramount satisfaction of knowing, that it was highly acceptable to the Christian community, and that in many instances it contributed to the spiritual improvement and comfort of immortal souls.

On the first page of his diary for the year, we find the following truly pious remarks:—"Of all the human creatures of the Lord, I see and feel myself the most unworthy, depraved, guilty, and lost in myself. The evils of my heart, like a corrupt fountain, every moment send forth bitter and black waters, the streams of which must be offensive to my God, and are destructive to my own peace and comfort. For this I mourn day by day; and, as my years advance, I find it a cause of increasing lamentation. I thank my God that I have no rest in it; but that I am enabled fervently to pray that his grace may in me be sufficient and triumphant. From Christ my Redeemer I look for pardon, peace, strength, and all I need. This day my heart's desire and prayer is, 'that I may know him and the power of his resurrection: the fellowship of his sufferings, and be made conformable to his death.' When I review my past life, my youth,

my sorrows, my deliverances, and the greatness of my mercies unto this day, with thousands of favours received from his hand, I hope that I may be permitted to say that I am the Lord's. Else, why should I thus feel? Why choose the Lord, his truth and ways, if he had not chosen me? O I would tear out my heart and trample upon every noxious weed of iniquity, and endeavour to perfect holiness in the fear of God. Time was, when I could cultivate these with both hands, and take pleasure in the fruits of sin. The case, by the favour of God, is altered! In this I rest, as the fruit of my Lord's death and intercession for me. I look to Him, that by his Spirit and grace, he may perfect that which concerns me, whether for the body or for the soul. Blessed Father, Son, and Spirit, this day, I again, though most unworthy, give myself to thee. Let my person, time, ministry, and all I have, be sanctified to thy glory, the increase of thy visible Church, the comfort of my family, and the benefit of my fellow creatures. Amen." Commencing the year with God, and under the influence of the spirit of grace and supplication, it is natural to expect, that the favour of heaven would attend him.

> "A good man's prayers
> Will from the deepest dungeon, climb heaven's height,
> And bring a blessing down."

Of the truth of this sentiment, we have a beautiful illustration in the following extract from his diary.

"Feb. 14. In morning prayer, God's promise by Isaiah was strongly impressed upon my mind. '*I will water it every moment: I will keep it night and day.*' Of the certain fulfilment of this promise to me, both as a source of comfort, and to promote my usefulness, and preservation from sin; I was deeply convinced. O that I may enjoy it by night and by day, to the praise of my God and Saviour! It is good to

have such longing desires, though the blessing be not immediately granted."

The year 1798 was the first, during which Mr. Stanford attempted to keep a systematic journal of passing events, and from the notes of that journal, it appears indeed to have been a year, replete with incident. Much of the exercises of his mind, in duties and under trials, is here recorded with a faithful pen, and furnish ample evidence of the sincerity, and unaffected fervour of his piety.

As the trials of life, and the temptations peculiar to Christians, had in no ordinary degree prepared the heart of Mr. Stanford, to sympathize with his afflicted brethren: so too, his suavity, united as it was with a profound and discriminating mind, constituted him a most desirable counsellor to those who were labouring under mental embarrassments in regard to their spiritual state. It is known to have been no uncommon circumstance, for ministers as well as private members, of different religious denominations, to resort to the study of this venerable man of God, to receive the benefit of his opinion and advice. This very desirable qualification for the proper discharge of the ministerial functions, brought him into frequent contact with the penitent and mourning of every class.

"On the Lord's day," he says: "I visited a person who had been caught in the foul snare of the devil; his conversation, and his gratitude for subsequent deliverance, were expressed with great sensibility, and accompanied with many tears. May I always remember that necessary admonition—'*Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.*'"

The social disposition of Mr. Stanford rendered him a very agreeable companion; particularly in the earlier years of his life. The society of his Christian friends afforded him great delight. On one occasion the conversation turned upon "the origin of sin, and the fate of infants." And when the question was

propounded to him, he judiciously replied: "I always feel best satisfied with *plain*, and revealed truth; I wish constantly to possess the humble spirit of David, when he thus appealed to his God: '*Lord, my heart is not haughty, neither do I exercise myself in things too high for me.*' Is it not enough for me to know, and feel that *I have sinned*, and to look to the Lord Jesus to pardon and cleanse me? As to the final state of infants, the blessed Jesus has said, '*Of such is the kingdom of heaven*,' and I can safely leave them with God, the Judge of all, who will do right." This reply did honour both to his head and his heart; and it were devoutly to be wished that all, and particularly Christians, would remember the language of Moses: "*Secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us, and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this law.*"

When his opinion upon any point in theology was required, it seemed always to afford him peculiar pleasure, to be able, by an appeal to the sacred volume, to say; "*Thus it is written.*"—He felt in all their force, the more than poetic lines:—

> "Oh thou vast, awful, and mysterious power!
> Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend!
> * * * * * *
> Shed from thy distant heav'n where'er it shines,
> One ray of guardian light, to clear my way:
> And teach me first to find, then act thy will!"

CHAPTER IV.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCES—SUFFERINGS DURING THE PREVALENCE OF YELLOW FEVER—DEATH OF MRS. STANFORD—MR. STANFORD RESUMES HIS PUBLIC DUTIES—DECLINES SEVERAL INVITATIONS TO REMOVE FROM NEW-YORK.

THE death of his valuable friend, Samuel Naylor, Esq. was announced about the 9th of March, 1798. To commemorate this event, Mr. Stanford composed a sermon, which was subsequently printed and transmitted to the surviving family, as a memorial of his gratitude for the numerous evidences of friendship, which in early life he had received from the deceased. If—

> "To the generous mind,
> The heaviest debt, is that of gratitude,
> When 'tis not in our power to repay it:"—

Ah! what then must be the anxiety of the humble Christian, suitably to express his obligations to the divine Author of every mercy! And although the soul can here render no adequate tribute, yet the pious man will delight to record the goodness of the Lord. It was a favourite saying of the puritan fathers: "He that will observe divine providences, shall never want providences to observe;" and it may with much truth be said, that as few men have been more accustomed to speak of the dealings of the Lord with their souls, so few have been more remarkably the objects of heavens special care, than the subject of this memoir. Like the eminently pious Mr. Brown, of Haddington, he might say:—"I have met with many trials, yet so merciful hath the Lord been to his servant, that if I

were to live my days over again, I would not desire one circumstance in my lot changed, except, that I wish I had less sin." Upon Mr. Stanford's coffin it might with truth have been inscribed:—

> "Here lies one of the cares of Providence,
> Who early wanted both father and mother,
> And yet never missed them."

On the 13th of March he thus writes:—"I have sometimes been disposed to call in question the verity of narratives, in which Providence has been described as affording relief, by special and supernatural means. This arose, in part, from a disposition not to receive matters of fancy for matters of fact; but circumstances have recently occurred, calculated at least to modify my former opinions upon this point. This day, being under obligations to answer a pecuniary demand, but entirely destitute of the means, I learned a practical lesson, which changed my sentiments on the subject. The claim was correct in point of justice and honour; but unable to meet it, I resorted to my God in prayer. In the course of the day, adequate money was brought from an unexpected quarter, which more than enabled me to pay the debt, and produced in my mind not merely a conviction, that all *the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord*, but also a determination, for the future, always to implore the aid of heaven, even in the most minute concerns of life."

On another occasion, a similar circumstance occurred in the life of Mr. Stanford, which affords satisfactory evidence of the providential care of God towards his people. When he had scarcely recovered from the withering influence of a malignant disease that prevailed through the city, and which brought him to the borders of the grave—an event of which he speaks in the language of the Christian—"I did not murmur—I felt submissive—but I was all

astonishment at the hand of God upon me!" Then, like Job, he sat amid the ruins of his former prosperity, to mourn over his afflictions, and to ponder the ways of God. Turning his eyes toward the door of his deserted school-room, there all was silent as the grave.—He looked around upon his destitute little children, the youngest of whom, to human appearance, was then agonizing in the grasp of death. The neighbourhood as yet continued in a state of mournful abandonment, and he was left nearly alone, to watch with the sick, and to perform every necessary duty towards the afflicted members of his domestic circle. Almost entirely deprived of those kindly sympathies which usually assuage the sorrows of the distressed in this enlightened country, he felt the necessity of exerting every remaining energy, to provide for the present wants of his helpless babes. But what was his dismay, when, on examination, he found that his family stores were consumed, and to use his own words, his "*money totally exhausted.*" Nevertheless, Mr. Stanford did not despair; his soul rested upon the promise of that God who has said—"*The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.*" But what was to be done in so painful an emergency? Should he seek, and apply to some member of his congregation, who might have ventured to return to the city? Should he call upon some respectable citizen and solicit the loan of a small sum? His maxim had always been, "*Owe no man any thing*," and though at this time reduced to extremity, he appears to have maintained the principle inviolate. Thus circumstanced, he had only one resource, and that was in the mercy and faithfulness of God; to God therefore did he repair for direction and support, nor did he ask in vain. "In the afternoon," he remarks, "I took a walk as far as Wall-street, and called to see my friend Mrs. J****. She inquired, with much affectionate solici-

tude, about my state, and respecting the wants of the children, &c.; and on my going out she put seven dollars into my hand, as for my children. This I considered as from the Lord, and demands my humble gratitude and praise." Shortly afterwards he received a letter from Mr. H***, containing another supply, and expressing much Christian sympathy; upon which he says—"May every instance of human friendship lead me to the Lord in grateful adoration."

In the month of March his health appeared to be fast declining. His animal spirits, though naturally lively, began to fail; and after Dr. C******* had prescribed a change of air, or a permanent residence in the country as indispensable to his recovery, he for a moment evinced dejection of mind, at the thought of being compelled to abandon his home; but from this state of feeling he was soon relieved by the reflection, that the Israelites did not move, or halt, but by the direction of the cloud. This so entirely reconciled his mind, that he could say with pleasure, "*It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.*"

> "He's good when he gives, supremely good,
> Nor less when he denies;
> E'en crosses from his sovereign hand,
> Are mercies in disguise."

In the early part of April, Mr. Stanford was enabled, pursuant to the advice of his physician, to visit Stamford, in Connecticut, where he was most affectionately received by his Christian friends. In the Baptist church in that place, he preached two sermons, without experiencing any particular inconvenience; but owing to great weakness, which produced a depression of his naturally buoyant mind, he was unable either to impart, or to derive satisfaction from conversation. In returning to New-York the stage broke down, and compelled him, notwithstand-

ing his great debility, to walk several miles; yet, a kind Providence enabled him to reach his habitation in safety. This journey produced a strong desire to enjoy the advantages of a situation in the country, where he might, with less interruption, pursue the study of the sacred volume. Nevertheless, he seems to have been entirely submissive to the will of heaven. "*Let me live or die, when, and where the Lord ordains.*"

By particular request, he visited a person at Brooklyn, who had been, for some time, trembling in a state of almost total despair. The case was peculiarly alarming. Every argument employed as a means of instructing and consoling the unhappy backslider was rejected. This person pretended to dreams and visions, (generally a suspicious circumstance;) and it afterwards became sufficiently evident that his fears arose from secret indulgence in sin. One question among others, which this person proposed to Mr. Stanford was, "Whether God did not leave many souls, in time, for the purpose of sealing them up in eternal misery?" To this he replied, "'*Secret things belong to the Lord our God,*' who has a right to do what he will with his own; yet it is revealed for our admonition, that there are some, whom, for their wickedness, '*God gave over to a reprobate mind.*'" (Romans i. 28.) This quotation from the scriptures, was followed with tender admonitions, and a suitable selection of promises made to distressed and penitent minds, but all in vain. Despair seemed now to have cast her shades of night around him, as the impenetrable clouds which hover over—

> "That Syrian lake, upon whose surface,
> Morn and summer shed their smiles in vain,
> For all beneath is dead."

Upon this affecting case, Mr. Stanford makes the following pious reflections:—"Lord, what is man when left to himself! How much do I deserve to be given

up to this hell, in conscience, for my many sins of omission and commission. What a mercy it is to enjoy a hope in Christ, and the drawings of the Holy Spirit! Let me experience them now, sensibly and abundantly, that I may humbly walk before God in the light of the living."

In the month of May, Mr. Stanford visited Warwick, for the purpose of attending an Association of Ministers, at whose particular request he preached the annual sermon, to a large and attentive congregation. The text was—"*Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth him good.*" 2 Sam. x. 12. The Circular Letter, which, at a former meeting, he had been appointed to prepare, was referred to a committee, and being approved by them, was ordered to be printed. This interview proved not only refreshing to his, at that time too much dejected mind, but afforded him the opportunity of enlarging his acquaintance with ministering brethren from distant parts of the country, most of whom continued his personal and affectionate friends until death. In reference to this meeting he made the following remark in his diary:—"If such seasons be so truly interesting, how great will be the happiness of *The General Association of all the redeemed*, when they shall meet in the resurrection of the just!"

From this period until August, nothing special occurred. The customary parochial and pulpit duties were regularly performed, and not without success. Various family trials, as well as many mercies received, stand recorded in his journal for June. During the month of July he appears to have suffered considerable mental depression, but the Lord sustained him.

His next excursion was to Peekskill, where he delivered several discourses, which there is reason to hope were not in vain in the Lord.

On Saturday, the 5th of August, a serious affliction commenced. Mr. (now Doctor) Barrow, who resided in the family of Mr. Stanford, (from the year 1790, until 1806, and of whom he makes frequent mention in his diary, with all the affectionate tenderness of a father,) was early this morning taken so extremely ill, as to render the attendance of a physician necessary. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Stanford also was seized with violent pains, first in the neck, then in his ancles, and afterwards in his knees; as though they were girt with a hot wire. This rendered him incapable of walking, and he was compelled at length to lie down on the bed. In the evening, when the doctor came to visit Mr. Barrow, he found Mr. Stanford in an alarming condition, and a vein was accordingly opened, but only a very small quantity of blood could be produced. The disease was pronounced to be the yellow fever, which but a few days before had commenced the work of death in this city. The following day being the Sabbath, on which the Lord's supper was to have been administered to the church, the people convened as usual, and many of them came to visit their afflicted pastor. During this trying dispensation of Providence, the Lord not only preserved his mind in a state of serenity, but granted him a spirit of filial resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. It has been said by the visitors, that he conversed on the subject of religion with more vivacity and solemnity than they had ever before witnessed. He experienced no rapturous emotions, but his soul was delightfully resigned to the Lord, and in the spirit of the apostle Paul, he seems at this time to have been able to exclaim: "*For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*" This was the more remarkable, as his temporal concerns were at that time by no means in a desirable state of arrangement. The next day, his four children were removed from the house in Fair-street, and placed under the

care of a friend, in a part of the city as yet uninfected.

His fever increased, and raged with such violence, that he became perfectly deranged, and in this state he continued until the next Saturday. This was indeed one of the days of darkness in the history of Mr. Stanford; but even here the light of salvation beamed upon him, and he realized the fulfilment of that gracious promise—"*At evening time it shall be light.*" On this memorable day, the hearse waited nearly two hours in expectation of his death, and for the purpose of conveying him to "the dark and silent vestibule of departed souls." Early the next morning some of his friends came to inquire at what time he died, when, to their astonishment, they found that the Lord had "*rebuked the fever*," and that there was a strong probability of his recovery. On the next Friday, his wife was taken ill of the same fever, but on the following Wednesday she was so far recovered as to obtain the physician's consent to visit her mother. This apparently favourable change was succeeded by a relapse, which she survived only four hours, and then bowed in death. This additional and very painful affliction, produced a serious effect upon his emaciated frame; nevertheless, he was assisted with Christian resignation to say—"*The will of the Lord be done!*" The body of Mrs. Stanford was interred in the south-west side of Trinity Church yard; but from the many burials which occurred at that time, it is to be lamented that the particular spot could never be identified.

Among the friends of Mr. Stanford who attended the funeral of his wife, Dr. Provoost caught the fever, but happily survived. Mr. John Cobby, Charles Hazard, (a student of divinity,) Mrs. Roberts, and her sister, contracted the same fatal disease, by sitting up with him, and died in a few days. The contagion prevailed so greatly in the immediate neighbourhood, that it was entirely deserted by the citizens, and his

friends thought it necessary to move him to Lumber-street, on the other side of the city, where he continued more than a month, in great weakness, chiefly owing to a painful cutaneous eruption which followed the fever. By this time it was computed that upwards of two thousand persons had become victims to the pestilence. The young and the aged, the pious and the profane, withered and sunk into the grave before the march of the destroyer. Among the fallen were many of the particular friends of Mr. Stanford.

On the 8th of October, he was permitted to return with his family to his own house. Very few of the neighbours had ventured to revisit their deserted habitations, and every thing upon which the eye could rest exhibited a spectacle of desolation. Mr. Stanford found his house in extreme disorder—theft had been committed on his property—the loss of his amiable wife—and a thousand painful reflections rushing upon his mind, produced a temporary depression of feeling. But under all these complicated trials he was enabled to speak of the sparing mercy of his God, and to make a fresh dedication of his soul and body to the service of heaven, and the interest of his motherless children.

To preserve the history of events in divine Providence, with which the name of Stanford is so remarkably identified, we subjoin the following summary:—

The first appearance of yellow fever in the city of New-York was in 1791. It has subsequently visited us in 1795, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1803, 1805, 1819, and 1822. It is perhaps impossible, definitely to fix the number of its victims, but from the best sources of information to which we have access, it is probable that about nine thousand persons have died of yellow fever in New-York.*

* As to the cause and prevalence of this terrible disease, various opinions exist. It is not our province to examine the relative merits of

By this severe and protracted sickness, the dispersion of the academy, and great extra expenses, Mr. Stanford was brought under much temporal embarrassment. But the Lord, in his kind providence, by persons known and unknown, afforded him supplies, not unfrequently, in a manner almost miraculous.

In the life of this good man, how frequently are our sympathies excited in the contemplation of his numerous afflictions, but not more frequently than our admiration of the mercy and faithfulness of his God, in "*delivering him out of them all.*" And should not we learn from these instances of Christian experience, that—

> "Though all seem lost, 'tis impious to despair;
> The tracks of Providence, like rivers, wind;"

And in their windings prove, that "*All things work together for good, to them that love God.*"

On the 28th of October, Mr. Stanford re-opened his place of worship, with a discourse, commemorative of his recovery from the pestilence, founded on Psalm xxx. 2, 3, 4.

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the arguments employed upon this subject by medical men, but the following remarks, from the pen of Valentine Seaman, M.D., are in such perfect accordance with our own views, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting them.

"The much agitated 'question of importation or non-importation, as it respects the health of a place,' to use the words of Dr. Smith, 'sinks into its merited insignificance; the efficient cause, the *causa sine qua non*, being clearly discerned as depending on local circumstances.'

"To depend, therefore, for our safety from yellow fever, upon the rigours of our port laws, or the vigilance of our health officers, while these pools of putrefaction are suffered to remain, is like building a city with cedar and pine, and confiding in the *watch* to secure us from fire. But if these pregnant sources of destruction are dried up, we may, like those who case the wooden work of their brick-built, tile-roofed houses with iron, rest at ease in our habitations, equally secure against the deceitful captain's intrusions, or the incautious sailor's blundering into our ports, in the one case, as, in the other, we should be, of the vile incendiary's match or the careless neighbour's spark. As the latter would die in their own combustion, so the former would end in the fate of the single sufferer."

" O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me. O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit. Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his."

On the first of November, he resumed his academial toils, with only five scholars, owing to the unwillingness of parents to send their sons to a part of the city where the pestilence had so lately raged with resistless fury.

A short time after the return of his congregation, Mr. Stanford preached a sermon on the death of the venerable John Cobby, and another on the death of Charles Hazard, (one of his students in divinity,) both of whom died of the fever. The latter discourse was printed, and the profits applied to the erection of a monumental tomb-stone. On this day, for the first time since the commencement of the pestilence, Mr. Stanford administered the Lord's supper to as many of the members of his church as could be collected. It was a season of deep solemnity; and all present appeared to be seriously impressed with a sense of the mercy of God in their preservation from death. The rest of the month was filled up with various private and public duties, and the goodness of God continued to be displayed in the bestowment of many temporal and spiritual mercies. His health however continued to be very feeble, and it was only through the special grace of the Lord, that he was enabled to persevere in the discharge of his official labours.

The year 1799 was commenced by a solemn review of the afflicting scenes of the past, and an unreserved dedication of himself to the service of his Lord and Saviour.

The 5th of January was set apart by the citizens, and churches, as a day for humiliation, and of special thanksgiving for restoration from the late public calamity. As Mr. Stanford was amongst those who

had suffered most severely, and had at the same time experienced the delivering mercy of the Lord, when all hope of recovery had fled, it would seem gratuitous to say, that he was among the foremost to appear at the altar, with his thank-offering. In reference to the public service in his own church, Mr. Stanford remarks—"I believe every heart in the congregation felt the sweet emotions of gratitude, and every tongue praised the delivering hand of God. O that I could improve the future golden moments, and my whole life be loaded with fruits of righteousness!"

"O! may I ne'er forget
The mercies of my God,
Nor ever want a tongue to spread,
His loudest praise abroad."

The congregation having considerably increased, and most of the members of the church returned to the city, they assembled again on the 3d of March, to commemorate, in the eucharist, the death of Christ. "On this occasion," says Mr. Stanford, "the Lord was sensibly present. In preaching the gospel, the Lord to me was truly gracious, and made it a season of joy to the assembly. While administering the bread, as the expressive emblem of my Saviour's crucified body, I was endulged with clearer faith, and more devout affections, than I had experienced for many years. To the communicants also, the Lord was '*made known in the breaking of bread*,' and they experienced the sweets of Christian union, as fellow heirs of the grace of life. May this be to us a foretaste of the Saviour's speedy visitation!"

About the latter end of this month, Mr. Stanford experienced great symptomatic debility, almost amounting to a second attack of the disease; and several other persons, who had been restored from the same calamity, were thrown into a similar condition. The powers of the mind, like a bow unduly strained, ap-

peared to be breaking, and this was accompanied with an almost entire prostration of the physical energies, but in no case did this relapse prove fatal. It was, however, the opinion of Mr. Stanford's physicians, that a pulmonary consumption would be the result. Upon this point he remarks:—"I was assisted to look unto the Lord, remember his former loving-kindness, and earnestly to pray, that Christ might be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death."

Hoping that a journey might contribute to his restoration, he left home on the 22d of May, for Peekskill and Clinton-Town. At Peekskill he assisted in the ordination of the Rev. Daniel Hall, as pastor of the church in that place. The sermon which he preached on that occasion, was from 2 Corinthians ii. 16—"*To the one we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other, the savour of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?*" This, to Mr. Stanford, must have been an event of great interest, as Mr. Hall had been one of his divinity students.

On the 28th he arrived at Clinton-Town, and met a number of ministers at their annual Association, by whose request he preached a sermon, from 1 Kings xx. 11—"*And the king of Israel answered and said, Tell him, Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.*" "Here," says the good man, "I sensibly felt my infirmities of body and mind. I was very kindly entertained by a family who were of the people called Friends, but had to lament that owing to indisposition, I was entirely disqualified from ministering to their edification in private conversation. Nevertheless, the Lord was kind in granting me aid in the public services, and bearing me through the long and tedious journey."

In July he became so much debilitated, that his physicians advised him to remove into the country. "About this time," he says, "I received several invitations to take charge of public seminaries; one in

this state, and another in Pennsylvania." This was made a subject of much serious reflection and prayer. But obstacles of various kinds occurred, and at no time could he perceive that it was his duty to remove.

At this time a minister in New-Jersey, who was under peculiar embarrassment in regard to the path of duty, wrote to him for advice, on his contemplated removal to a distant state. To this Mr. Stanford replied, by referring him to the case of the Israelites in their journey through the wilderness. If they moved before the cloud ascended, they had no assurance of protection from their enemies; and if they abode in the camp when the cloud moved, they were equally in danger of being consumed. Just so is the providence of God towards his people, upon which, therefore, it well becomes them to fix the eye of faith, and with humble prayer for direction, always to wait for the moving of the cloud. Upon this point fatal errors are daily committed, as well in the moral as in the natural world. Some, with a precipitous self-confidence, leap forward unbidden by the voice of Providence, and become the victims of their own folly, while others procrastinate beyond the time for action, and—

> "All the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

It is said concerning the Roman Fabius, that he always delayed until the proper moment came, but he never delayed until it was past. The advice which Mr. Stanford gave to his friend was not without benefit to himself, and produced a conviction in his own breast, that whereas God had manifestly "*pitched his tent*" in the city of New-York, duty required him, notwithstanding his ill health and other embarrassments, to remain, and be obedient to the will of heaven, whatever might be the issue. This humble and submissive

disposition was not permitted to pass unregarded. Was he willing here to abide, and labour to promote the kingdom of God? Here, God determined amply to reward his faithful servant, by crowning his labours with success, and his life with the blessings of many years.

In the month of August, a house in Greenwich-street was hired, into which he removed with his family, and where it was hoped a more free circulation of air would contribute to the recovery of his health; but scarcely had a single month elapsed, before the yellow fever again made its appearance in the city, and once more, the inhabitants were scattered like sheep upon the mountains. As by this event, his place of worship was almost entirely deserted, and receiving an invitation from Mount-Pleasant to bring his family to that place for a few weeks, he accordingly removed from New-York on the 18th of August, and was affectionately received beneath the hospitable roof of Elijah Hunter, Esq. where he remained until the 21st of October, and enjoyed not only a favourable opportunity for study, but an ample field of usefulness. He preached in the church at Mount-Pleasant on the Sabbath morning and evening, but lectured in the neighbouring places during the week; these services it is believed were not in vain in the Lord.

On his return to New-York, he was importuned to commence a series of Wednesday evening lectures, in a room in Greenwich-street, which was hired for that purpose. Concerning these lectures, the writer has heard intelligent Christians speak in no ordinary terms of commendation. To the souls of many now in heaven, they seem to have been refreshing, as was the stream that gushed from Horeb's rock, to the suffering Israelites at Rephidim.

On the first Lord's day in December, he preached twice, and administered the Lord's supper to the

church, with more than usual gratitude and spiritual engagedness. In the evening he received a letter from Mount-Pleasant, containing the cheering intelligence, that in his late visit to that place, the Lord had been pleased to accompany his efforts in preaching the gospel, with the power of the Holy Spirit, and that several persons had been converted to God through the instrumentality of his labours, and many others were inquiring what they must do to be saved. "This," he remarks, "was to me in my weakness and various trials, as a refreshing cordial. It served also to clothe me with humility, and to excite my gratitude and praise to the God of all grace."

On the 24th of December, this being the season of vacation, he took a journey by land to Mount-Pleasant, in company with a friend. Several disasters occurred on the road, so that they did not arrive till eleven at night; nevertheless, he was enabled next day to preach with some satisfaction to himself and the congregation. During this visit, a circumstance occurred which verifies the common adage:—That anticipated afflictions produce a greater effect on the mind than those which are actually experienced. Very early in the morning, a person came into his chamber and informed him, that "one of his family had fallen into a painful calamity." The suddenness of the information, the abrupt manner in which it was communicated, and the debilitated condition of his person, combined to make an overwhelming impression upon his mind. Nevertheless, the Lord sustained him; and when he arrived at home, he found to his great surprise and joy, that the report which had so much alarmed and distressed him, was without foundation. Thus vanished in a moment this imaginary cloud, the threatening aspect of which had inspired so much unnecessary terror.

An examination of his journal for the year 1800, has furnished but few items of special public interest,

although, as a Christian and a minister, the Lord appears to have favoured him, in the discharge of his various duties, with lively exercises of faith, love, and gratitude. In the early part of this year, the church at Mount-Pleasant gave him another invitation to settle in that place as their pastor. As one means of ascertaining the will of Providence, he referred the subject to the judgment of his congregation. The result was, that they expressed a unanimous wish that their pastor should remain with them; of course his resolution to continue in the city was more than ever confirmed. About two months after this he received another very urgent invitation to remove to a church in New-Jersey, which he also thought it his duty to decline.

In the month of October he took a journey to Philadelphia, for the purpose of meeting a number of ministers and representatives of churches. By particular request, he preached the second sermon to the assembly, on "*The duty of praying for the ministers of the gospel.*" The business of this meeting appears to have been conducted with great harmony, a circumstance which in no inconsiderable degree contributed to the happiness experienced by Mr. Stanford, for he was pre-eminently a friend of peace, and a promoter of brotherly love. It was an amiable trait in the character of this good man, that, however calumniated or injured by others, he always did honour to himself, and to the religion which he professed, by exemplifying the apostolic maxim, "*Speak evil of no man.*" Like the excellent John Brown, of Haddington, when reviled and persecuted, he seemed to consider himself so much the more bound by the principles of Christian love, to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of his enemies, and to pray for their "*redemption through the blood of Christ,*" that they might obtain "*the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.*" In the same spirit, John Bunyan used to

say concerning his enemies—"Let them call me what they please, may the Lord call them the holy ones, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out and not forsaken."

During this year Mr. Stanford published another volume of "*The Christian's Pocket Library;*" and on the 25th of December he went to Mount-Pleasant, by special request, for the purpose of preaching a sermon to a Masonic Lodge. This discourse, entitled "THE URIM AND THUMMIM," was afterwards printed at the expense of the Lodge.

CHAPTER V.

CONVERSIONS—LOSS BY FIRE—CONFIDENCE IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE—JOURNEY TO NEW-JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA—AN AWFUL SCENE—YELLOW FEVER.

On the 12th of March, 1801, at the particular request of many pious persons of different religious denominations, Mr. Stanford commenced a course of Thursday evening lectures, in a neighbourhood where the gospel was seldom if ever preached. This service was well attended; and is supposed to have proved a blessing to many. About the same time he received an invitation to settle at Warwick, and take charge of the church in that town; but being fully persuaded that it was the will of God that he should continue in this city, the application was dismissed, with suitable acknowledgments. In the month of May he returned with his family to his own house in Fair-street, that part of the city being then considered in a healthy state. "This," he remarks, "was accompanied with devotional exercises of heart, that the Lord would be pleased to dwell in my habitation, which he had given me, and in which I had experienced so many mercies, in the midst of so many severe afflictions." Thus to dedicate our habitations unto the Lord, by constituting them places for stated and special seasons of religious worship, is a Christian duty and privilege. Does Jehovah, in the plenitude of his mercy, prolong our lives, and preserve our habitations from the encircling flames? O let them become temples devoted to his praise! Let us say, in the spirit of the devoted patriarch—"*As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*" Joshua xxiv. 15.

In the latter part of this month he took a journey to Bedford, (New-York,) as a delegate to the Baptist Association, assembled in that place. At this Association he says, "Great harmony and Christian love prevailed." O how sweet on earth to enjoy such interviews with the people of God, as a fore-taste of the fellowship of saints in heaven. After the close of public business, he received an invitation to meet between twenty and thirty young persons, from the age of twelve to twenty, who had recently experienced religion, and seemed on the wing for heaven. "Never," he remarks, "did I behold a scene so charming, and never did I experience more real satisfaction in discharging the duties of my ministerial office, than in commending them to that blessed Shepherd who gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom." The deep interest which Mr. Stanford manifested in the eternal welfare of children and youth, is a trait in his character as a man and a Christian minister, which not only procured for him the praises of men while living, but will embalm his memory in the grateful hearts of thousands. No inconsiderable part of his life was employed in training youth for the scenes of earth, and the joys of heaven. And it is quite remarkable, that although the peculiar gravity and dignity of his appearance was such as to preclude, rather than to invite juvenile familiarity, yet no other man within our knowledge, of the same age, was so universally a favourite amongst children as "Father Stanford." One little boy, (the son of a clergyman,) was asked whom he liked best as a preacher, "O," said he, "I like old Father Stanford best, because he is a very good man, and he speaks out, so that I can understand him."

In the month of August he again visited Mount-Pleasant, but it seems that he left his family on this occasion with an unusual degree of reluctance. Here, and in the places adjacent, he preached several ser-

mons, and appears to have enjoyed the presence of the Lord in his blessed service. One day after dinner he went with his friend into the garden, there to enjoy the pleasure of uninterrupted conversation, when, turning an angle which presented a full view of the Hudson, he observed a sloop advancing from New-York, in which he expected his two sons. He immediately repaired to the dock, in order to welcome them; but ah! how little do we know what lies concealed beneath the unveiled purposes of Divine Providence. As soon as the vessel struck the dock he observed many of the passengers on deck fixing their eyes on him, and one of them stepped on shore to inform him, that his sons were not on board. A second, with much caution and tenderness, informed him, that, early on Tuesday morning, his house of worship, and several other buildings in the neighbourhood, were consumed by fire; and immediately after, a third person handed him a letter, which confirmed the report. This unexpected and painful information produced a momentary regret, but did not prevent Mr. Stanford from calmly resigning himself to the sovereign pleasure of Him "*who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.*" It was a fine reflection made by a pious lady, when news was brought to her of two children drowned, whom she loved very much:—"Ah! I see that God will have my whole heart; and he shall have it." And thus too, the afflicted servant of Christ could say, even when God, by the dark and mysterious dispensations of his providence has laid waste all his earthly prospects—"*Righteous art thou, O Lord, and upright are thy judgments.*"

Next morning he commenced his journey to the city, and arrived in the evening at the house of a friend, thankful to the Lord that he once more could embrace his children in safety. On the following day he visited the smoking ruins of the house which, at

his own expense, and with great labour, he had erected for the worship of God.* It was a remarkable circumstance, that although every thing around it was reduced to ashes, the pulpit remained almost uninjured, and one of the firemen actually stood in the pulpit directing the pipe of the engine, while surrounded by the flames. "At the moment," says Mr. Stanford, "the sight of the preserved pulpit created a sort of impression on my mind, that my public labours in the gospel ministry were not quite at an end, and that yet I might '*be saved though as by fire.*'"

Many years have elapsed since that fiery trial, and surely the Lord granted him according to his faith. Not only were his services in the gospel ministry continued, but extended far beyond his most sanguine expectation. The universal public esteem entertained towards Mr. Stanford was abundantly evinced on this occasion. The multitude assembled seemed to vie with each other in efforts to save his property from the devouring element, and when that was found impracticable, a very generous contribution was made by the citizens to reinstate him, and as a public testimony of their regard. These circumstances appear to have increased his determination, in the name and in the fear of the Lord, to devote his life to promote the moral benefit of the city of New-York, as an expression of his gratitude for the favours he

* It is a fact in the history of Mr. Stanford, and worthy of record, that in the erection of the place of worship, in which he commenced his ministry in New-York, he expended all the funds which he brought with him to America. Had he followed the advice of friends, and invested his money in the purchase of real estate, he could not fail to have secured for his family, a princely fortune. But his zeal for the worship of God absorbed every consideration of personal emolument. The writer has heard him say, that at one time, in the year 1797, he was offered a property for the sum of one hundred pounds, which, in the opinion of good judges, is now worth sixty thousand dollars. According to this estimate, a different appropriation of the amount expended in the cause of Christ, would have secured millions for his private advantage.

received from its inhabitants. In the mean time, the destruction of his place of worship, led to the dispersion of the church and congregation, and most of the members considered it to be their duty to unite with the other Baptist churches in the city. Thus by the will of God, his many years labour and anxiety in relation to the church, vanished in an hour, and he was called in Providence to appropriate the language of David—"*Thou hast showed me hard things: thou hast made me to drink the wine of astonishment.*"

As a pastor he had for many years laboured, and watched, and prayed for the souls of his beloved people, and perhaps he had fondly hoped that the evening of his life would be passed in the bosom of an affectionate church; but heaven had otherwise determined. Other, though not less important objects were to be accomplished by the servant of the Lord. He must "*glorify God in the fires,*" and then spend the remainder of his days, as the herald of liberty through Christ, to the captive in the dungeon; and as the messenger of mercy to the poor.

"Our hope is a delicate flower,
Which yields to each furious blast;
And often we lose in an hour,
What promis'd for ages to last.
When the heavens are calm and serene,
We fancy 't will always be day,
Till the whirlwind and storm intervene,
And sweep the bright prospect away."

This dispensation placed him in a very trying situation. He was like a person beginning the world anew. Nevertheless, he appears to have possessed his soul in patience. His diary about this time bears the marks of a heart oppressed indeed with the afflictions of life, but sweetly resting on the promise of a covenant God. His letters, his preaching, and such parts of his conversation as have been cherished in the memory of his friends, all conspired to prove that—

" Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray:
As night to stars, wo lustre gives to man."

The remainder of this year was not attended with any thing particularly requiring our attention. Mr. Stanford occasionally preached in the different pulpits in the city, and especially in Greenwich, where, until that time, the sound of the gospel was seldom heard. His academy continued to flourish, and the health of his family was mercifully preserved. The following simple and beautiful thoughts on Psalm xxiii. 1. are found in his diary for the last day of this year :—" *The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.*' How great is the provision which the Shepherd of Israel hath provided for his flock! They can never *want* the supplies of his providence, so far at least as may consist with their need. They can never *want* a sufficiency of his pardoning, comforting, and supporting grace, so long as their Shepherd is Almighty. This I do most confidently believe, and do therefore fervently pray, that I may never *want* faith to trust my Shepherd's care, under the darkest providences, nor *want* a heart to love and serve him to the end of my days."

As a traveller who has passed through a dreary wilderness, when he arrives at the summit of a hill, looks back to contemplate the difficulties and dangers of the way—to return thanks for deliverance, and to dedicate himself to the service of his almighty Protector; so did Mr. Stanford commence the year 1802, by reviewing the events of the past, and again committing his body and soul, his family and his ministry, to the merciful direction of heaven.

" Why should I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplex'd?
Who sav'd me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next.

Will save, 'till at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blest,
I soar beyond temptation's power,
To my Redeemer's breast."

The following letter to Dr. B******, on the death of his eldest son, is expressive of his pious sympathy for the afflicted.

"*August* 10, 1802.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" You are too advanced in life not to have experienced the truth of the remark, that '*Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.*' Not, that an infinitely wise and good Being can delight in planting thorns in the paths of his creatures; no, it is our transgressions that have produced the multiplicity of evils which attend us.

" Under all the calamities of life it well becomes us to feel for others woe, and aid their trembling steps along the rugged road. Can I then, my dear Sir, forbear to offer my condolence under your great domestic sorrow? I write not to open the wound wider, or make it bleed more profusely, by enumerating the attendant circumstances of your affliction, but to repeat the salutary sentiment of a well known pen— 'For us they sicken, and for us they die.' Events like this are well calculated to teach us, that we cannot grasp the full blown rose without feeling its piercing thorn; and that our very 'comforts may become killing.' Soon, we also must retire to the shades of death; therefore to enjoy the smiles of Immanuel, can alone constitute our true felicity. But why need I repeat to you lessons which your age and Christian experience must have taught you, long ere this. My earnest prayer to God for you is, that the loss of the creature may be amply compensated by the enjoyment of the Creator, and that your future days may, with greater ardour, be employed in the service of the

Lord. May your happiness increase as you aproximate the bliss of immortality.

"Your's sincerely,

"JOHN STANFORD."

The following remarks, evince the feelings of his heart with respect to evangelical Christians, and ministers of other denominations. "The exercises of my occasional ministry have been most frequently in the Independent church in Warren-street, and which will, I hope, not be in vain in the Lord. When not engaged in preaching on the Lord's day morning, I generally attend the ministry of my friend, Dr. Livingston, of the Dutch Church, whose word it has pleased God frequently to accompany with power to my heart.

"April 28. This morning, under a sermon by the Doctor, on the parable of the sower, I was favoured with such views of the glory of God, as I never had before, nor have I since experienced. Well, Peter, James, and John, were but once on the mount with their Saviour, and I am thankful, if but once in my life, the Lord is pleased to grant a *peculiar* discovery of himself, to me who am the least deserving of the children of men."

It is said of the immortal Luther, that "he was innocently witty," and the memoir of Mr. Stanford would be very incomplete, if we should omit to record, at least some of those laconisms in which his colloquial and epistolary style so much abounded. To enable the reader to form an accurate opinion with respect to this peculiar feature of his mind, and also for the purpose of narrating the incidents which he sometimes describes with great felicity, we shall occasionally introduce letters, written to some of his most intimate friends.

From the Rev. Mr. Stanford to Captain W*****.

"*January* 16, 1802.

" DEAR SIR,

" Accept my sincere thanks for your acceptable present of an excellent cheese. This appears to have been a valuable domestic article many ages since. Little David was sent by Jesse, his father, to carry ten cheeses for the use of his brethren, and the captain of their company. 1 Samuel xvii. 18. When David, the king, was in distress in the wilderness, Barzillai sent a cheese for David; and I doubt not, it was gratefully received, and acceptable to him in his time of need, as was yours to me. Your kind present had also a tendency to remind me of my past afflictions from the hand of the Lord.—'*Thou hast curdled me like cheese*,' said Job, (x. 10.) And so indeed, have I been! Here we may remark, that if there had been no curd, there would have been no cheese, and it is just so in regard to the souls of men. No cross, no crown; no furnace, no pure gold. '*If we are without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are we bastards and not sons.*' I should as soon expect a cheese without curd, as to find a Christian without affliction. How careful is the farmer in curdling the milk? Upon great care in this part of the process, materially depends, the flavour of the cheese. This reminds me of the wisdom of God, whose hand has conducted all my troubles, and enabled me to sing of mercy and loving-kindness, as well as of judgment. I fear I shall have tired you with my remarks, and therefore beg you will accept the grateful thanks of,

" Your's sincerely,
" JOHN STANFORD."

On a particular occasion, Mr. Stanford preached a sermon from the words—"*Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.*" After he had, in a very interesting manner, described a beautiful

garden, and spoken of the variety and fragrance of its shrubs, flowers, trees, and fruit, and then applied the subject to the state of the Christian Church; as he descended from the pulpit, one of the deacons said to him—"Well, Brother Stanford, you have laid out the garden in due form, and you have described the variety and excellencies of its productions, but where is your fence?" With his usual promptness he replied—"O, I left that for you deacons to put up; and see that you keep it in good order."

March 15. This was a day of peculiar trial to his faith. The workmen were, during the morning, employed in removing part of the foundation on which had rested his former place of worship, and when they came to the corner-stone, which, with prayer to the God of Israel, he had once deposited, the tear of submission trembled in his eye, as he thought upon the vicissitudes of human life; but, so far was he from repining, that he was heard to say, as he cheerfully wiped away the falling drop—"*Father, not my will, but thine be done.*"

In the month of June he met the Baptist Association, convened at Mount-Pleasant, and closed the session with a discourse from Judges viii. 4—"*Faint, yet pursuing.*"

On the 10th of July he visited Warwick, to assist in the ordination of Mr. Thomas Stevens. The congregation assembled on the occasion was large; and unusual solemnity is said to have attended the service. The sermon, which was from Colossians i. 7—"*A faithful minister of Christ,*" was delivered by Mr. Stanford, and subsequently printed.

In August he took a journey through the states of New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, chiefly for the benefit of his health. When the stage stopped at Plainfield, the driver informed the company that, a short distance further on the road, an intoxicated man had, on the preceding night, murdered his two sons, his wife, and

himself. As the stage had to pass by the door, the passengers insisted on stopping at the house, and requested Mr. Stanford to accompany them. It was one of those "neat little cottages" which now and then attracts the admiring gaze of the traveller, and seemed, from the silence that prevailed, to be an abode of blessedness and of peace. But, alas! it was the silence of death that reigned within its blood stained walls. On entering the front room upon the lower floor, they found a table plentifully spread on the previous evening for the family repast. Here was every thing to secure contentment and domestic comfort; but the demon of intemperance had entered the enclosure. As they ascended to the room immediately above, they beheld one of those awful spectacles, from which, with instinctive horror, the heart unsteeled by crime, involuntarily recoils. In the cradle lay a lovely little boy, about eight years old, murdered in a shocking manner; and on the floor at a short distance from him, and covered with wounds and blood, lay his brother, about ten years of age. The hapless mother of these victims of a brutal father's rage, was found in the back parlour, to which it is probable she had fled for safety, but was there stabbed to the heart, by the hand of him who had vowed at the altar to love and protect her. Near the gory bosom of the martyred woman was seen the ghastly corpse of the sanguinary monster. After perpetrating the diabolical crime of murdering his unoffending family, it is supposed that he loaded his rifle, and receiving the muzzle into his mouth, deliberately discharged its contents, by which one half of his head was entirely blown away, and the barrel of the gun severed from the stock. The apartments were literally a human slaughter-house, where death reigned in undisturbed dominion. This tragic scene closed the lips of the beholders in silence—astonishment seemed to have paralyzed them. No one was

able to give utterance to the deep and oppressive feelings of the heart, and the company retired, increasingly convinced, that great indeed is the depravity of man.

During this journey Mr. Stanford visited many of his old friends, and preached at Southampton, Lower-Dublin, Burlington, and several other places.

At Bordentown, a Mrs. Day was introduced to him, who said that many years ago, when she was a girl of about fifteen, she was induced to attend his lectures in New-York, "particularly to hear the singing," when it pleased God to convey the word of salvation to her heart, and that the Lord from that time had enabled her to walk in the paths of righteousness. This to Mr. Stanford was indeed a cause of thanksgiving, and an incitement to future perseverance in the work of the Lord.

His diary for the last day in the year closes with the following pious reflections:—"Oh! what great reason have I to be humble and thankful for the Lord's dealings with me this year! Many signal deliverances have I received, and ten thousand mercies have surrounded my paths. Let my soul for ever praise my God for his unspeakable goodness to me and my family; and may I ever cherish an ardent desire to be devoted to the honour of his blessed name! If I can say nothing else on this last day of the year, I can most assuredly declare, that I can and do resign myself, body, soul, and spirit, into the hand of the blessed Saviour, to be transformed into his holy image, and to serve, honour, and glorify him, until the days of my pilgrimage on earth shall end; then I hope, through grace, with him in heaven, to spend an eternity in pleasure and in praise!"

As the last hours of the departed year had been employed in acknowledging the mercies of God, so he began the year 1803 with fervent prayer, that every future dispensation of Providence towards him might

be subservient to the glory of God, and the benefit of his fellow-creatures. On New-Year's day he heard a sermon on 1 Cor. vii. 31—"*The fashion of this world passeth away.*" Upon this he remarks:—"O how true in regard to every thing sublunary. It has been so with me; and under this discourse I was assisted to bring to recollection the many variegated scenes through which I had passed; surely my life has been like Joseph's coat of divers colours. May Joseph's God be mine! Then, though the cup of affliction be found in my sack, it will the better speed my way, to see his face with joy!"

During the greater part of this year his health was extremely feeble, and his mind seems to have experienced, alternate light and shade. Two new services were commenced and continued this year. One, at the then upper end of Greenwich-street, for the afternoon, there being no place of worship in that vicinity; the other, a lecture for the evening, in Barclay-street; both of which were well attended, and the Lord graciously blessed his word preached to saints and to sinners.

In May he visited Brookfield, as a delegate to the Warwick Association. Agreeably to previous appointment, he opened the religious services of the meeting with a discourse from John xxi. 15—17—"*So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.*"—Three

days were employed in the harmonious transaction of public business, and the session closed under circumstances calculated to convince all present, that God was in the assembly.

In the month of August a very destructive fever again made its appearance, and the citizens fled to the country for safety. Mr. Stanford retired with his family to Mount-Pleasant, and there he endeavoured to devote himself to the service of God, by preaching in the village, and in visiting Peekskill, Salem, Bedford, and some few towns on the borders of Connecticut, teaching and preaching Jesus Christ, wherever he went. It was not until the last of October that the health of the city would permit him to return, and even at that late part of the season, many, by imprudently neglecting to ventilate their houses, fell victims to the disease.

As soon as circumstances would allow, he reopened his academy, and also resumed his evening lectures; but it was not until December that either of them were even moderately attended. This year he published another sermon, and also a "Circular Letter," addressed to the churches composing the Association with which he stood connected.

The pages of his diary for 1804, are not unlike the mariner's log-book. One part filled with the account of storms and calms, pirates, rocks, and shoals; while other parts record the mercies of God in granting prosperous breezes, and a safe return to port. Throughout the whole, whether "amid rocks and quicksands deep," driven onward by the rolling tide, or quiet in "the treacherous calm," his constant prayer seems to have been—

"Come Holy Ghost! and blow,
A prosp'rous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven—my destin'd place!
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind."

After having preached a sermon, under extreme depression of mind, a minister who was present said to him—"Within a few months past, I was called to visit a sick woman who used to attend your evening lectures, which the Lord blessed to the conversion of her soul from the error of her ways. I saw her the day before her death; she enjoyed a sense of pardon and peace in Christ, and I have been subsequently informed that she died rejoicing in the Lord, and this ought to comfort and strengthen you in the labour of the gospel." This communication, though Mr. Stanford had no distinct recollection of the woman, made a serious impression upon his mind, and proved an excitement to persevere even under the greatest discouragements, in hope of further usefulness in the work of the Lord. On the last of April, Dr. B***** returned from England, and brought him letters from several very dear and valuable friends. "This to me," said Mr. Stanford, "is like what Solomon says—'*As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.*' Prov. xxv. 25. Such a correspondence, at so great a distance, adds beauty to the charms of friendship, and supports the mind while sojourning in this vale of tears. But O how superior to this is the good news of the gospel, and the application of a promise from Jesus, the Prince of life, who has passed into the heavens."

In the month of August he took a journey to the south, and preached in many places, particularly at Lower-Dublin, Philadelphia, Salem, and Trenton. In Philadelphia he was appointed to deliver a discourse to a meeting of ministers. This service he performed, from Ruth ii. 4—"*The Lord bless thee.*" At Salem he preached in the Presbyterian and Baptist churches, both of which furnished full and attentive auditories, although at the time a very malignant fever prevailed in the town and neighbourhood, which proved fatal to many of the inhabitants. Refreshed

by these visits, he returned home on the 22d of September. The next day being the Sabbath, he preached twice, with considerable satisfaction; but at ten o'clock on Monday morning he was taken very ill; at twelve he was much worse; and in a short time the symptoms became quite alarming. It proved to be a violent typhus fever; the infection of which it is supposed he received on his late visit to Salem. Under this afflictive dispensation he continued about two weeks, when it pleased the Lord to rebuke the disease, and bring him up again from the gates of death. During this illness, the Lord granted him the peculiar consolations of the gospel, and he said with reference to this affliction: "I do hope it was the means of trimming my lamp, that I may be ready when death shall really appear." More than five weeks elapsed before he was able again to preach; but by the close of the year, his strength was so far restored, that with some degree of satisfaction he could once more apply himself to the discharge of his public duties.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. STANFORD'S PUBLIC DUTIES INCREASE IN NUMBER AND IN RESPONSIBILITY—ALARM BY FIRE—COMMENCES HIS GRATUITOUS LABOURS IN THE NEW-YORK ALMS-HOUSE, AND STATE-PRISON.

THE following copious extract from his journal will explain the feelings of his heart, as well as narrate the events of his life, during the year 1805.

"It has pleased God to spare my life to the commencement of another year, and now I am anxious, if it may please the Lord, to grant me some word of promise, upon which, as a staff in my hand, I may commence and pursue my journey, should I be permitted to live through the present year. In due time, the last verse of the 23d Psalm was powerfully impressed upon my mind—'*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*' However, I was induced to inquire, what right I had to appropriate it? Looking over the Psalm, and comparing it with the history of my life, I had abundant reason to believe that the Lord had been '*my Shepherd;*' he had often '*restored my soul*' from wandering, and constantly '*prepared a table for me in the wilderness*' of my sorrows; I was therefore encouraged to hope that this text would be made good to me in the progress of my journey, and I have really found it so."

The public labours of Mr. Stanford were unusually great, whether we speak of their variety or their extent. He could not therefore be expected, like TELLIER, the Chancellor of France, to make very great progress in mental cultivation during the last twenty years of his life, yet such was his habitual in-

dustry, that even this was not wholly neglected. Besides the periodical publications of the day, with most, if not all of the more elaborate commentaries, and books on practical divinity, he read the *History of the Church* with great care. In the history of the Moravian missionaries to Greenland, and the missions of his own and other denominations, to the deluded heathen, he took a very deep interest. Upon this point he remarks:—"I observe that the principal, if not the only subject on which they preached, was *the love of Christ in suffering and dying for guilty men;* and God blessed this simple, though important subject, to the conversion of multitudes, who were enveloped in the darkness of superstition, and who were accustomed to the grossest vices. I also greatly admire the holy zeal of those missionaries, in encountering hardships and perils in the course of their journeys, to promote the glory of God in Christ, and the conversion of the most abject classes of mankind. Alas! I feel constrained to blush before the throne of my God, and deplore the small portion of zeal which I possess. O that the Lord would enlighten and strengthen my heart in the discharge of every duty, and make me faithful until I die!"

In June he visited a friend in Newark, hoping to derive an augmentation of bodily health and mental vigour, from a change of air and scenery. "Here," he says, "I found it beneficial frequently to wander alone in the fields, for the purpose of meditation and devotion. And here I do believe I received such tokens of my God's goodness, and instructions in his holy word, as to animate me, in some degree, to persevere in the work of the Lord."

The pious Matthew Henry used to say:—"It will do us good to be often alone; and if we have the art of improving solitude, we shall find we are never less alone than when alone. Meditation and prayer ought to be both our business and our delight when

We are alone; while we have a God, a Christ, and a heaven to acquaint ourselves with, and to secure an interest in, we need not want matter either for reflection or devotion, which, if they go together, will mutually befriend each other. Our walks in the fields are then truly pleasant, when in them we walk with God. There we have a free and open prospect of the heavens above us, and the earth around us, and the hosts and riches of both; by the view of which we should be led to the contemplation of the Maker and Owner of all." The spiritual minded Baxter, Brainard, and Cowper, loved, and frequently sought the enjoyments of solitude—"Particularly," said Mr. Baxter, "have I found that the fittest time for myself is in the evening." The prevailing opinion of the most pious and learned in every age has been, that MEDITATION more than any other human means, has a tendency to invigorate the mental faculties, render the ordinances of religion fruitful, increase the comfort, and promote the holiness of the Christian. It is therefore equally a subject of surprise and lamentation, that Christians, generally, are so little inclined to avail themselves of this inestimable privilege. No Christian, whether he be a minister, or uninvested with a public office, can long maintain a holy walk with God, if he allows himself to be carried forward in the perpetual whirl of public business. The soul, in order to its healthful action, requires that salutary rest which retirement, meditation, and prayer, are calculated to impart, no less than the physical energies demand the restoring influences of quietude and aliment.

> "In secret silence of the mind,
> My heav'n, and there my God I find."

From a memorandum in his diary, it appears, that in the woods on Long-Island, Mr. Stanford wrote

with a lead pencil, a considerable part of his "Aged Christian's Cabinet."

At the particular request of the Lutheran church, in Mott-street,* Mr. Stanford officiated for them two Lord's days in August, with great satisfaction to his own mind, and very much to the edification of the congregation. But this service was followed by very serious consequences. On Monday afternoon, about three o'clock, he was attacked by a violent fever, probably owing to his returning from church on the previous evening, while in a state of perspiration. Under this affliction the Lord mercifully preserved his mind in great tranquillity, although the fever continued about three weeks; and more than a month elapsed before he was enabled to resume his public labours. He says:—"During this illness, I was favoured with stronger evidences of the truth of the Bible, and of the power of God's grace, than I had ever before possessed, and for which I hope I am humble and thankful." How true is it, that the most useful lessons are acquired in the furnace of affliction. And—

> "The good are better made by ill,
> As odours crush'd are sweeter still."

By the advice of physicians, though yet very weak, he took a journey, in company with a ministering brother, by gentle stages, through New-Jersey and Pennsylvania. Here he spent several weeks, visiting and preaching from town to town. During this excursion, his health experienced many variations, and his fever frequently returned with great violence.

While in Pennsylvania, he enjoyed the hospitalities of Thomas Holmes, Esq. at Holmesburg, whose ami-

* This church occupied a building, erected upon the spot where now stands the large stone edifice, known as "Zion Church." The former place of worship was burnt down in 1811.

able wife died during the visit of Mr. Stanford at their house. At the particular request of the surviving family, he preached the funeral sermon, in the pulpit of the Rev. Samuel Jones, D. D. from Luke viii. 52 —"*She is not dead, but sleepeth.*" The Rev. William Rogers, D. D. of Philadelphia, closed the service with prayer. During intervals of comparative ease, he delivered several discourses at Holmesburg; and at New-Britain he preached to a large assembly of ministers, convened at an annual Association, by whose request he wrote a letter to the Shaftsbury Association, from which the following is an extract.

"BELOVED IN THE LORD,

"Although during this session we have been deprived of the pleasure of hearing from you, either by letter, or by messenger; our ardent desire for your spiritual prosperity prompts us to address you, and to forward to you our minutes. The cause of our assembling this season at New-Britain, is the afflictive visitation of God to the city of Philadelphia, with pestilence. Dreadful calamity! May the hand which smiteth us, produce reformation of manners among all classes; but especially in the churches of that hitherto greatly favoured city.

"The communications we have received from our churches, and corresponding Associations, have afforded us the highest pleasure, and laid us under increased obligations of gratitude to Jesus, the King of Zion. Probably no other religious denomination in America is, at the present time, increasing with such unexampled rapidity as our own. May the mercies of the Lord inspire our brethren with greater humility, and that fervent piety which shall best evince our attachment to his holy cause.

"We believe it to be of the highest importance to ourselves as individuals, and for the prosperity of religion in the world, that we continue to seek after

the knowledge of the simple truth, as it is in Jesus; the truth revealed in the sacred scriptures, in preference to the opinions of men. Brethren, let us read our Bibles on our knees, and in constant dependance upon the influence and teaching of the Spirit of Truth. Thus through grace shall we be able to teach our people to profit, and be preserved from the contaminating errors of the present day.

"Permit us, dear brethren, to suggest, that to us as a denomination, it is of great importance to examine, with careful attention, the sentiments of those who are candidates for the work of the ministry. Let us earnestly beseech the Lord Jesus to direct us in the choice of those whom he will graciously own in the work of the gospel, and make '*our crown and our joy.*'

"The history of the Baptists in every age furnishes the strongest assurances that our forefathers were scrupulous in withdrawing, as much as possible, from political concerns; well knowing, that our Saviour's kingdom '*is not of this world.*' We believe, that, as citizens, we are entitled to the exercise of private opinion, and all the rights of citizenship; but there have been so many instances in which persons of talents and grace, by plunging into the troubled waters of political life, have thereby lost the bloom of their profession, and their usefulness in Zion, that we regard it as our paramount duty, to let our political moderation be known unto all men, especially as we are engaged in the more important interest of our *Redeemer's kingdom.*

"By order, and on behalf of the Association,

"JOHN STANFORD."

His health being much improved, he bade adieu to his friends in Pennsylvania, and arrived at home in safety on the last day of October. "This year," he remarks, "'*Goodness and mercy have indeed followed*

me,' but it has been comparatively a year of mental darkness and of unfruitfulness. Lord, what am I, that thou shouldest thus deliver, and show me thy salvation." Greatly depressed in mind, under a sense of his sinfulness, but struggling against its influence, his prayer was constant and fervent, that the mercy of God might sustain him, until his last year should flow into the ocean of eternity.

> "There shall I see, and hear, and know,
> All I desired, or wish'd below;
> And every power find sweet employ,
> In that eternal world of joy."

As he ended the last year, so he began the year 1806, under dark and painful exercises of mind. "When," says he, "shall I walk in the light of God's countenance, and feel that vivacity and zeal which are so necessary to evince my Christian and ministerial character? Still I cannot but adore the faithfulness of my gracious God, and look for brighter days of usefulness and comfort. Like a mariner in a dark and tempestuous night, I can let go my anchor of hope, though I do not sensibly feel the ground on which it should rest. Lord, sanctify and make use of me in private or in public life, according to thy sovereign will and pleasure."

On the 21st of February, a volume of lectures, containg about 380 pages, under the title of "The Domestic Chaplain," was sent to the press, accompanied with many fervent prayers, that God might employ it for the edification and comfort of souls, and for the glory of his own grace. This work has passed through several large editions, in this country and in England, and has, as its name imports, preached the gospel to many families, where the usual means of grace were not enjoyed. "The Domestic Chaplain" has been a useful guide, not only in private devotion, and in the social meeting,

but it has served to instruct the soul of the Christian, in the closet and in the parlour; and to produce a more intimate acquaintance with the volume of Divine Revelation, by illustrating its doctrines, enforcing its authority, and recommending the sacred institutions of the gospel to the attention and approbation of the reader. These advantages are afforded by the unostentatious labours of "The Chaplain," in a manner at once calculated to interest and to enlighten; while each short lecture sheds its hallowed influence over the soul, without the pain of labour, or the consciousness of design. A few short extracts from the author's preface, will explain more fully the character of this valuable book. "My aim is to be useful in promoting the moral interests of families, by disseminating some of the most important truths of the gospel, in an agreeable variety, without those perplexing controversies too prevalent among professors of Christianity. I have also in view, the assistance of congregations and societies in the country, who are frequently destitute of stated ministers; presuming that this volume, in the hand of a good reader, may secure the attendance of the people, and promote their instruction."—"Time is short—truth is divine and inestimably precious. In the construction of these lectures, I solemnly declare, that I have not introduced a single sentence, but what, from deliberate thought, I firmly believe bears the impress of the gospel, and is calculated to destroy vice, promote the purest virtue, and aid the real Christian in his life and walk of faith." We may therefore unhesitatingly recommend this work to the attentive perusal of all who desire the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ.

Letter from Mr. Stanford, on the recovery of his friend, John Holmes, Esq. of Pennsylvania, from a protracted illness.

"*New-York, March 2d*, 1806.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I was glad to hear, by your daughter, that you were more comfortable than when I left you in October, for which I thank God on your behalf. May the health of your body, and especially the spiritual happiness of your soul, increase still more abundantly. When I read your daughter's letter concerning you, it brought to my mind, the thanksgiving of Ezra, (x. 8)—'*God hath given us a little reviving in our bondage.*' Indeed, while in this tabernacle of clay, we are often many ways in bondage; but, how kind is our Lord, by the light of his countenance, the power of his grace, and the sweets of his love, to give us, although it be but 'a little'—a week—a day—or an hour's revival. Bless the Lord, my brother. Hold out a little longer, and you and I shall experience the pangs of bondage no more! These poor bodies will then sleep in the grave, and our souls shall wing their way

'Where all are bless'd,
For all are free'

"Divine Providence is one straight line, though to us there may appear many a curve. He giveth grace and glory. He who has given you the one, will most assuredly confer the other. To his merciful care I commend you, and remain,

"Your's in the Saviour,
"JOHN STANFORD."

In April he made a visit to the state of Connecticut, and was exposed to many dangers on the passage; yet out of them all the Lord delivered him. During this excursion, he preached in several towns, to very crowded assemblies; and, it is confidently believed, that his labours were not in vain in the Lord.

This year he received a unanimous call to take the

pastoral charge of the church in Burlington, New-Jersey; and in the month of August he made them a visit, preached eleven times, and administered baptism and the Lord's supper. While in this place he received visits from several neighbouring ministers, whose remarks upon the subject of his settlement with this church, greatly assisted him in discerning the path of duty. After this he made a short visit to his friends in Philadelphia, Frankfort, Holmesburg and Lower-Dublin; from whom he received fresh tokens of brotherly-kindness, and to whom he publicly communicated the glad tidings of salvation through the blood of Jesus. He arrived at home in safety on the 6th of September.

On the 21st of this month, another instance of the Lord's peculiar care of Mr. Stanford and his family occurred. The family retired at the usual time, but Mr. S. remained until a late hour, employed in meditating upon the confidence of Jeremiah in the midst of his afflictions, at the time when he exclaimed—"*The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him.*" Lamentations iii. 24. While wrapt in this heavenly contemplation, the appalling cry of Fire! Fire! broke upon the stillness of midnight, and in a few minutes the blaze flashed from the adjoining house upon the windows of his chamber. The fury of the encircling flames, and the confusion of the multitude who soon rushed to the scene of danger—the ringing of bells, the hoarse shout of the watchmen, and the crash of falling timbers, added to the gloomy terrors of a stormy night, constituted this, in many respects, memorable event, truly a scene of horror. But through the divine favour, the flames were averted from his habitation by a change of the wind, and no extensive injury was sustained, although several of the surrounding houses were consumed. So true is it, that those who have the Lord for their portion, may hope in him under circumstances the

most alarming, and in every scene of danger. For, while as their portion, he gratifies and fills the soul, he is truly "*A very present help in time of need.*" O that our souls may attain the delightful assurance of the prophet; then will it be immaterial, what trials and losses we sustain, while treading amid the thorns and briars of the wilderness, as we pursue our journey to the land of rest and peace in heaven.

On the last of November, circumstances occurred which enabled Mr. Stanford to decide upon declining the invitation from the church in Burlington; this course was approved by his most judicious friends. Among other things which led to this determination, was a secret impression that he had not yet performed all the work which the Lord intended him to do in New-York. Mr. Stanford was not a man disposed to yield to the guidance of mere impressions; yet in the present case, as in all former invitations to leave the city, there was something which prevented his acceptance, for which at the time he was utterly unable to account. But the developements of succeeding years have sufficiently demonstrated the will of God, and also the wisdom of his servant, in remaining at the post where Divine Providence had stationed him, and where, during the last twenty-five years of his life, he occupied public stations of no common interest and responsibility.

In his journey to Philadelphia, he stopped at Trenton, and spent a day at the house of his Excellency Joseph Bloomfield, Governor of New-Jersey. This was the anniversary of the defeat of the Hessian troops, under the command of Colonel Rhal, who was mortally wounded in the conflict with the Americans, under command of General Washington, in December, 1776.* The day was celebrated with

* The following graphic description of this highly interesting event in American history, is from the pen of an eloquent writer, who, when speaking of the father of his country, remarks:—

" MY DEAR SIR,

" It gave me pleasure to hear, by Mr. Coles, that yourself and family were in good health. He expressed your wish, that I should transmit to you a copy of what is called ' The Usurpation of Buonaparte.' You will find it enclosed. By this favourable conveyance, I return you ' Solomon's Common Places.' On my first entering on the examination of the manuscript, I found some difficulty from the obsolete language employed, when compared with our present translation; but recollecting that the author might have used Beza's copy, and having that in my study, it gave me considerable assistance. I have examined all the texts, and find them generally correct; and where I thought it was necessary, I have made corrections with a black lead pencil. These are submitted to your judgment, and which, at pleasure, if necessary, you can easily erase. If in this trifling service I have answered your wishes, I shall be amply compensated. Although Mr. Coles will tell you a little about me, I shall take another dip of ink to say, that I go on in the old way. Last month, containing thirty days, I preached twenty-eight sermons. This, you will say, is enough for any man; but you must know, good Sir, I am what some people call a ' general lover;' by which you will understand, that although I maintain with firmness the professions of what I believe to be the will of my God, in his gospel, yet I devote my public labours to *all* religious denominations without distinction. Indeed, I am the only minister in the city that can be called so far truly ' republican.' To me it is a source of peculiar happiness, that I receive the attention of Baptists, Independents, Lutherans, Moravians, and others. I know you will not be angry with me for this liberality. *Semper eadem*, (always the same) is my motto, preach where I may; indeed it is all of a price; for although I have preached about three hundred sermons during

this year, yet I have not received pecuniary compensation sufficient to purchase a pinch of snuff!

"The winter progresses, and I shall not be able to venture out much in the evening. Having dismissed your manuscript, and some other things of a similar nature, I must now, *Deo volente*, contrive something to employ my pen during the long evenings. I have thought of taking up some old lectures on theology, which I formerly delivered in Rhode-Island, and subsequently, to young gentlemen who have studied with me for the ministry, so as to make something like an easy text book for students in that department, and to be useful to young men who have not had the benefit of a classical education.

"It is unnecessary for me to say any thing to your Excellency on the gloomy appearances of public affairs in our beloved America. I am no dabbler in politics. It better becomes me to teach men the way of salvation, and pray for universal liberty and peace.

"My dear friend, you and I may never live to see it, yet I am confident that every one of the human family will eventually say, '*I am free born.*'

"Do me the favour of presenting my affectionate regards to Mrs. Bloomfield, Miss M'Ilvaine, and your nephew, Mr. Potter. Although I may not drink a glass of wine with you next New-Year's day, my prayer is, that you may 'spend your days in prosperity, and close your years in peace.'

"I am,

"Your's most sincerely,

"JOHN STANFORD.

"*New-York, December 2d*, 1807."

The following is Governor Bloomfield's reply.

"*Trenton, December 20th*, 1807.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your favour of the 2d of this month, with your

good little pamphlet, (multum in parvo) 'Solomon's Common Places,' and 'The Usurpation of Buonaparte,' in one envelope, were received of Mr. Coles yesterday.

"Alderman M'Reeley, last week procured for Mrs. Bloomfield, a copy of your excellent tract, which a good lady of her acquaintance requested as a present for a particular person, and she has been gratified with another copy by Mr. Coles. Parson P. Wilson called to see me yesterday, just after the reception of your packet. I took the liberty to mention the industry of a brother clergyman, who had preached one-third of a century; upon which Mr. Wilson said, that Mr. Stanford's publications had done much good, and that he was a very useful man; in which Mrs. Bloomfield and myself very readily accorded.

"Solomon's Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, contain stores of wisdom, applicable to every situation of life; his maxims, digested and arranged by good Bishop Hall, if properly printed, might arrest the attention of persons who would not otherwise read the sacred books.

"'Usurpation of Buonaparte,' I requested Mr. Coles to purchase for me, and never intimated to him that you should have the trouble of procuring it; my message by him to you was, that 'Mr. Stanford will please to take his own time in the correction of Solomon's Common Places.' I am, however, not the less obliged by your and your son's attention; and I am determined to seize the first opportunity of convincing you that I have not forgotten your many favours. I hope to visit you when I pass through New-York, probably in July.

"Assure yourself, that I cannot add to the respect and esteem with which I am,

"Very truly,

"Your friend, and most obedient servant,

"JOSEPH BLOOMFIELD."

This, to Mr. Stanford, proved to be a year of unusual activity and interest. The Bethel church in Broome-street, which had for several years been in a declining condition, invited him to preach for them as frequently as his other engagements would permit; and it is believed that his labours in this congregation were not in vain in the Lord.

March 2d, he was invited to preach in the Alms-House, where, for the first time, he was called to address an assembly composed of the sick, the lame, the blind, and miserable, of both sexes and of all ages. His text on this occasion was Phillipians iv. 11—"*I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.*" Interesting as this scene must have been, yet, could he have removed the vale which conceals the events of futurity, and anticipated the extensive and protracted services which God had appointed for him among these poor and afflicted creatures, he would probably have shrunk from the task. But it is a part of the merciful arrangements of Divine Providence, that "*The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*"

> "God gives to every good man
> The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
> That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
> Just in the very niche he was ordain'd to fill."

Several years intervened before Mr. Stanford was called to be the stated preacher of the gospel in the New-York Alms-House, although he did not fail occasionally to visit, and proclaim the message of mercy to the poor. From the year 1807, until 1811, we are not informed that public worship was regularly maintained in this institution; but in the early part of that year, a licentiate of one of the Baptist churches in this city, received an invitation from Alderman Furman, to preach on Wednesday, Friday, and Sabbath

evenings. A morning service was shortly afterwards commenced. These services were gratuitously continued for nearly two years. During this season, the Rev. E. S. Ely commenced his labours in the same place; and in the month of January, 1813, the Rev. John Stanford, and the Rev. E. S. Ely, were employed by the society established for preaching the Gospel to the poor in the City-Hospital and Alms-House. The Rev. Mr. Ely continued his services until June 1813, when Mr. Stanford received the exclusive appointment as chaplain of these institutions. His labours were subsequently extended to the State-Prison, Bridewell, Magdalen-House, Orphan-Asylum, Debtor's Prison, Penitentiary, Lunatic-Asylum, Blackwell's Island, Marine-Hospital, and City-Hospital, where he continued nearly twenty years to labour with ardent and devoted attention. It is gratifying to be able to say, that his ministry was blessed to the conversion of many souls; nor were these instances confined to the sick and the dying; but many, in all the vigour of manhood, and pursuing a course of the most blasphemous daring; have been brought in tears to the feet of Christ, and have, after their emancipation from bondage, recorded it to the honour of divine grace, that they were set free from the power of darkness; even while bound in chains, they listened to the gospel which he preached to them within the gloomy walls of a prison. Yes, the hardened culprit has been seen to shed the penitential tear, and the strong men have been constrained to bow the knee to Jesus, while, with trembling, they have cried out, "*What shall we do to be saved?*" The young and the old, the sick, and those in health, have been blessed through his instrumentality. And while the living have thus become better prepared to serve God, and to enjoy his mercies, the dying have caught the encouraging words of the gospel as they fell from his lips, and mingled their praises with the redeemed before the

throne, as a testimony of their faith in the blood of the Lamb.

It is no less true of John Stanford, than of John Howard, that as the friend and the pastor of the wretched prisoner, the orphan, and the miserable of every class, "he trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality," in the ardent and unremitted exercise of Christian charity; and it is devoutly to be wished, that this tribute to his memory may excite others to emulate his truly benevolent conduct. He officiated not in the splendid temples, where the charms of music, and the cushioned accommodation, invite a gay and happy multitude; no, his duties led him to the dark cell of the criminal—his feet trod the floors where loathsome disease, and squalid poverty, and death prevailed; and where, but for his untiring fidelity, it is believed that many hundreds would have perished without the knowledge of Christ. No severity of climate, no previous fatigues, no bodily pain, could prevent him, if it was possible, from responding to the calls of the distressed. We have seen him, under all the infirmities of seventy-eight years, and while enduring great bodily pain; in the most oppressive days of July and August, slowly directing his course to the Hospital, the Alms-House, or the City-Jail, there to administer to the spiritual wants of those whose temporal woes he could not alleviate. He seemed to have adopted as a motto the well-known maxim—"Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

The writer has frequently accompanied the venerable man on errands of mercy to the poor, and from his mind, those interesting scenes will never be effaced. O with what eager attention did the children of sorrow listen to his voice, while with tears of gratitude they have been seen crowding around him at the close of the service, and, like a family of affectionate children, entreating him soon to return! Yes, we

have gone with him to the hospital, and witnessed the effects of the words of peace which he uttered in the audience of those who, but for him, would probably never have heard the message of salvation. We have been with him in the lonely cell of the condemned malefactor, and seen the man of crime and of blood relent under his preaching, and thank the God of mercy who sent him thither.*

The amount of service performed by Mr. Stanford, as chaplain of the above named Institutions, is believed to be without a parallel in modern times. This fact would appear quite evident, if the reader could peruse the many *folio volumes* which he has filled with the diurnal account of his labours. The nature of this work will only allow us to intersperse a few brief

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* While writing the memoir of a Baptist minister, it is gratifying to quote the opinion of the British Cicero, respecting a layman of the same denomination, and whose life was devoted to the same cause—we mean the immortal John Howard. This wonderful man was born in the year 1726, at Enfield, in England. He was a member of the Baptist congregation in Little Wild-street, London, then under the care of the Rev. Samuel Stennet, D. D. To mitigate the sufferings of the distressed in every clime, he travelled through England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, and Turkey. He died of a pestilential fever, at Churson, on the 20th of January, 1790, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

"I cannot," says Edmund Burke, "name this gentleman (Howard) without remarking, that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts;—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the guage and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country, and I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner, and he has so forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter."—*Speech at Bristol, previous to the election in* 1780.

extracts, by which the public may form some estimate of the loss which they have sustained in his death. The following is a summary of a single week's work, of this eminent and faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and which is inserted in this place without reference to dates.

"*Tuesday*—A discourse, &c. in the Lunatic-Asylum; two others in the upper ward of the City-Hospital; after which all the wards are visited.

"*Wednesday*—Visit the Orphan-Asylum, examine some of the children, and give them a discourse, &c.; go to the State-Prison, preach twice, visit the sick, and afterwards hear the young prisoners recite their catechism.

"*Thursday*—Debtor's-Prison and Bridewell—a discourse in each; but in the former place I frequently meet with interruption.

"*Friday*—Bellevue; visit the two Hospitals in the morning, and usually give a sermon in each; attend as many wards as possible in the front building: afternoon, preach in the Penitentiary, and examine the school; directly after, give a discourse to the maniacs; finish by examining the two Poor-house schools.

"*Lord's day*—At half-past eight, public service and a sermon in the City-Hospital.

"After this I go to Bellevue, preach in the chapel in the morning; directly after, preach to the state prisoners in the Penitentiary: afternoon, preach again in the chapel, and twice in the month examine the children in their catechism, in presence of the congregation; which has a good effect.

"When at the State-Prison, preach twice, and visit the prison hospital.

"All these places are visited oftener when required by the sick. This is the usual course of the week.

"*Average of weekly discourses.*—State-Prison three; Alms-House five; City-Hospital three; Orphan-Asy-

lum one; Debtor's-Prison one; Bridewell one; Penitentiary two; Lunatic-Asylum one; Maniac-Hospital one. Total eighteen.

During the past year Mr. Stanford delivered five hundred and forty-seven sermons, and during the present year, down to the 28th of November, he has exceeded that number.

Although the above statement very far exceeds the labours of ministers in general, yet even this was frequently transcended by this indefatigable man. That the above was not selected as a rare and uncommon instance of his laborious zeal for the salvation of men, will be made to appear in the subsequent pages. His pulpit labours were very abundant, besides the ever varying scene of toil to which he was called, in catechetical classes, funerals, parochial visitations, &c. &c.

During the month of August, Mr. Stanford again visited Mount-Pleasant, and the places adjacent, frequently preaching to large and attentive congregations.

On the 20th, he assisted in the ordination of Mr. Frederick Smith, in the church at Stamford, in Connecticut, and preached the sermon, from Jeremiah iii. 15, and made the ordaining prayer. After preaching the gospel in several other places in the state, he returned home, and entered again, with renewed vigour, upon the discharge of his duties as the servant of Christ. About the same time Mr. Stanford was solicited by the Welsh church in Mott-street, to deliver a lecture on the evening of the first Sabbath in every month, for the benefit of those who understood the English language. This service he performed gratuitously, and without interruption, for more than two years. That the uneducated Welsh who attended, might not be entirely deprived of the benefit of the lecture, the following order was adopted. The services were introduced by a hymn, and prayer in Eng-

lish; then followed a hymn in Welsh; after the text was announced, the pastor of the church repeated it in Welsh; and when the lecture was closed, the pastor prayed in Welsh, and the services were concluded by singing an anthem in the same language.

In the month of October he received a special invitation to preach in the chapel of the State-Prison. His sermon on this occasion was from Isaiah xlviii. 10—"*I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.*" Soon after this, Nicholas Roome, Esq. the head keeper of the prison, solicited him statedly to devote a portion of his services to the benefit of that institution, especially on the first Lord's day in every month. This was the commencement of his useful and long continued labours within the walls of the New-York State-Prison, where, for more than twenty years, he had the immediate charge of the spiritual concerns of its inmates.

A few months after Mr. Stanford commenced his stated labours in this abode of human wo, the following affecting case of conversion occurred.

"The case of J—— R——, aged 20.

"I found this young man very low, and fast hastening to the grave; of which he himself appeared to be sensible. On asking him the state of his mind, he replied, 'O, Sir, I am at a very great distance from God; nor have I any expectation of being brought nigh unto him. I have indeed been praying, but after all, I do not think that I know the right end of prayer from the beginning. If I could only say, *Christ died for me*, that is all I wish—I should then be willing to quit this sinful world. My parents, who live in Vermont, gave me a good education; but I now want some better knowledge, to lead me to God. I have just been talking to my companions on these subjects, yet nothing seems to relieve my case.' I then took some pains to instruct and to comfort him, by showing from

the scriptures, that *distant* sinners may be '*made nigh by the blood of Christ*,' and that it was the office of the Holy Spirit to give him precious faith in the promises of the gospel, and to lead him to Jesus Christ as a Saviour. During this conversation he looked upon me with great earnestness, while tears stood trembling in his eyes. I was about to leave him, when he earnestly requested me to remember him in my prayers. With this request I immediately complied, and prayer was offered at the side of his bed. I hope I shall have occasion to rejoice for ever in the Lord, concerning this poor young man.

"July 29th. Impressed with a concern for his soul, I hired a carriage on purpose to visit him. He was much worse, and could speak but little. 'My mind, said he, 'is much relieved, and I am looking to the Lord Jesus for the manifestation of his mercy.' I handed him a tract, which I printed some time ago, on 'The Way of Salvation,' and requested one of his fellow prisoners to read it to him.

"August 1st. Lord's day. After sermon this morning in the chapel, I again visited this sick young man. With a peculiarly cheerful smile, he assured me that his mind was much more established by reading the tract; than which he said nothing could better have suited his case, and that he could now pray in faith, and hoped God would give him assurance of salvation.

"Friday, 6th. About midnight J—— R—— died,

"The following is the account of his last moments. related by the person who attended him:—

"R—— knew that his end was near—he desired that his thanks be made to Mr. Roome, the physician, and yourself, for the kindness he had received. He then spoke very seriously to all the prisoners in the room. I asked him how he felt himself? He replied, 'I am quite composed—I have no fear of death—God has made me a happy man in Christ.' He then

told me to take care of myself, and be prepared for death. Directly after this he expired, rejoicing in Christ.—'*O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.*'"

On a review of the past year, Mr. Stanford says:—"I have every reason to be thankful for the bounties of Providence to me and mine. Especially for the riches of the Lord's mercy, and the kind supports I have enjoyed in the performance of many new and unexpected services as a minister of the blessed gospel. Truly the Lord has been my God, my *guide*, and my support to this day. O that my gratitude and obedience were proportionate to my obligations. May my future life be more truly humble, and devoted to the cause of the Lord. Amen."

CHAPTER VII.

COMMENCES THE YEAR WITH A PIOUS RESOLUTION TO DEVOTE ALL HIS TIME TO THE SERVICE OF GOD—PUBLISHES TWO TRACTS—EXTENSIVE LABOURS.

His diary for 1808, commences with the following pious and solemn remarks:—"January 1st, another year commenced! O how fast my time flies; how little has been done for the honour of my Lord, or for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. The prayer of the afflicted female, '*Lord help me*,' well suits my case and my desires.

"What portion of this year I may live, is known only to God, may it all be devoted to his glory."

New-Year's morning he preached to the Moravian church, and in the evening at a chapel in Greenwich-street. The reader may have perceived that it was the pious custom of Mr. Stanford, with the opening of each year, to pray to God to be directed to some passage of scripture, as a means of guiding and supporting his mind, if it should please the Lord to spare him until its close. On this occasion his mind seems to have been particularly directed to Hebrews xii. 2—"*Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith*," &c. Upon which he remarks:—"Why should I look to myself, where all is dark and wild? Why should I not look to the exalted Saviour, who first gave me faith, and who alone can secure its completion? May this be my practice, as it is my privilege, until in glory I shall see him face to face."

In his diary for the last day of January, the following praise-worthy note is found:—

"I sensibly feel the want of time, for the prayerful and deliberate discharge of my duty to the souls of

men, owing to my daily labour in the academy, and repeated *invitations to private family visits*, which consume much time, with little or no advantage to myself or others. Therefore, in the strength of the Lord, I do this day resolve, to spend no more time in this manner, but as much as possible to devote the hours not employed in the academy, to private study, and in following after God and his truth. This resolution is not only proper in itself considered, but as I have found very great advantages resulting from it, I do the more earnestly recommend a similar course to other Christians, and especially to my brethren in the ministry."

The right improvement of time is a subject of immense importance to all mankind, but especially to the minister of the gospel. Never should he procrastinate, or leave till to-morrow what present duty requires him to execute. It is recorded of the Roman Titus, that he every evening called himself to account for the transactions of the day; and if it appeared that he had passed a day without doing some good, he was accustomed to exclaim—"Perdidi diem!" I have lost a day. If such was the declaration of a heathen, what shall that Christian say, whose time is more than wasted, in the eager pursuit of the pleasures and applause of this world! It was a wise as well as sacred rule among the Pythagoreans, that they should thrice every evening, recount and examine the events of the day; nor should the Christian, and especially the Christian minister, be less attentive to the responsibilities of life, since for every hour we must all render an account unto God.

"Nor let soft slumber close your eyes
Before you've recollected thrice,
The train of actions through the day:
Where have my feet chose out their way?
What have I learn'd, where e'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?

What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road,
That leads to virtue and to God.

Letter to E. H*****, Esq.

"*New-York, January* 27, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Yesterday I was informed you were again visited with sickness, and to-day N**** gave me a call, and confirmed the report. Although unwell myself, old friendship demands a few lines.

"And now, what shall I say?—that all the dealings of God with you are in love, and intended to do you good? You have been so many years a subject of God's care—you have seen so many instances of his grace and faithfulness to others—and you have so often felt the virtue of Christ through his promises, that I think you must be tolerably grounded upon the doctrine of the unchangeableness of your everlasting Father. I do not, however, expect you are quite out of the reach of temptation, much less do I think your heart has lost all its hardness or its unbelief. Indeed, I know and feel all this for myself, and I expect it is the same with you. All we have to do is, to pray for the continued influence of the Holy Spirit to anoint, and give us power to look to Jesus—make us feel the sweets of his dying love, and to seal us unto the heavenly inheritance. Let us remember that God has been kind in sparing our lives so long; having seen so many of our old acquaintances go before us. O for the power of his love to rest upon, and help us to make a good finish! That our sun may not set in a cloud, nor our lips forbear to leave a happy testimony for the encou-

ragement of others, and for the glory of the Lord. The time of dissolution must come. For myself, I have not the shadow of a choice, *when*, *how*, nor *where*. I leave it to the Lord. If my Saviour smiles upon me, I know I shall smile upon death. Is not Jesus infinitely wise? Has he not died for us? Why not then trust him to order all for the best?

'I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.'

"Your's in gospel love,
"JOHN STANFORD."

About the commencement of April, Mr. Stanford was seized with a severe affection of the lungs, which induced him to hesitate about preaching the three allotted sermons, and to administer the Lord's supper, on the following Sabbath. Nevertheless he ventured to proceed in the strength of the Lord; and in the evening he was much relieved, and remarked to a friend:—"It is best to go on, whether the road be rough or smooth."

Of Mr. Stanford it may unhesitatingly be affirmed, that upon earth he sought not for repose. He had adopted, as his own, the sentiment—

"Life is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best;
On this side death his labours never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace."

In the month of June he attended the Warwick Association, to whom, by appointment, he preached the introductory discourse, from 1 Corinthians xv. 58 —"*Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,*

forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Referring to this meeting, he observes: "If seasons of Christian fellowship upon earth are so sweet, O what will be the communion of saints in heaven!" Appended to the notes of the sermon used on this occasion, there are the following important remarks, worthy the attention of every clerical reader: "O how ought the man who undertakes to preach the gospel to others, himself to be deeply impressed with the awful reality of the subject! He should go forth from the presence of the Lord, feeling the weight of the divine messages of truth, possessed of an ardent zeal for the salvation of sinners, and the increase of the visible church of Christ, and at the same time be very conscious of his own extreme unworthiness and responsibility to God."

In August he took his annual journey to the southward, and visited Burlington, where he preached four times, and enjoyed much satisfaction in once more meeting his old friends. From thence he rode to Philadelphia, and preached on the evening of the 24th, to a numerous congregation, in the Independent tabernacle, at that time the largest and most commodious place of worship in the city. Several larger and equally elegant buildings have since been erected for the accommodation of different denominations, especially the Circular Baptist meeting-house, in Sansom-street, which is ninety feet diameter, and will contain upwards of three thousand persons. During this visit Mr. Stanford preached to the church in Southwark, and in the absence of their pastor, received seven persons into their fellowship by prayer and the laying on of hands, which is still the practice of the churches in the Philadelphia Association. Mr. Stanford also visited and preached to the churches in Holmesburg, Southampton, Lower-Dublin, and Trenton; after which he returned to this city; not to rest, but to labour.

October 20, being his birth-day, was spent in humiliation, prayer, and thanksgiving; renewing the dedication of himself to the will and service of that good and gracious God, who had crowned his life with tender mercies.

In the month of November, several ministers in the city agreed to establish a monthly lecture, to be preached alternately in their different places of worship, as a means of promoting brotherly union and affection. Mr. Stanford was requested to deliver the first discourse, which he did in the presence of a large audience, from Psalm cxxxiii. This interesting monthly service continued for several years, not unaccompanied with the blessing of heaven.

The last evening of this year he delivered a discourse in the Moravian church, entitled "The Close of the Year, an Emblem of the Death and Burial of an old Friend," from 2 Corinthians v. 17—"*Old things are passed away.*"

This year was rendered memorable in the life of Mr. Stanford, by the re-publication of an evangelical tract, entitled "The Way of Salvation;" of which, by the aid of a few benevolent gentlemen, he was enabled to publish, and gratuitously to distribute, chiefly with his own hand, another edition, consisting of five thousand copies.

If to stand foremost in the ranks of those who go about doing good, be indeed an honour, then to Mr. Stanford does that honour belong in no ordinary degree. The following communications will show that he was probably the first person in New-York, if not in America, who made a systematic effort for the publication and circulation of religious tracts. In this important department, it will appear from the subsequent pages, that he continued to labour with great acceptance until near the close of his useful life.

The following communications upon this subject, are inserted in this place without reference to date.

" DEAR SIR,

"Agreeably to your request, I send you the following statement of the origin of tracts in this city. In the year 1794, impressed with the utility of such paper messengers to the ignorant and the miserable, I sought the guidance of the Lord, and was assisted to compose a tract of eight pages, on '*The Way of Salvation.*' I know not, that any Tract Society existed at that time in America, nor that in any private way such papers had been distributed in this city by any person before. One thousand copies of this tract were printed at the joint expense of three private friends and myself, and by us distributed gratuitously. It is believed the Lord blessed this first effort to many.

" Shortly after this time (the exact date I did not record,) the Rev. Mr. Peters, of the Moravian Church, three private friends, and myself, associated ourselves for the purpose of forming a society for promoting Christian knowledge and piety among the poor and lower classes of society, by making and distributing tracts, &c.; and it was likewise hoped, we should be able to procure Testaments for the same purpose. The plan was formed—all the ministers in the city, with other pious persons, were invited to co-operate, and the work for a short time went on prosperously; but circumstances soon occured which quashed the whole, and the Tract and Bible Society were left for other hands to form at a future period.

" During the last war I published and distributed two small tracts at my own expense; one on '*Profane Swearing;*' the other, on '*The Importance of Social Prayer, during the Calamity of War.*' Both these were afterwards copied into several of the public papers.

"On the establishment of peace, I published a tract on '*The Lord's Day.*' By the liberal aid of a few friends, five thousand copies of this tract were printed for gratuitous distribution.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your's respectfully,

"JOHN STANFORD.

"*To the Rev. William Hallock.*"

"DEAR C. G. S.

"The tract I named to you, on '*The Way of Salvation,*' printed about thirty-three years ago, was probably the first religious tract published in this city for gratuitous distribution. Dr. Peter Wilson, Gerret H. Van Wagenen, Henry Ten Broek, and others, aided the press; and since that time five thousand copies have been printed.

"I enclose two copies of tracts; one on '*The Lord's Day,*' which, at the time, was well received, and a poetic commendation of it was published in the city newspaper by some unknown hand. The other, on '*Profane Swearing,*' differs from the tract in circulation, called '*The Swearer's Prayer.*' Mine was intended to find its way among the higher classes of society.

"'*The Directory to the Holy Scriptures,*' for the use of prisoners, cost me much labour, and was published chiefly at my own expense. One of the same description, for the use of hospitals and alms-houses, might do good. I have commenced one of the kind, for seamen, but it is not yet finished.

"I have thought of two tracts, for which I have prepared some materials, viz.—'*The Lord of the Sabbath Day,*' and '*The Self-Destroyer.*' Perhaps, if the Lord should help, I may put them together, and send them to your hand some time hence.

"I am now finishing a piece on a subject which probably never entered into any other persons head.

It is—'*Dozing before Sleep, exemplifying the lingering Death of Man.*' This would do for a tract, but I cannot spare it, as it is intended to occupy a place in my '*Aged Christian's Cabinet.*'

"This is a rough copy of a letter for you; but the truth is, I must send it, rough as it is—I have not time to transcribe it, for I must go to Bridewell.

"Affectionately your's,

"JOHN STANFORD."

"January 1st. This is the Lord's day! Another year has commenced. What events, duties, or trials may await me, I leave with my gracious Lord. May the duty and privilege of walking with God be mine, then let me welcome whatever may be allotted." Such were the sentiments with which Mr. Stanford commenced the year 1809. If God would only grant him a submissive spirit, that under all circumstances he might be resigned to the divine will, then, in the absence of applause, ease, or worldly interest, he seems to have been under no particular concern about the future. O how enviable is this child-like disposition; and no man can be more truly safe, than he who is willing to give up all for Christ's sake. True indeed, it is not the duty of any man to sell all that he has, and give it to the poor, because the Saviour commanded the young nobleman to do so; any more than he is under obligation to sacrifice his son, because God commanded Abraham to do so; and yet these were written for our instruction, that, as the creatures of God, we might be prepared, at any moment, to obey the severest calls of Providence. From the habitual resignation of his mind, we are left to infer, that this was a subject, in the experimental knowledge of which, Mr. Stanford had made great attainments.

The first Sabbath in February was his regular season for preaching to the inmates of the State-Prison;

but his health and animal spirits were extremely depressed, and a severe storm of snow, hail, and rain, accompanied with high winds during the night, gave him but little expectation of being able to fulfil his engagement. At an early hour in the morning, the snow covered the ground to the depth of nearly twelve inches, and he had no means of conveyance.* "Nevertheless," he remarks, "in the fear of the Lord, I commenced my walk, and with much difficulty travelled about half a mile. In endeavouring to gain a better path, I suddenly fell into a deep drain, which was covered with snow, and sunk nearly to my hips. It was not without considerable difficulty I was extricated, and pursued my way to the Prison; my outward garments were so much frozen, that the keepers were obliged to remove them. After resting half an hour in a warm room, I ventured into the chapel, and performed divine worship with some gracious assistance. Often has this day's service occurred to my recollection, and as often excited my gratitude to the Lord for his kind preservation."

After the services in the chapel were ended, and he was passing through the middle hall, to visit the sick prisoners in the hospital, Mr. Hauman, who is a foreigner by birth, and one of the keepers, stood at the back door with the key in his hand, and pleasantly offered him a pinch of snuff. After the usual salutation, the following dialogue ensued:—"Sir, vot use you come here to visit dis wicked people?" "I replied, that my heavenly Master made it my duty to visit the sick, and especially those who are in prison." "Den," said he, "let me ask you, vot use it be for de rain to come down upon de ocean, de sea be full

* It is due to the Christian kindness of the gentlemen composing the Board of commissioners of the State-Prison, Bellevue, &c. to say, that during the latter years of Mr. Stanford's chaplaincy, he was generally provided with the coaches belonging to these public institutions to convey him to and from the places where he had appointed to preach.

enuff of vauter vidout it." "Expressing a degree of surprise at the intention of his question, he immediately proceeded"—"Sir, I vill tell you, dere be von ship go along pon de sea, vich be vont of vauter, an de sailors de be ready to die op dirst; de no trink de vauter out of de ocean. By and by de see cloud, an de rain begin to come down; den de sailors spread deir sail on de deck, de katch de rain-vauter; de do trink, an den de go on lifely. So you come to dese poor wretches—you spread de sail—de rain of Got's blessing come down, an den de drink an be glad. So, Sir, I vill now open de door, an you may spread your sail." "Thanking Mr. H. for his remarks, I passed through, to the hospital, with a design to spread my sails of instruction and prayer, in the pleasing hope that some mercy-drops from above might descend, to refresh the souls of the poor prisoners. I have often indulged pleasing reflections upon this little incident, as conveying to me valuable instruction. For, as the mariner can only spread the sail, it is the Lord alone that can raise the wind, or give the gentle rain; so I can only spread the gospel sail of instruction, and wait for drops of mercy from above, to grant the desired blessing."

It was about this time that he commenced writing his second series of lectures for the benefit of theological students. These lectures have since been delivered, with great advantage, to successive classes; and may in due time be given to the public.

On the 17th of May, Mr. Stanford assisted at the ordination of the Rev. Daniel Sharp,* at Newark, in New-Jersey. The services were performed in the first Presbyterian church, in the presence of a large and attentive audience, to whom Mr. Stanford delivered the introductory address.

* The present useful and beloved pastor of the Charles-street Baptist church in Boston.

In the month of August he again visited Mount-Pleasant, where he preached nine times; after which he rode to Peekskill and York-Town, where he also preached to the people, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

On the second Lord's day in September, he preached four times, and administered the Lord's supper twice. This extraordinary circumstance arose from the fact, that he preached to two churches, whose communion Sabbath occurred on the same day.

In the month of November, the bone of his left leg was severely injured, which partially confined him during the remainder of the year, and prevented his preaching more than once on each Lord's day, and then only by being, with great care, conveyed to the place of worship in a carriage. Thus can the Lord "weaken our strength in the way," and teach us submission to his will. In a note upon this providence of God, the good man remarks—"May this occurrence afford me a lesson on the importance of improving my time, and stimulate me to future exertions in the service of the Lord." This visitation, though very painful, was not without its use, as it gave him greater leisure for the private, but not less important duties of the closet.

On the 31st of December, he has the following note in his diary:—"This is the last day of the year: to me, though extremely ill, and my leg very painful, this is a day of many mercies. I have found the cxix Psalm, 49th verse, peculiarly interesting to my mind: '*Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope.*' O that I may constantly realize the faithful promises of my God, and possess that faith which shall enable me to extract from it, encouragement and strength for duties and trials in private and public life, and thus be strong in faith, giving glory to God. The evening was spent in reviewing the many scenes and mercies

of the past year, and attempting to consecrate my body and soul to Christ Jesus; that whatever may be my future lot, I may walk with God, until I step out of time into eternity."

The opening of the year 1810, found Mr. Stanford confined at home by indisposition of body, but sweetly employed in meditation, prayer, and thanksgiving to God; and in endeavouring renewedly to devote himself to the Lord, and to his service in the gospel. "My public labours during the last year," he remarks, "were not altogether in vain in the Lord; to him therefore would I ascribe the glory, and humble myself before him in dust and ashes. May I henceforth be assisted by the Spirit of his grace to know, feel, and preach the gospel, with more fruitfulness for the conversion of sinners, the comfort of believers, and the glory of his name."

After a confinement of two weeks, he again ventured to ride out, and was assisted to preach twice. In the afternoon he experienced so great a degree of physical and mental weakness, owing to his recent indisposition, that he was under the necessity of curtailing his discourse. But in the evening he says: "I was more favoured—such occurrences teach me how much I need power and perpetual influences from above. May the Lord visit my mind and heart, if not with a copious shower of his grace and mercy, yet with the gentle dew of his love, that I may bear some humble fruit to the honour of his name, and the benefit of his people."

During the month of March, he finished an essay on "Walking with God." The principal design of which seems to have been, to stimulate his own soul in the practice and enjoyment of this high and invaluable privilege. Upon this subject he remarks: "I am taught, by painful experience, both to know and feel, that it is easier for me to *walk* in a profession, and *walk* to church, than to *walk* sensibly and humbly

with my God. O my hard and unfeeling heart—often may I read this piece, and may the Lord, by his Spirit, produce the desired effect."*

On Lord's day, July 8th, he preached a discourse at the opening of a new house for worship, under the ministry of the Rev. Archibald Maclay. The text was Psalm cxviii. 25—"*O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.*" The congregation was very large, and appearances indicated a high state of spiritual and temporal prosperity. This month he finished an essay on "The Abrogation of the Old Covenant, and the Establishment of the New." The investigation of this subject appears to have afforded him much pleasure, and his essay has since been read with great profit by others.

About the latter end of the month, while on a visit to a minister in the city, he was suddenly taken so extremely ill, that it became necessary to convey him home in a carriage. Upon this event he remarks: "How important it is to listen to, and improve such unexpected warnings. I know that my good Lord sends them to arouse my sluggish heart. Be it mine,

* A similar instance of humble self-detraction, arising from an exalted view of the spirituality and glory of the divine character, is recorded of one of Britain's most enlightened and devoted prelates.

A friend of Archbishop Usher, frequently expressed a wish that he would write an essay upon the subject of sanctification. With this request he at length promised to comply. After the lapse of several months he was again importuned, and at the same time reminded of his promise. The bishop replied—"I have not written, and yet I cannot charge myself with a breach of promise; for I began to write, but when I came to treat of the new creature which God formeth by his Spirit in every regenerate soul, I found so little of it wrought in myself, that I could speak of it only as parrots, or by rote, without the knowledge of what I might have expressed, and therefore I durst not proceed any further upon it." When his friend expressed his surprise at hearing so eminently holy a man making such a confession, the bishop went on to say—"I must tell you, we do not well understand what sanctification and the new creature are. It is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will to the will of God, and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of love, as a whole burnt-offering to Christ; and O! how many who profess Christianity are unacquainted experimentally with this great work upon their souls!"

therefore, by his heavenly grace, to improve every such visitation, knowing that in the midst of life I am in death, and therefore need both an *actual* and an *habitual* preparation for my last change."

While thus deeply exercised for the spiritual improvement of his own heart, he was not unmindful of the moral wants of others, as will appear from the following letter, addressed to Captain J. W*****, on his making a profession of religion.

" DEAR SIR,

" Having obtained mercy to acknowledge the power of Christ in the conversion of your soul; and having in the most public manner devoted yourself to the service of the Lord; the next thing is, for you so to conduct before the world, that they may take knowledge of you, that you have been with Christ and learned of him. I shall therefore offer you a few lines of advice, sincerely wishing, that, under the benediction of God, they may be useful to your soul, and enable you to walk worthy of God unto all well pleasing.

" In order to the enjoyment of God, you must be earnest in prayer. Prayer is the opening of the heart to God, expressing our wants, and receiving supplies from his hand. Ever depend upon the influence of the Holy Spirit to direct your petitions, and upon the intercession of Christ for their acceptance. The more you cultivate a holy intercourse with God in private, the more heavenly minded will you be in public. '*It is good for me*,' said David, '*to draw near to God;*' and this is true of every believer in Christ.

" Let me entreat you, my dear brother, often to review the late mercy of God to you, in your conversion; this will increase your humility and gratitude. The more you reflect on your former dark and sinful state, the more humble and thankful will you be.

David sang, '*To him that remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever.*'

"Guard against the rising of your old sins. Remember they are neither dead nor destroyed, and may at some time or other arise in your heart, and strive to break forth in your life. The old body of sin dies very hard; it will bear more blows and wounds than young professors are aware of. Therefore, on the appearance of any of your old passions, fly to God by prayer, and beg for his grace, which alone is sufficient, and that sin may not have dominion over you.

"As God hath mercifully owned you by his grace, I earnestly recommend you to erect an altar for God in your family. Family prayer is a duty, and a very great privilege, especially when performed with an humble and believing heart. David strove to walk within his house with a perfect heart—Jacob taught his household, and commanded his children. And the most high God hath said, that '*He will pour out his fury on the families that call not upon his name.*' May you, my brother, in attending upon this duty, enjoy the richest blessings of God upon your own soul, and in the conversion of every member of your dear family.

"With respect to your outward profession and conduct before the world, you will need the greatest circumspection. I have not a doubt but that many of your old companions in sin, will watch your steps, and await your halting, that they may triumph over you, and reproach religion. Remember, that one improper word, or one false step, may be magnified into a great crime; therefore, watch and pray, that you enter not into temptation. I know that from your former connexions, and your present standing, you need more than ordinary vigilance. I must recommend you to cherish an affable disposition of mind, that no one may be induced to charge your profession with melan-

choly. Who ought to be more innocently cheerful, than those who are redeemed by Christ, and have a hope of eternal bliss? If, at any time, your old intimates converse with you on your change of life, let your answers be firm, but chastened by humility and gratitude; and forget not to honour the grace which hath produced it. Some may probably try to irritate your temper, but I hope you will be upon your guard. Like David, '*Set the Lord alway before you, he will be at your right hand, and you shall not be moved.*' He who hath taken you out of the miry clay, and set your feet upon a rock, will most certainly establish your goings.

"Like the king of Israel, you may derive strong encouragement to trust for future supplies. '*Thy vows are upon me, O God, for thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt thou not deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?*' Thus may God help you to enjoy the comforts and the honour of religion. Deeply impressed with a sense of the divine presence, may you ever keep your garments unspotted from the world, and let your light shine before men. Live upon Christ, and the brightness of his glory shall be your portion for ever.

"Your affectionate friend,

"JOHN STANFORD.

"*July 24th*, 1810."

On the 16th of December, Mr. Stanford finished a tract on "The Observance of the Lord's Day," one thousand copies of which were afterwards printed for gratuitous distribution. The flagrant profanation of the holy Sabbath in this city, at the time when this tract made its appearance, stamped it with an importance, the amount of which it would be difficult to compute. By all who lamented the desecration of the day of rest, it was welcomed, as the warning voice

of God to the erring multitude; and it is believed that this opportune production exerted a salutary and restraining influence over the minds of many.

Mr. Stanford continued his assiduous labours for the moral improvement of the unhappy inmates of the State-Prison, and generally visited the sick in the prison hospital on Wednesday afternoon of each week. These services were eminently blessed of the Lord to the conversion of souls.

This proposition will receive further elucidation from the history of J—— H——.

"This young person," says Mr. Stanford, "was very ill of the typhus fever, and little expectation was entertained of his recovery. He was sensible of his situation, and with much anguish lamented the errors of his life. The recollection of his pious parents, who doated upon him, added keenness to his sorrow. I endeavoured to impress his mind with a sense of his depravity and guilt, in the sight of his offended God; and at the same time explained to him the necessity of an interest in the atoning sacrifice and intercession of the Lord Jesus. He sighed, and expressed great apprehension that his case was too desperate to admit of relief. At his request I prayed for him. 'Oh,' said he, 'I wish I had read my Bible; my conscience accuses me, and I am more wretched in mind than in body. Oh! how have I neglected to profit by my early education, and how distracted would my parents be if they knew I was about to die in my sins!' I directed him to Jesus, the friend of sinners, who is able to save both body and soul. He replied, 'I know that Christ is '*the way, the truth, and the life;*' but then he is not such to me, and I fear he never will be my Saviour.' This gave me the opportunity of further explaining to him the tender mercy and compassion of the blessed Jesus, and I assured him that there never had been an instance, or ever would be, that Christ would in any wise cast

out the penitent sinner who came unto him. I further instructed him concerning the office of the Holy Spirit, to give him faith, and ability to come to Jesus for the enjoyment of pardon and peace; and that this work of the Spirit was as necessary to be produced in him, as the work of Christ was, to atone for our sins. To encourage his prayer for this blessing, I assured him that God had promised to give his Spirit to them that ask him. 'Then,' said he, 'I will pray for the Holy Spirit, and I hope you will also pray for me.'

"Lord's day, December 23d. After morning service in the chapel, this young person sent for me in haste. On entering his room he said, 'O, Sir, the physician has informed me that, at most, I cannot live more than two or three days. This I received as my death warrant; the shock however continued but a short time. God has visited me in mercy, and I really feel in my heart, that peace, through the blood of my Saviour, which I would not exchange for all the gold in the world! I now want to tell you a little of my short life.

"My parents are pious, and possess a great deal of property. I am their only son, and they brought me up religiously, and gave me a good education. When I was about twenty, they set me up in business, and I was foolish enough to take a man as a partner, who deceived me, and wasted my property. I was afraid to tell my parents, and at a trying moment, I committed that offence which brought me to this place of misery.' After weeping abundantly, he then proceeded: 'At the sad time of my sentence, my mother came to see me. The sight of my misery overcame her—she fainted and fell upon my chains. Under the recollection of these troubles, if I die, do let my parents know that I ask their forgivenes, and that I depart from this world in possession of pardon and peace in my blessed Saviour. The fear of death is gone; his terrors do not make me afraid.' Perceiv-

ing this exertion too much for him, I offered prayer and retired, not expecting to see him again in this vale of tears.

"December 26th. Inquiring if J—— H—— was dead, was happy in being informed that his fever, contrary to all expectation, had taken a favourable turn. He stretched out his hand for me to embrace it. 'I feel,' said he, 'like a new man in a new world; I attribute this relief to God only, for the physicians had given me over. O that my life may be devoted to my Saviour! When my dear parents hear of this, it will be a balm to their troubled hearts. I am now almost covered with sores, so that I can hardly turn in my bed: but O! what are these when compared to my sins, and to the great mercy of my God. Now, Sir, let me once more thank you for your attention to me, and do once more pray for me and my parents.'

"The health of this young man was happily restored. I afterwards conversed with him frequently, and he maintained a lively hope in the Lord Jesus. His conduct was so exemplary, that in a few months he received his pardon, and returned to the embraces of his affectionate parents."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. STANFORD INVITED TO SETTLE IN SAVANNAH—VISITS THE STATE-PRISONS IN NEW-JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA, BY SPECIAL REQUEST OF THE COMMON COUNCIL—HE RECEIVES AN APPOINTMENT AS CHAPLAIN TO THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN NEW-YORK—RELINQUISHES ALL HIS PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENTS.

WITH the commencement of the year 1811, Mr. Stanford, as had long been his practice, made a special request of the Lord, to grant him some particular text of Scripture to direct and animate him through the year. Upon this subject he remarks: "The word of the Lord, impressed upon my mind as a directory for this new year, is Psalm lxxi. 16—'*I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.*' And, in what strength else can I go in the midst of temptations and sorrows, but in that of the Lord my God; and what else shall be the subject of my preaching, but the righteousness of God by faith in Christ Jesus the Lord? In his strength therefore may I persevere, and in his righteousness may I be found living, preaching, dying, and at the judgment seat of the Lord Jesus."

Like the pious Dr. Young, he could say, Christ is

> "My theme, my inspiration, and my crown,
> My strength in age—my life in low estate—
> My soul's ambition—pleasure—wealth—my world—
> My light in darkness—life in death—
> My boast in time—bliss through eternity—
> My sacrifice—my God!"

On the first Sabbath he preached twice in the State-Prison chapel, after which he visited a dying female

prisoner, and had about twenty of her forlorn associates assembled in the ward. The sick woman appeared very sensible of her miserable state, and her need of an Almighty Saviour. After directing her to Jesus, the Lamb of God, he addressed the company present with good effect, and closed the visit with prayer.

On the 8th of January, Mr. Stanford received a class of eight divinity students, of whom he says:— "I pray the Lord to make me useful in directing their minds into the greater knowledge, harmony, connection, and application of divine truth; that thereby they may become more able ministers of the New Testament, and more useful to the church and the world." Of the class here alluded to, only one has been called to give up his account unto God; and it is gratifying to be permitted to state, that he died in the work of the Christian ministry, and in the triumph of faith. Three of the survivors are now preaching the gospel with success in the state of New-York, and the remaining members of the class are filling stations of importance in the churches of Christ.

In the month of April, he received a message, by a gentleman from the Baptist church in Savannah, wishing him to come and settle with them as their minister; but impressed with a firm persuasion that God had fixed the place of his habitation, and blessed him in this city, he immediately declined the proposal.

In the month of August, Mr. Stanford visited Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, by the particular request of the Common Council, for the purpose of examining the condition of the State-Prisons, and with a view to improvements in the New-York State-Prison. A similar service was performed in 1821, of which a particular account may be found under that date.

In company with Mr. Joseph Price, one of the inspectors, he passed through the institution in Phila-

delphia, and made notes on the construction of the building, the government of the prison, the articles manufactured, and such other subjects as appeared to be worthy of particular notice. On his way home, he spent a day at Trenton; and in company with his old friend, his Excellency Governor Bloomfield, he visited the State-Prison of New-Jersey, for the same purpose, and having satisfied himself in viewing the institution, taking notes, &c. he delivered a discourse to the prisoners in the afternoon, and in the evening a lecture to the Baptist church at Lamberton. The following evening, by request of Dr. Clarke, the Presbyterian minister, he delivered a sermon in his pulpit, and on the following day returned to his habitation in peace. Thus did he once more experience the fulfilment of that gracious promise—"*The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.*" Psalm cxxi. 5, 8.

In the month of October, Mr. Stanford wrote an able dissertation, on "The Laying on of Hands," but, as it was never published, it would seem that the chief design of this composition, was, to furnish his own mind with what the scriptures say on the subject. About the same time he published his excellent tract on "Profane Swearing;" a large edition of which was gratuitously distributed among the lower class of the community.

The subjoined letter to Dr. H*****, is another evidence of his zeal for the salvation of men.

"DEAR N. H.

"I regret, that at present, my engagements are such as to prevent my making you frequent visits. Notwithstanding, you are remembered in my prayers, that it may please God to bless the means employed for your recovery, or, if he has otherwise determined,

that you may enjoy adequate support and consolation. The love of life is natural to all; but, in the bloom of years, and surrounded by the brightest earthly prospects, the desire proportionably increases. When, therefore, sickness or afflictions overcast our sky, it cannot but produce very painful emotions. I know of but one adequate remedy for this case. It is, a cheerful resignation to the divine will, from a persuasion that he pardoneth our sins, and that he designeth our present and future benefit; or, if you wish the recipe in other language, you have it in Psalm xlviii. 14.

"A quack doctor may make up a prescription presented to his hand, without knowing the properties of the drugs, or the nature of the disease, which the medicine is intended to cure; but, a well educated physician, will endeavour to understand both, in order to secure his success. You will, I suppose, admit, that there are quacks both in the profession of medicine and in divinity. I am only the Physician's servant; lest, therefore, you should think me a quack, I must describe to you the component parts of my prescription. It consists,

"1st. In a persuasion that God pardoneth our sins. This pardon is the principal ingredient, because sin is our mortal disease. If we analize this, we shall find that it contains *justice*, *mercy*, and *love*. Not produced by the abstract benevolence of the Deity, but found only on the hill of Calvary, through the sufferings and death of the Son of God. The sovereign efficacy of this arises from the appointment of God—its perfect correspondence with the requirements of the law which we have violated, and its adaptation to our wretched condition as sinners. Now, there is no other book but the Bible, which reveals this remedy; and the greatest care ought to be taken to explain its nature, because the life of the patient absolutely depends upon it; and, however valuable and effica-

cious in itself, the patient has the most astonishing aversion to it, until he is convinced he must surely die.

"Does not my reason tell me, that I must bear the punishment due to my own sins, or, that I must be indebted to the mediation of another? Certainly; even if there were no Bible, common sense would teach me this lesson.

"2d. The next ingredient is, 'A cheerful resignation to the divine will.' This will most charmingly incorporate with the former drug, if I may so say, but, without it, it will have no effect: for I must first know that God forgiveth my sins, before I can with cheerfulness resign myself to his will. But, if I am persuaded of this, I may say, '*This God is my God, for ever and ever; and he shall be my guide, even unto death.*' In prosperity or adversity, in sickness or in health, my temper, conduct, whole life, shall be directed to the honour of my God and Guide.

"Now we take the last, which sweetens all the rest—A full persuasion that 'he designs my present and future felicity.' All things shall work together like the different drugs in a medicine, administered by the great Physician, for my good—to save my soul—comfort me in sorrow—preserve me from evil—support me in death, and bring me to immortality and glory! Such is the comfort which the gospel reveals; and my prayer to God for you is, that you may abundantly enjoy it.

"Well, I have got to the end of my paper, and yet, you know something more is necessary. You always put a label upon the phial to direct the patient how to take the contents; but as for me, I am only the poor servant of the great Physician, yet I will pray my divine Master to make you a visit, and administer to you the cordial of salvation.

"Sincerely your's,
"JOHN STANFORD.

"*March 8th*, 1811."

On the first Lord's day in November, a pestilential fever made its appearance in the State-Prison, which rendered it necessary to convert the chapel into a hospital. In consequence of this arrangement, Mr. Stanford consented to preach in hall No. 5, at a considerable distance from the seat of the contagion; but his visits among the sick and dying in the hospital, were unremitted and faithful.

Like the praiseworthy Howard, to whose magnanimous philanthropy we have before alluded, our indefatigable Stanford did literally relinquish his own ease, to visit the abode of the wretched who were destitute, and "*bound with fetters of iron.*" Few of those who have adorned the Christian Church in any age, have been more willing to expose themselves to danger, that they might free others from it, or to enter the gloomy cell, that they might inspire a ray of hope immortal in the breast of the disconsolate captive. He lived and died in the noble cause of Christian benevolence; and though no sculptured monument will convey to posterity the history of his disinterested and pious labours, yet his memory is embalmed in the grateful hearts of those for whom he toiled; and his imperishable fame will survive the wreck of every mausoleum, save that, where works of righteousness are had in everlasting remembrance.

About this time, Mr. Stanford, meeting with Mr. E. J. W******, in Wall-street, who, judging from the thread-bare appearance of his garments, that a new suit would be acceptable, invited Mr. S. to step into a merchant tailor's shop opposite. After they entered, Mr. W. remarked to the tailor that he had called for the purpose of requesting him to decide a point upon which there was some doubt, viz.—who was the largest man, Mr. Stanford or himself. They were accordingly measured, and nothing more was said upon the subject. The following week a new suit of clothes was brought to Mr. S. accompanied

with an anonymous note, requesting his acceptance of them. When relating this circumstance to the writer, he remarked, with his usual pleasantry, "Well, what could I do but pocket the affront!"

Letter to Mr. E. J. W******

"MY DEAR SIR,

"In some measure I can say with Dr. Blair, that 'Gratitude is one of the sweetest emotions of the human soul.' And the word of God declares, that they who are unthankful are unholy. Allow me, therefore, to present to you my very affectionate thanks for your valuable and generous donation. Most sincerely do I desire that God, in the unbounded riches of his grace, may clothe you with those vestments in which his people are arrayed, and with them may you appear at the throne of mercy, and eventually be exalted to the throne of glory. What these garments are, you are informed in Isaiah lxi. 10. As sinful creatures we have lost our moral robe; we cannot appear before the throne of God without shame and punishment; and, although our first parents, conscious of their guilt, covered themselves with fig leaves to conceal their transgression, yet the eye of God discovered and brought them to confession. Thus does every child of Adam endeavour, in his approach unto God, to clothe himself in his own righteousness. Nor shall we be undeceived, until God addresses us in language similar to that in which he spake to Adam—'*Sinner, where art thou?*' Then shall we know that our souls are naked, and seek for refuge beneath the cross of Christ. The Lord, in mercy, I hope, has thus discovered to us our sinful deformity, and that our own righteousness is as filthy rags. Thanksgiving and praise be unto the Lord, that, in his wardrobe we find a complete suit of garments, arrayed in which, we may approach unto God with confidence at the

throne of grace, and eventually be accepted at the throne of judgment.

"These garments, Isaiah describes; and in the language of Paul, wearing them is denominated a '*putting on the Lord Jesus Christ*,' whom Jeremiah triumphantly proclaims, '*The Lord our Righteousness.*' I will therefore take the words of Isaiah, and from what little I know of these sacred garments, offer you a short description; and, at the same time, add my fervent prayer, that you and your's may know them better by happy possession.

"If you cast your eye upon the words, you will perceive that there are *two* garments provided, and that they are ornamented with jewels. These garments are adapted to a marriage, and with these the Church is adorned; and we are certain that the possession of them will never fail to create joy and rejoicing in the hearts of all who receive them. The garments, I said, are two: the first is an inward, and the other is an outward robe, which covers the whole. The first is called '*the garments of salvation*,' and comes nearest to the heart. This was made by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ upon the cross:—'*We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins;*' without this, we could have no hope of salvation. The outer robe is called '*the robe of righteousness*,' and is composed of the meritorious obedience of the Son of God. This was so pure and spotless, that it is called '*the righteousness of God, which is unto all, and upon all them that believe.*' It is, indeed, the best robe which the Father can give, or the returning prodigal receive.

"The chief desire of Paul, when he was an old man, was this:—That he might '*be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ.*' These constitute the basis of our hope! If they could be taken away, we must for ever perish, beneath the frowns of divine justice.

"It is worthy of attention, that the same God who in mercy provides these garments, must put them upon us, for by nature we are attached to our filthy garments of the flesh, and are at enmity against the free and full salvation and righteousness which is in Christ. Therefore Isaiah says, '*He hath clothed me.*' The same God who provides the garments, I said, puts them upon us, or we should remain unclothed for ever. This makes salvation, from first to last, to be of free mercy and grace, and enables us to say, '*Christ is all and in all.*'

"These garments are highly ornamental. They are beautified with the brilliant graces of the Holy Spirit, so that the possessors, by their temper, life, profession, experience, and general conduct, adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things. There are some who seem to possess the gift of many spiritual jewels, by which they become highly useful in the world, and in the Church. In life, such Christians contribute much to the moral benefit of their fellow-creatures, and materially promote the cause of Christ, by their humility, benevolence, forbearance, patience, and love. Concerning these garments, I may safely say, they will never wear out; and the jewels themselves, though sometimes a little of the dust of worldly-mindedness may conceal their beauty for a time, yet their intrinsic excellence will ever remain; and God is not wanting in means, by the brush of affliction, to make them sparkle again.

"Isaiah seems desirous to impress upon our minds, that this exquisitely rich dress, is *a wedding dress.* The bridegroom is Christ, his bride is the Church; and, as according to the ceremony of Jewish marriages, there was first a betrothment; so also when the Father chose his people, and gave them to his Son, there was an espousal; after which the parties are brought together; and thus it is at our conversion; which will be followed by the public

marriage that is to take place at the first resurrection. At that august scene, in the language of David, '*the king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework.*' Psalm xlv. Or, according to Paul, '*He will present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.*' Ephesians v. O that you and I may rejoice in hope of the glory of God!

"For the abundant goodness of God, in clothing him with the garments of salvation, Isaiah could not but say; '*I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God:*' and shall we not join in the sacred anthem? In our temper, profession, and conduct, at home and abroad, let us magnify the exceeding riches of divine grace, for what we have received through Jesus Christ our ascended Lord! Very great and precious promises are given for our encouragement, confirmation, and joy, in prospect of immortality.

"To the gracious care of the Saviour, I commend you and your's, and conclude myself,

"Your obliged and affectionate friend,

"JOHN STANFORD.

"*November* 15*th*, 1811."

From this, until the close of the year, Mr. Stanford continued in the untiring prosecution of the duties of his chaplaincy. The regions of worldly gratification possessed no charms sufficient to allure his contemplative soul; while his peaceful labours were blessed with the usefulness for which heaven had appointed them, he was but little concerned who might wear the diadem of earthly greatness, or wield the sceptre of human power, or gather the deathless laurels of literary glory, and fill the world with their fame. If he could but witness the triumphs of the gospel, and behold penitent sinners returning to the Saviour,

and the kingdom of Christ extending; then his happiness seemed to be complete. In this respect he was favoured with no ordinary measure of enjoyment. Nevertheless, during the last week of this year, the good man seems to have experienced a temporary mental depression; but even in that condition, we recognize the man of God "*walking by faith.*" This is apparent from the following note in his diary:— "My mind is far from being in a desirable frame, whether to review or improve the events of the past year; but I will cast myself into the hand of that God who has thus far directed my steps through this gloomy vale of tears; and pray that in future he would dispose of me and mine, in that way which shall best promote his glory." Thus did he, like the pious John Newton, declare, even in view of anticipated trials—

> "Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
> 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
> Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
> The word he has spoken shall surely prevail."

With similar sentiments does he appear to have commenced the year 1812. "All I can say is, Lord, dispose of me according to thy good pleasure; be my guide in life, grant me a peaceful end, and receive my soul at last."

A prisoner being desirous of expressing his gratitude for the preaching of the gospel, wrote a Latin letter to Mr. Stanford, which he enclosed in the following note to the superintendent of the Prison.

"INDULGENT SIR,

"Permit me, through the medium of yourself, to present the Rev. Mr. Stanford with a New-Year's gift. The friendly and disinterested manner in which he has so frequently addressed us, has impressed me,

and I sincerely believe many others, with a deep sense of our obligations. I am not authorized to address him in behalf of the prisoners, though individuals cordially assent, but beg leave, in the commencement of the New-Year, to give him a small token of our gratitude. The mode may appear novel. I have written it in Latin, not with a view to exhibit a specimen of an imperfect and much impaired education, but merely to pay a just compliment to Mr. Stanford's superior understanding. For your own personal convenience, I have annexed to this a translation, as literal as the peculiar idioms of the two languages would permit. There are undoubtedly many imperfections; but Mr. Stanford's well known goodness encourages a hope that he will view it with candour.

"Notwithstanding the gratitude I feel for Mr. Stanford, it is not confined to him alone. You, Sir, hold an equal claim. For the numerous instances of your past kindness, I wish you, on this occasion, a restoration of your health. May you liberally enjoy the blessings of the New Year. May you long live to enjoy conjugal and paternal felicity. May the lives of those sweet babes, who daily delight you with their innocent prattle, be prolonged; and may they become ornaments to society, in whose future prosperity you anticipate the joys of your old age.

"With sentiments of gratitude, I subscribe myself,

"The unfortunate,

"O—— P——.

"*To Nicholas Roome, Esq.*"

"ANNI NOVI DONUM.

"*Reverendissimo* JOHANNI STANFORD, *Artium Magistro, Theologiæ Doctori, hominumque amico, cum diffidentia, dedicatum est.*

"Si liceat, me miserum, in carcere clausum, et ignominia circumtectum, te salutare; memor anni præteriti, multorumque tuorum laborum ad illumin-

andas nostrum mentes imperitas, tibi beneficia divina rogo. Tui conatus, in consolandis mœrentibus, trahendisque animis ad peccantium Servatorem, gratias poscunt. Non mihi verba sunt, quibus mentis mei cogitata enuntiare. Non blanditias, sed verum loquor. Est tibi suavitas in modo loquendi, quæ miserimos solatur, et benignitatem dicentis perspicue indicat. Dum corpus dolore languescit, animum cum evangelii alimento nutris.

" Ut cera dura igne calefaciatur, ita tuis sermonibus corda obstinata ad accipienda veritatis divinæ vestigia parantur; atque, dum mens in dubio errat, viam, ad felicitatem æternam monstras.

" Pro tuis officiis benignis, quibus sæpissime politi sumus, prosperitatem tuam, hoc anno novo augeri, ætatemque longam in terris te conterere, precor; atque, quando vitam mortalem relinquas, Deus ad superos te accipiat; ibi, adjunctus beatis, Dei Agnique laudes in æternum modulare.

" Ita precatur,

" O—— P——."

" *Januarii primo die, annoque Domini* 1812."*

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* To the original paper the writer of the above elegant and classical composition subjoined a note, by which he altered a word to avoid tautology. This circumstance, trivial as it may seem, is an additional evidence of his critical scholarship, and furnishes abundant proof, that intellect, far above mediocrity, is required in the man, who either as a missionary or stated preacher, would minister with acceptance in a state-prison.

The following is a translation of the above letter:—

" A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

" *With diffidence addressed to the most Reverend* JOHN STANFORD, *Master of Arts, Doctor of Divinity, and the friend of man.*"

" If it be proper for me, a wretch, confined in a prison, and clothed with disgrace, to greet you; contemplating the events of the past year, and your numerous endeavours to instruct our ignorant minds, I wish you the blessings of heaven. Your labours in consoling the wretched, and drawing souls to the Saviour of sinners, demand our thanks. I have not words whereby I can express the feelings of my heart. Not flattery, but the truth I speak. There is a suavity in your manner of speaking, which gives comfort to the most miserable, and plainly indicates the humanity

* "The English reader will remember that this is the usual style of address, which was used among the polite Romans."

It was during this year that Mr. Stanford commenced his labours of Christian benevolence amongst the unfortunate inmates of the Debtor's-Prison. When he was invited by Mr. Bell, the humane and generous superintendent of this institution, to give them at least one sermon on each Sabbath, his soul responded to the call: "Yes," said he, "I will go, and freely proclaim unto them the acceptable year of the Lord! What am I but a debtor? a debtor to God's law, and a debtor to his grace! Let this fact deeply impress my heart, while most cheerfully I devote a portion of my time for the religious benefit of these poor debtors to man!"

In this good work he was not long permitted to labour in vain. On the 21st of May, he was called to visit a poor dying prisoner, to whom, according to his own account, the Lord had been pleased to impart the grace of life, through the instrumentality of Mr. Stanford. Death had now lost his terrors, and the joy of God's salvation supported his soul in prospect of eternity. He said:—"I would not part with my hope in Christ, for all the gold in the world!" And having uttered this triumphant declaration, he fell asleep, to wake no more until the archangel's trump shall call the slumbering dead.

In the month of July, Mr. Stanford received a communication from the Board of Inspectors of the

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of the speaker; while the body languishes through grief, you nourish the soul with gospel food.

"As hard wax is rendered soft by fire, so by your discourses stubborn hearts are prepared to receive the impressions of divine truth; and while the mind wanders in error, you point out the way which leads to eternal happiness.

"For your kind services, with which we have so frequently been favoured, I pray that your prosperity may be increased this year; that you may live long here below; and when you quit this mortal life, may God receive you to the mansions above, where, joined with the saints, you may for ever exalt the praises of God and the Lamb.

"Thus prays,
"O—— P——."

State-Prison, in which they expressed their thanks for his services to that institution, and requested the continuance of them.

It is due to Mr. Stanford to say, as to the pecuniary compensation which he received for services in the public institutions of this city, that it was the pleasure of attempting, in the name of the Lord, to do good to the souls of men, and not the hope of emolument, which induced him to persevere in this laborious work.

That Mr. Stanford was influenced by no sinister motives, is too obvious to admit of a doubt. More than twenty years did this faithful minister of Christ render his services, without an adequate compensation, and under almost every variety of discouragement. The scorching beams of noon, and the chilling winds of night, were alike unheeded; neither the ingratitude and wickedness of many of those for whose salvation he toiled and prayed, nor the growing infirmites of old age, prevented him from attending to their spiritual wants. Such unwearied diligence is generally rewarded with an equivalent; but it was otherwise in the present case. The average amount of his compensation, during the above mentioned period, never exceeded five hundred dollars per annum; and at the time when his engagements with "The Society for the Support of the Gospel among the Poor in the City of New-York" terminated, by its ceasing to exist, the institution owed him more than *eighteen hundred dollars*—not one dollar of which has ever been paid.

His diary for this year shows an average of seven sermons preached each week, which, if considered in connection with the extraordinary amount and variety of his other services, will leave him no superiors, and but few, if any, equals, in modern times.

After his usual private devotions, and "renewing his covenant with God," (which was his custom at the

commencement of each year,) Mr. Stanford began his labours for 1813 by preaching a discourse to the Bethel Baptist Church, from Psalm xxxi. 14—"*My times are in thy hand.*" Whether his choice of this text was by the special direction of heaven, or not, we are unable to determine; bnt this year was attended with many important changes, which seem to constitute an important era in the history of his useful life.

In the events which follow, we see the unfoldings of that mysterious Providence, which constrained him to remain in New-York, notwithstanding repeated solicitations to take the pastoral charge of distant and wealthy congregations. The duties evidently assigned to him by the Lord this year, as to importance, extent, and variety, have seldom if ever devolved upon any one person.

January 7th. This day Mr. Stanford received an application from a society, recently established, for preaching the gospel to the poor in the City-Hospital, and in the Alms-House, requesting him to relinquish his academy, and devote himself wholly to those institutions, in connection with the State-Prison, Debtor's-Prison, &c. &c. This being a subject of great importance, he requested time to seek direction from the Lord.

A Magdalen-House having been established at Greenwich, Mr. Stanford was solicited to preach to the unfortunate females, with which he cheerfully complied, in the presence of a number of the managers, both ladies and gentlemen. His sermon was from 1 Timothy i. 15—"*Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*" During the several years continuance of this establishment, he regularly and gratuitously preached the gospel to the inmates, every Wednesday.

February 3d. While taking his rounds in the State-Prison hospital, he found four prisoners under

very serious impressions of mind. They appeared to have a deep sense of the sinfulness of their hearts, and their need of mercy from the Lord Jesus. Their subsequent conduct afforded strong reasons to hope that they had been made partakers of divine grace.

Conversion of J. W. C——, a convict in the New-York State-Prison.

Mr. Stanford says, "This man had been confined to his bed a considerable time. I had repeatedly spoken to him, but he appeared indifferent to conversation. However, about a month ago I told him how much I myself stood in need of mercy from the Lord, the friend of sinners. This seemed to awaken his attention, and he said—'Sir, if you need such mercy, how much more do I need it?'

"February 3d. He appeared more sensible of his guilty state, and asked me several questions on the subject of salvation, which I endeavoured to answer in application to himself. I left him apparently seeking the Lord.

"February 10th. He wished to ask me a few questions. The principal one was this—'Whether a man, enjoying the pardon of his sins, by the blood of Christ, and a hope for heaven, could afterwards perish?' I replied, No; admitting that the man did really possess them. For God's work is perfect; he never did deceive the good hope of any soul; but the hope of the hypocrite, that shall perish. A person merely professing these things, might, and would, sooner or later, by temptation, abandon them, and pursue a course of evil. He answered, 'I have been much troubled on these subjects, but I now see that God must save from first to last, or it would be no salvation at all.' I then stated to him the importance of praying for the teaching of the Holy Spirit to direct his mind, and reveal salvation to his heart. God has promised his Spirit to them that ask him.

"February 21st. When I approached his bed, and inquired after the state of his health, he turned his now serene countenance towards me, and said, 'I am well, and my mind is relieved. Since Friday evening I have enjoyed that peace and comfort which I never knew before. I wish all my fellow-prisoners felt the same. O, Sir, I longed for your visit, that I might tell you of the relief I feel. I hope I can say, God is my salvation; I can give him my body and my soul, as the objects of his merciful care, whether he permit me to live, or send death to take me away. I hope to praise him in heaven for all his mercies to me, a poor miserable sinner.'

"March 3d. 'I continue to enjoy much peace,' he remarked, 'and look to the Lord to keep me. I know I cannot keep myself—my health is better, but I give my body and spirit to the Lord, that I may be his for ever. This is the only desire of my heart.'

"March 7th. He appeared not so cheerful; yet he said, 'I know the Lord has done much for me, and I cannot but praise him. I am anxious for every man here. I pray God to convince them of sin, and lead them to the Saviour.'

"Soon after this he so far recovered, that he went into the workshop, under an impression that a change of air and moderate exercise might contribute to restore his health. In this situation he continued for about nine months, during which I had frequent conversations with him. Eventually his constitution gave way, and he returned to the hospital. It soon became evident that he could live but a very short time. On my entering the room I found him much engaged with God for the experience of more grace, that he might be assured of an interest in the Redeemer. The nature of such assurance I endeavoured to explain to him from the word of God, and encouraged him still to hope and pray for the blessing. When I was about to pray with him, he said, 'Sir,

do not pray for the life of my body, but pray for the life of my soul.' After prayer he expressed his fear that he might die before I visited him again; but assuring him that in case he should be worse, I would make him a special visit, he expressed his warmest gratitude.

"September 19th. While at the City-Hospital the carriage was sent for me, to attend this man. I proposed to him several questions. The following is the substance of his answers:—'I have been a great transgressor against a just God all my days—I have no hope for another world, but from the atoning blood of the Son of God—I have not now that peace and comfort I had some time ago—I want to feel God's love in my heart—Though I am so uncomfortable in my mind, I cannot, and by his grace helping me, I will not give up looking to Christ Jesus as the only Saviour—I leave the time of my death to the Lord; I wish his will to be done, and not my own—O Lord, speak peace to my soul, I want nothing else.'

"September 21st. He said, 'Since you were here last, I think I have had some relief in my heart. I now know that the peace, comfort, and hope which I enjoyed some time ago, were not *imaginary;* and I believe that God will give me assured peace again before I die, for he is faithful.' This day I visited him three times, and he very affectionately took leave of me in such terms as delicacy forbids me to record. He died shortly after my departure, rejoicing in Christ."

After Mr. Stanford had closed his sermon in hall No. 5, one of the state prisoners, formerly a lawyer in ——, familiarly called "Ned Craig," was at his own particular request, permitted to propound a doctrinal question to the preacher. Among the individuals present, were several prisoners who formerly

ranked high in the learned professions, and one who had occupied the chair of professor of languages in a university.

"Pray," said he, "how can you reconcile the general invitations of the gospel with the doctrine of a particular election?"

Mr. Stanford, turning to those present, replied—"These gentlemen know, that it is not customary to teach children abstruse doctrines in any science, until they have first learned their grammar. I am no polemic, and preach to you the plain gospel; but you must learn the A. B. C. of divinity, before I shall attempt to explain the subject of your inquiry."

This pungent reply to an impertinent question, propounded not with a view to improvement, but for the purpose of embarrassing the preacher, afforded great satisfaction to the other prisoners; and one of them wrote the following lines on the subject.

"GOSPEL DOCTRINE TRIUMPHANT;

OR

"SATAN AND NED CRAIG VANQUISHED.

"While Stanford preach'd the gospel pure,
Which does to Christ our hearts allure,
The *Devil* felt it such a plague,
He enter'd into poor Ned Craig.

"Poor Neddy, prompt with hellish pride,
And ignorance too, in rolling tide,
With meagre looks, and visage thin,
Satan without, and hell within,

"Advanc'd towards the sacred desk,
(Ignorance and pride were all his risk,)
And did our parson there attack,
With Satan's message, Neddy's clack.

"The parson answer'd, all discreet,
That he polemics did not meet,
And wish'd poor Ned to stop his clamour,
And study close the school-boy's grammar.

" Our rev'rend parson did o'erthrow
Satan and Neddy, thus in Co.:
And thus to Satan and Ned Craig,
Christ's doctrine is an endless plague.

" Poor Ned, sans sense, sans gospel light,
Loaded by Satan, challenged fight
With him who's fill'd with gospel lore,
And riches, an eternal store.

" Good Stanford's doctrines he can't shock;
They're built on an Eternal Rock;
But Neddy's are but hay and stubble,
Just like himself—old Satan's bubble.

" O, Lucifer! receive your son!
You've loaded him as your pop-gun,
And now you're out of ammunition,
You're both consign'd unto perdition!"

In the month of March Mr. Stanford wrote an address to the religious part of our citizens, on "The Importance of Social Prayer, under the present Calamity of War," which was published in several of the newspapers, and afterwards, in the form of a tract.

On the 28th of this month he preached his first sermon in the Bridewell, from Acts xiv. 7—"*There they preached the gospel.*" The unhappy females are said to have conducted with much propriety, and some of them were observed to be in tears.

Wednesday, April 6th, Mr. Stanford visited the State-Prison hospital, where he observed a man at the end of one of the rooms sitting up in his bed and beckoning to him. On approaching the unhappy creature, he burst into tears, and entreated the minister of God to pray with him. His subsequent conversation made it very evident that he was earnestly seeking the Lord, for the salvation of his soul.

The evening of this day was spent in the Baptist church in Vandam-street, where Mr. S. delivered a

solemn and impressive charge to the minister elect, and to the congregation present, at the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Hastings.

The day following Mr. Stanford was taken very ill, and continued under medical treatment for several days. In the meantime the prisoner before mentioned died of a malignant fever. "This occurrence," says Mr. S. "deeply impressed my mind with the importance of setting the Lord always before me; that amid the imminent dangers to which I am daily exposed in my visits to the sick and the dying, I may myself be prepared to meet my Saviour, whether he come in the evening, at midnight, or in the morning."

The conversion of R——.

"When," says Mr. Stanford, "I first visited him, I was much surprised to find he was so seriously disposed. He said, 'I have but one desire in this world, and that is, that I may have an interest in Christ, as my Saviour and my friend. O, Sir, I wish you would inform me how I may obtain and know that I have indeed received this inestimable blessing.' I explained to him this text—'*Hereby we know that he dwelleth in us, and we in him, by his Spirit, which he hath given unto us.*' I also explained to him the office of the Holy Spirit, to convince the sinner of his need of Christ, and then to reveal him to the contrite in heart, and to speak pardon and peace. He thanked me, and earnestly begged my prayers, that he might obtain mercy through Christ.

"The next time I visited him he was very low, all he could say was, 'I am constant in prayer; I want to know that the Saviour is mine, and that I have an interest in his death, and then my death will be easy and happy.'

"A few days after this I asked him, if God had revealed his mercy to him. He said, 'O yes, Sir, I now think I have a knowledge of that interest in

Christ which I wanted.' His tears appeared to be those of joy.

"When I visited him for the last time, he was only able to utter the following short sentence:—'I have an interest and peace in Christ.'

"A prisoner (a French Roman Catholic,) in the opposite bed, was also very low. With this man I had conversed several times, and he appeared very thoughtful about a future state. Last week Mr. Roome asked this man if he wished to see his priest. He said, 'No; Mr. Stanford has told me all I want to know.'

"About an hour before R—— died, the power of speech returned, and he spoke so loud that he could be heard in every part of the hospital. He possessed great composure of mind, and departed rejoicing in the Saviour."

The following lines were composed by a convict in the State-Prison, on beholding a prisoner entering the middle hall in chains:—

"Ah! mournful wretch, thy sad unhappy fate,
Draws from my eyes the briny pitying tear;
Thy clanking irons do thy case relate,
While keen sensations thou art doom'd to bear.

"I ask not from what source thy troubles rose,
Nor the recital of thy tale of grief;
I look at mine, as well as others woes,
And give my all—a tear for their relief.

"If tears could wash the stain of sin away,
And cancel all my fellow pris'ners guilt,
I'd weep from morn to eve, from eve 'till morn,
Nor cease 'till every trembling drop was spilt.

"But all in vain the tear for thee might flow,
Nought can avail to sooth the sorrowing heart;
No joys or pleasures now our bosoms know,
With all that's social we are call'd to part.

" Yet may we all submissive be, and trust
To HIM who hears the mourning pris'ner's sighs;
And well remember, He is ever just,
And lends a list'ning ear to all their cries.

" J—— P——."

The services of Mr. Stanford in the State-Prison were not only gratuitous, but without any distinct appointment until the year (1812,) when the legislature of this state passed an act for providing a chaplain to perform religious services in the State-Prison. Immediately after the passage of this law, Mr. Stanford was unanimously elected to that office by the Board of Inspectors, and continued as the able and indefatigable minister of Christ in that institution, until its removal from this city to Sing-Sing, in 1828.

Having sought the guidance of the Lord, by continued prayer for direction, on the subject of an invitation from a society of gentlemen, to relinquish his academy, and take upon himself the ministerial charge of the City-Hospital and Alms-House, Mr. Stanford, on the 20th of June, 1813, resolved, in dependence upon the grace of God, and with the advice of some his most pious and judicious friends, to relinquish his academy, which afforded him a competent support, and devote himself to the Lord in this important work; at the same time, resolving to become a missionary of the cross to the poor and miserable of the city, wherever he might find them; on the 30th of the same month, therefore, he relinquished his academial engagements, after having been in this employment nearly thirty-six years. A transition so remarkable, at his advanced age, could not fail to excite emotions, which language was too feeble to express, and which nothing but a strong sense of duty could have enabled him to overcome. Nevertheless, his accustomed and holy submission, under all the changing scenes of life, assisted him to accommo-

date his feelings to the varying dispensations of heaven.

We have often contemplated Mr. Stanford with admiration, as "a stranger on the earth," not only with respect to his transient condition, but in the disposition of his mind. As to the vanities of this world, and all unfounded hopes of changeless bliss below the skies, he appeared to us like the royal David, whose soul was "*even as a weaned child.*" Did the Almighty, in his inscrutable providence, tear from him the wife of his youth? Have his children fallen one after another, by the stroke of death? Like Aaron, he "*held his peace.*" "*I was dumb,*" says the psalmist, "*and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it.*" Yes, he has been seen, like Job, standing upon the ruins of temporal prosperity, and exclaiming—"*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

"My times of sorrow and of joy
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

"If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

"Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In *Thee*, and *Thee* alone!"

O how necessary to the enjoyment of true happiness is a humble spirit of submission to the will of God! In the ignorance and pride of our hearts we are prone to misjudge the mysterious dispensations of heaven. "A Providence occurs," says an able writer, "it strikes us, we endeavour to explain it—but are we certain that we have seized the true meaning? Per-

haps what we take as an end, may be only the way; what we take as the whole, may be only a part; what we deprecate, may be a blessing; and what we most earnestly pray for, may prove to be a curse; what appears confusion, may be the tendencies of order; what looks like the disasters of Providence, may be the preparation of its triumph."

It is related of Zeno, that when, by a shipwreck, he was deprived of all his wealth, he openly declared, that he considered it to be the best voyage he had ever made, because the loss of his money had driven him to "the study of virtue and philosophy." What then must be the advantage of those temporary losses and afflictions, the tendency of which is, to wean the Christian from the love of this present evil world, and compel him to "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."

"I only want to know your will," said Seneca, when speaking to God, "as soon as I know what that is, I am always of the same mind. I do not say you have taken from me, that looks as if I were unwilling; but that you have accepted from me, that which I am ready to offer." As Christians, let us not only emulate, but endeavour to excel these noble-minded heathen, under the ordinary changes and calamities of life.

CHAPTER IX.

HE COMMENCES HIS CHAPLAINCY IN THE CITY-HOSPITAL—LABOURS IN THE UNITED STATES MILITARY-HOSPITAL—PUBLISHES A CATECHISM—VARIOUS SERVICES TO THE END OF 1814.

JULY 1st. Lord's day. At eight o'clock this morning, Mr. Stanford preached his first sermon, as the regularly appointed chaplain, in the City-Hospital, from Psalm xli. 3—"*The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.*" Blind George, from the Alms-House, conducted the singing with his accustomed animation.

On the morning of the Tuesday following, he visited the institution, conversing and praying with the patients in *twelve* of the wards, as their cases appeared to require. After returning home, he made this note in his diary:—"O my Heavenly Father, how great the tenderness, compassion, and faithfulness, which will be required to perform such visits with propriety and success: all my hope is in the Lord!"

The following quotation from his diary, presents another instance of the laborious services of Mr. Stanford as a minister of the gospel, worthy of that good cause to which he had devoted the energies of his useful life. It is due to his memory to say, that this is not selected as an uncommon instance of his untiring zeal, but rather as a specimen of what frequently occurred in the discharge of his ministerial duties.

"Lord's day. Morning, at half past eight, preached in the City-Hospital, and afterwards prayed with a sick patient. Preached in the State-Prison chapel at

ten o'clock, and visited the sick in the prison hospital at noon. Preached again to the prisoners in the afternoon, and immediately walked to the Magdalen-House, and preached another sermon, and in the evening preached in the Alms-House. The Lord graciously assisted me this day in these *five sermons*, and other duties; and as *the heat was at eighty-seven*, I am the more thankful for his aid, and hope a blessing will succeed my feeble efforts."

On the following Thursday, after performing an equal amount of ministerial labour, he walked to the United States Military-Hospital, about half a mile from the prison, where he was kindly received by Mr. Jones, the superintendent, and spent some time in conversing and praying with the sick and dying. Mr. Jones informed him that no minister had ever visited the patients before, and earnestly entreated him to become their spiritual guide. With this request he promised to comply as far as practicable. After leaving the Military Hospital, he closed the day by performing divine service in the Magdalen-House.

Friday, the 12th of July, Mr. Stanford again visited the City-Hospital, where he found a poor sufferer who had been shot through the body, and had several pieces of his ribs extracted through the orifice of the wound. His mind, however, was very tranquil, and looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus. In another ward lay a man who had fallen from the top of a main-mast to the deck; his arms were both broken, and his eye and jaw most dreadfully injured. With this man, Mr. Stanford had an interesting conversation, as also with two of his shipmates then present, who had witnessed the accident, and recited to him the attending circumstances. While he was speaking to the patient of the sparing mercy of God to him, and showing how great was that love which prevented his being dashed into an awful eternity, his companions appeared much affected, even unto tears.

There is perhaps no other spectacle upon the earth more interesting than to see the hardy sons of the ocean melting and weeping under the sound of a preached gospel. They have heard, unmoved, the foaming billows roar, and the maddening battle thunder has failed to alarm them. But the voice of mercy possesses an energy, which mere human bravery has no ability to resist. To these men, as well as to the sick, Mr. Stanford stated the necessity of an interest in the pardoning blood, and renewing grace of the Lord Jesus, to prepare them for death and eternity. When it was proposed to return thanks to God for preserving the life of their friend, they expressed their approbation in a singularly pleasing manner; after which, with all the frankness of warm-hearted sailors, they gave him a hearty shake of the hand, and returned him their thanks.

After this interview, he accompanied the matron, for the first time, to the ward appropriated for unfortunate females. One young woman was in a very deplorable situation, and it was with great difficulty he could understand what she said, as her criminal course had nearly destroyed the power of speech. During the conversation, in which Mr. Stanford faithfully described the dreadful condition of her soul, he discovered the names of her parents, and knew them to be people of great respectability. This unhappy young woman had been seduced into the paths of vice, by one of those monsters in human shape, who, under the guise of affection and flattering promises, too frequently, alas! in an unguarded moment, succeed in destroying for ever the virtue and the peace of their unsuspecting and too confiding female victim.

Thursday, the 18th, Mr. Stanford visited eleven wards in the Alms-House, and conversed with a number of very sick and aged people. Nearly all of them were desirous to have worship performed in their respective rooms. As far as possible to gratify this

wish of the aged and infirm, he made arrangements to continue the Lord's day evening lectures, alternately in the two lower wards, adjoining the hall; and on Tuesday evening to perform divine service in the upper rooms. It may not be improper to say, that at these services, especially on the Sabbath evening, a number of respectable citizens frequently attended. Blind George always conducted the singing; for which Mr. Stanford allowed him a small compensation.

Inscrutable are the ways of God—his judgments are unsearchable. Mr. Stanford had no sooner returned from the Alms-House, and sat down to dinner, than he was seized with a violent fever, which confined him to his chamber for many days, and left but little hope of his recovery, nevertheless, the Lord delivered him from death. As soon as he became convalescent, he accepted the affectionate invitation of his tried friend, Divie Bethune, Esq. to spend a few days at his country-seat. This desirable change of air proved highly beneficial, and in a short time he was again enabled to visit the sick in the State-Prison hospital. This he was the more anxious to do, that he might converse with J. R——, who had recently become much distressed about the concerns of his soul.

On the following day, though with great difficulty, he walked to the Magdalen-House, and conversed with one of the unfortunate young women, who was in great distress of mind. This individual was, it is hoped, subsequently restored by the Lord to the paths of virtue and godliness. If so, O how great the satisfaction which such an event must afford those benevolent individuals who originated the institution!

Monday, the 2d of August, he thus remarks:—"The public institutions not requiring the whole of my attention to-day, I visited several, what I call, out-door patients. One was the widow of the late Captain Dobson, who was blown up with the vessel

called "The Little Teazer." I found her, as expected, almost overwhelmed with grief; but she received my instructions with cordiality, and earnestly requested a repetition of my visits."

Thursday, the 5th. In the morning he performed divine service in the Magdalen-House, and in the afternoon, attended the sick in the State-Prison. J. R——, the penitent prisoner was very low, and could just say, so as to be heard, "My heart is happy, trusting in my God." Mr. Stanford prayed with him for the last time—he died that afternoon, rejoicing in the hope of eternal life.

While in the City-Hospital, on the 12th of August, Mr. S. was requested to visit a young man, who was supposed to be dying. An aged person, said to be his father, was sitting by his side, and when Mr. Stanford inquired of the patient the state of his mind, the old man interrupted him by saying, "My son does not want any one to speak to him." To this Mr. S. replied, that he came to discharge his duty to the sick in the hospital. After a few minutes of silence, the father very abruptly replied, "I do not believe that God made any of his creatures to damn them." "My friend," said Mr. S. "I do not mean to enter into controversy with you, but I am fully persuaded that we all have sin enough to condemn us." At this the sick young man twisted the corner of his blanket round his head, and refused to hear any more upon the subject. It was afterwards ascertained that the father and son were both confirmed deists. In another ward he found a young man approaching death, who was very sensible of his sins, and implored the mercy of God. So true is it, that God hath "*mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth*," by leaving them to follow their own delusions.

The following Sabbath he preached in the morning at eight o'clock in the City-Hospital, and at half past

ten in the State-Prison. After sermon he visited two men who were chained to the floor, in one of the gloomy cells of the prison. One of them appeared penitent; but the other was apparently as hardened as his chains. Before leaving this horrible place, he faithfully admonished the criminals, and having directed them to the blood of Christ for pardon, he closed the interview with prayer to God for their salvation.

In the afternoon he preached, and administered the Lord's supper to the church in Mulberry-street, and in the evening he preached in the Alms-House.

On the 17th of August, Mr. Stanford made the following note in his diary:—"This has been my visiting day at the City-Hospital. Was informed by nurse P. that the deistical young man whom I visited a few days since, and who was accompanied by his father, died last night. She said, 'Sir, *he died like a coward at last*, for a little before he departed he said, '*I dont know but that I have been mistaken, and that God is now going to punish me for my sins.*' Does not this case demonstrate, that although men may profess to be deists—reject the Bible—and despise the mercy of the Lord Jesus when danger is afar off, yet death will undeceive them?"

But why does any man reject the sacred volume, and dare to venture into eternity without a guide? Is there no sublimity in its style; no purity in its precepts; no evidences of truth stamped upon the pages of its history? Have patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, laboured, and suffered, and died, under a delusion? Were such men as Sir Isaac Newton, Milton, Young, and millions of the wisest and best of every age deceived? Were they incompetent to an enlightened investigation of the difficulties with which the proud sceptic imagines that he finds revelation invested? Few men can be found who will venture to answer in the affirmative.

Why, then, do men oppose or reject Christianity, and hazard the tremendous consequences of their unreasonable conduct? The truth is, that if the Christian is right, then the infidel is wrong; and if the Bible, which we believe to contain a revelation of the moral glory of God, does indeed establish its own claim to divine authenticity, then eternal condemnation must be the result of a life of impenitence and sin. This the infidel secretly believes; and hence the necessity which he perceives, of either repenting, and abandoning all his favourite vices, or of rejecting the Bible and Christianity as a whole. The opposition of such men, very much resembles the conduct of the idolatrous Ahab, king of Israel, who hated and rejected Micaiah, the faithful prophet of the Lord. "*I hate him: for he doth not prophecy good concerning me, but evil.*" 1 Kings xxii. 8.*

Friday morning, the 27th, Mr. Stanford visited several rooms in the Alms-House. On this occasion he says:—"I enjoyed unusual satisfaction in conver-

* A melancholy instance of inveterate malignity against the truth of Christianity occurred in the case of an English nobleman, Lord R——, of ——. At first he only allowed himself to be absent from the public worship of God; then he became a subscriber to the infidel publications of the day, and spent his Sabbaths in reading them. The next step was to lay aside all the restraints of early religious education; and in a short time he became an avowed deist. Nothing could now exceed the hostility which he displayed towards the inspired volume, and the followers of Christ. This opposition was continued for several years, until at last the insulted justice of Jehovah laid him upon his dying pillow. Then, like the young man mentioned by Mr Stanford, he found, alas! too late, that infidelity has no consolations adapted to the wants of the soul in the hour of dissolution. When he was told that his time was short—that he could not survive the decline of that day, his mind became greatly agitated. The recollection of his blasphemy, and opposition to Christ, at whose bar he must soon appear, rendered him almost frantic with despair. "Go," said he to a person near his bed, "go into the library and bring me that accursed book, by which I was first taught to question, then to contradict; and then to blaspheme that holy volume, the revelation of the great God, the belief of which I now find indispensable to the comfort and salvation of my soul." The book was no sooner put into his hand, than he tore it into a thousand pieces, and threw it into the fire. In a few minutes after he closed his eyes, and sunk in death.

sation with a number of very aged persons, who were waiting for death, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. O how good it is to meet with such old jewels of the Lord, amidst the rubbish of the world."

The annexed extract is very descriptive of the character of our departed friend. He was a Baptist both in principle and practice; but he was also a devoted Christian, and availed himself of every suitable opportunity to manifest his sincere attachment to Christians of every evangelical denomination. With such it was ever his delight to co-operate, in advancing the empire of the ascended Redeemer.

"Extract from the protocol of the thirtieth general meeting of the Society of the United Brethren for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen, which usually meets at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, held 20th of August, 1813.

"The president mentioned that the Rev. John Stanford, of New-York, a true friend of the Brethren, who takes especially a near share in the progress of our missions among the heathen, had made known to the directors, through brother Mortimer, his wish to become a member of this society; and, agreeable to the uniform practice hitherto in such cases, had been received by them as an *honorary member*, (agreeable to the third article of the statutes,) without first consulting the society on the subject. The members present unanimously expressed their particular satisfaction at hearing this.

"BENJAMIN MORTIMER."

On the following Tuesday Mr. S. visited seven rooms in the City-Hospital. In one of them he found a lad, who had fallen from the top of a house, and broken his thigh, both arms, and partially fractured his skull. His mother and three brothers, who were Roman Catholics, were at his bed-

side. Mr. Stanford requested the nurse to shut the door, that he might engage in prayer; but to this the elder brother objected. Mr. S. mildly informed him, that as chaplain to the hospital, this was a service with which he could not conscientiously dispense. After prayer, the mother was absorbed in tears, and even the brothers appeared thankful.

It is a subject of regret, that Mr. Stanford's diary for the four remaining months in the year, were loaned to a friend for his perusal, who soon after died, and the manuscript was never recovered; but from his text-book it appears, that he continued his regular services in the State-Prison, City-Hospital, Alms-House, Magdalen-House, and the United States Military-Hospital, &c.

During this year, (1813) he was assisted to labour with unabated zeal, and at the close of his notes for the year, he says:—"Whatever good may have been done among the poor people of my charge, I ascribe all the glory and praise to my gracious God in Christ. Amen."

Letter of condolence addressed to A***** B*****, Esq. who was greatly afflicted by a sudden and painful bereavement.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Informed of your domestic trials, respect and gratitude impel me to address you. To resign so fine a child to the grave, after indulging the fondest hopes of his eventually being the solace of your advancing years, must be extremely afflicting, and calls for consolation more than mortal sympathy can give.

"In the midst of our sorrows, it is very difficult to discern the intention of the Almighty; a dark cloud covers the mind, and irritability often distracts the frame; but afterwards, like the traveller who has passed the desert, and gained the mountain's top, we

can better review the dreary path we have trodden, and make the necessary improvements. I trust it will ere long be thus with you. God has given you several precious children. The roses in your garden have already afforded you much delight. Had not the Lord a right to take this little flower and transplant it in heaven? Be still, and know that he is God. If he has removed one flower, remember he has spared others to delight your heart. He has an indisputable right to the whole, and could ere this have caused their leaves to drop, and removed them for ever from your view. Nay, more, he could have commanded death to dissolve the marriage band, and have taken the wife from the husband, and thus swelled the tide of your grief. Or the husband and the father might have been separated from the mother and her children, and they left to pass the remnant of their days in sorrow.

"At this awful season of pestilence, into how many excellent families has not death entered! On every side we behold widows wringing their hands for the loss of their husbands, the staff of their support, and the solace of their days. Orphans mourning the loss of parents, in vain look for some kind hand to save. But look around upon your charming family, the majority of whom are yet reserved to promote your joy!

"May the present stroke of death, which has deprived you of a delightful son, be the means of teaching you to enjoy your children, and all you possess, 'in the Lord.' Then, should Providence remove them from your embraces, you will cheerfully acquiesce in the Saviour's will, who gave, and has a right to take away.

"With sincere desires for your personal and domestic felicity,

"I remain,

"Your affectionate friend,

"JOHN STANFORD."

Mr. Stanford commenced the first page of his diary for 1814, with the following pious remark:—"Another year commenced. What work the Lord has appointed for me among the forlorn classes committed to my care, or what general services for the benefit of my fellow creatures, I know not. O Lord, put thy fear into my heart; give me grace to walk humbly before thee, and make my strength equal to my day; then all will be well, and thy name shall be glorified."

It may not be improper, in this place, again to remind the reader, that the preceding, as well as the following account of the public and private labours of Mr. Stanford, as a minister of the gospel, are to be regarded not as a full statement in detail, but as an epitome of his diary, from which, if it were desirable, volumes might be filled with the recital of touching and interesting incidents.

Lord's day. At eight A. M. he preached in the City-Hospital; and in the State-Prison at half past ten A. M. and then visited the sick. In the afternoon he preached to the church in Broome-street; and in the evening in the Alms-House, to a large number of paupers, who were serious and attentive. Blessed be the adorable Saviour, who has commanded the gospel to be preached to the poor.

Monday. Mr. Stanford walked to the State-Prison for the purpose of examining two new schools, which, added to those already organized, made at that time seven schools in this prison, which were open only in the evening, and found to be of great advantage to the more ignorant prisoners.

Friday morning, 7th. Mr. Stanford was sent for to visit a dying woman in the Bridewell. He found her, and three others, in a wretched condition, lying on the bare floor, with only a ragged blanket for each, to shield them from the piercing cold. The physician who accompanied him,

said, that this poor creature could not long survive the horrible effects of her sinful course. The apartment was so very offensive, that they were obliged to open the window while they remained. When Mr. Stanford complained to the keeper concerning the destitute state of these women, he said, he had no more covering in the house to give them. As a committee of the Aldermen were to meet in the evening, Mr. Stanford stated the case to them, and the next morning they ordered the females to be provided with suitable beds and bedding. Since this period, greater attention has been paid to the miserable inmates of the Bridewell.

In the afternoon he went to the State-Prison. Here he found the hospital crowded with the sick and the dying. Five men were affected with a very malignant fever, and the hall and wards were so foul and disagreeable, owing to the prevailing disease, that it was difficult to perform the usual service. Respecting this visit, he remarks:—"I know it is hazardous to visit under such circumstances, but the Lord is my keeper, and my life is of little value except thus to be employed for the benefit of others."

Tuesday, 25th. This day he visited most of the wards in the City-Hospital; in one of which he found a young female under deep penitence for her profligate life; and there is great reason to hope that the blessed Jesus, at whose feet Mary Magdalene did not weep in vain, revealed his pardoning mercy to this unhappy victim of seduction.

Conversion of R—— B——, aged 19.

"This young woman was," says Mr. Stanford, "confined several months by consumption. From my first visit she listened with attention, and confessed that she had been a great sinner, and felt her heart so very hard and obstinate, that she was almost ready to despair. Gradually, however, it pleased the Lord

to open to her the riches of grace in Christ the Redeemer. The promises of divine mercy were recommended to her attention, and in prayer she speedily found access to the throne of grace. On one occasion she said, 'I pray to the Lord night and day when my pains abate—it is my only comfort and delight—I have some hope that God will save me at last, through Jesus Christ.'

"In the evening I called to see this young woman. 'Rachel,' said I, 'can you say, *Father, not my will, but thine be done?*' 'Sir,' she replied, 'I can do more than that.' 'What is it?' 'Sir, I can feel it; I wait for my Lord to come and take me, for I long to be with him.' After prayer she thanked me for my visits in so affecting a manner, that I was obliged to retire.

"On the next Saturday night she died, rejoicing in Christ."

Tuesday, the 1st of February. This day Mr. Stanford completed his Catechism for the unfortunate youth in the State-Prison, and, by order of the Board of Inspectors, he sent it to the press for publication.

The following Tuesday he visited every ward in the City-Hospital, and prayed in eight of them.

On the 13th he remarks:—"I preached at eight A. M. in the City-Hospital, and then visited and prayed with a dying man. Directly after, I accompanied the Rev. Daniel Sharp, of Boston, to the State-Prison chapel, where he preached a sermon for me, with great acceptance to the prisoners. Visited the sick in the prison hospital, and returned home. Afternoon, preached in the Debtor's chapel, and in the evening at the Alms-House, and afterwards prayed with dying persons in three different wards. This to me was a day of mercy, and I sincerely pray that it may be followed with mercy to many others."

Wednesday, 23d, he spent three hours in the Alms-House, with much satisfaction, having found several

new cases, of persons under great concern for salvation; and others, waiting with cheerfulness for their last change.

28th. Mr. Stanford employed the whole of this day in examining the schools in the State-Prison, and in placing before the minds of the unhappy criminals, the way of peace by the blood and righteousness of Christ.

On the 3d of March he preached in the Magdalen-House, and also in the State-Prison. In the latter place he found a female prisoner extremely ill, and under awful alarm concerning her future state. To this unhappy creature it is believed that the Lord blessed his conversation as the means of inducing her to look by faith to that adorable Saviour, who can pluck the brand from the burning.

The conversion of N—— L——.

In the upper ward, Mr. Stanford found three or four females, very sensible of their sinful state, and one white woman in particular. She expressed herself in terms which indicated a recent work of divine mercy upon her heart. She blessed the Lord for her affliction. God had convinced her of her great sinfulness, and led her to Jesus Christ as her Saviour, by the application of whose blood she experienced pardon and peace. She said that she was never so happy before, and died that night, full of faith, hope, and joy, in Jesus Christ.

After this, Mr. S. visited a sick prisoner in the hospital, who was in a very hardened and impenitent state. These cases clearly illustrate the sovereignty of God in the gifts of divine grace—one is saved, and another remains hardened in sin.

On the 4th, at ten o'clock in the morning, he went to the Alms-House, and found that four of his charge had died; three of whom, expired in the triumphs of faith in Jesus Christ.

On the 6th, which was the Sabbath, he preached in the City-Hospital at eight o'clock in the morning, and at half past ten in the church in Fayette-street. At three o'clock in the afternoon he preached again in the Debtor's-Prison, and in the evening at the Alms-House. Respecting this day's service he remarks:—"In the midst of weakness, temptation, and fear, the Lord has mercifully helped me. But I was very much fatigued by walking to so many places. Nevertheless, it is better to be tired *in* the work of the Lord, than to be tired *of* it." Like Gideon and his men, he was "*Faint, yet pursuing.*"

Wednesday, 9th. After having attended the Alms-House in the morning, Mr. Stanford assisted in the ordination of Mr. Elliott, at the Bethel church. The whole of the service was performed with great solemnity, and the fervent prayer of many hearts ascended to God, for a blessing upon the minister then set apart to the work of the gospel.

Friday, 11th. This morning he was requested to visit a dying man in the City-Hospital. It was truly an affecting scene. Mr. Stanford had frequently conversed and prayed with him, and a hope was indulged that God would be gracious to his distressed soul. This morning he found him, sensible, but speechless. Mr. Stanford asked him if he were willing to die, and felt in his heart a hope in Christ the Lord? To which, with a smile, he bowed his head, and lifted up his hands toward heaven. Mr. S. then prayed with him; after which he took his station at a short distance from the bed of the dying man, for the purpose of addressing the other patients in the room, on the important concerns of their souls, and directing them to Jesus, the friend of sinners. "In a few minutes," says Mr. Stanford, "I perceived the sick man undergoing his last change, and soon he sunk in the arms of death. Though I have visited the death beds of many hundred persons, this was the

second person I ever saw in the act of dying. May the impressions made upon my mind on this occasion, assist me to keep the solemnities of death and eternity in view!"

In the afternoon Mr. Stanford again visited the Hospital, and spent two hours with the sick, among whom there was an elderly man, who refused to permit him to speak one word about Christ, and died the next morning, unconscious of his sinfulness and danger.

The following is another instance of the horrible consequences of deism, and recantation in the dying hour.

"This morning," says Mr. Stanford, "I was requested to visit a man supposed to be near death. After tenderly inquiring about the state of his mind, he replied, 'It is very easy—I know that there is one God—I believe that there is a future state—I believe God, when I die, will take my poor soul—I believe all these.'—'Do you know that you are a sinner, and that you need mercy?' 'O, we are all sinners.' I assured him that God could not save him at the expense of divine justice. 'You and I,' said Mr. S. 'both stand in need of a Saviour. God hath in mercy given his dear Son, '*whose blood cleanseth from all sin.*' And—'*there is none other name given under heaven, whereby we may be saved, but the name of the Lord Jesus;*' he is the only Saviour.' To my great astonishment this man replied, 'I dont know any thing about him.' 'Then it is high time you should know him. It is indeed an encouragement that this Jesus is able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him, and it becomes you, under your circumstances, to pray to him for mercy.' I was equally surprised to receive for answer—'I never prayed in my life.' I thought it my duty, solemnly to warn him of his danger. After which I prayed.

"At four o'clock I ordered the coachman to put

me down at the Hospital gate, and I went into the sick man's room; but what was my astonishment, as I looked around, to find both the man and the bed removed. 'Nurse, what have you done with the patient?' 'He is in the dead-house—he died at twelve o'clock.' 'How did he die?' Instead of giving me a direct reply, she informed me, that soon after I left him in the morning, two of his friends had been to visit him, and who informed her that he was a deist, and had lived a very irregular life. 'But, nurse, you do not answer my question—how did he die?' 'Sir, when he knew he was going he cried loudly enough to Jesus Christ to save him—he died a coward at last; and with his last breath renounced his former infidelity.'"

Thursday, 17th. In the morning Mr. Stanford preached in the Magdalen-House, and visited the United States-Hospital. Going through the State-Prison, he had an encouraging conversation with one of the prisoners, who professed to have met with a change of heart since he came to this dismal abode. "O," says Mr. Stanford, "how rich the grace of God, to find out such transgressors! and what an encouragement is it for me to persevere in the service of Christ!"

Wednesday, Mr. Stanford went to the State-Prison, where he found a prisoner in the agonies of death. After tenderly addressing him for a few moments, he thought it prudent to desist, when, with a sepulchral tone the dying man said, 'Go on.' He did so, and concluded with prayer. In about an hour afterwards, the soul of this poor prisoner passed into the eternal world.

Mr. Stanford employed a part of Friday, the 25th, in calling upon a few of his opulent friends, to solicit their aid in furnishing the room employed as a chapel in the Debtor's-Prison; and in this enterprise he succeeded beyond his expectations.

On the morning of the third Sabbath in April, he preached to the state prisoners, what they were in the habit of calling, "A Jubilee Sermon," before the annual season, when the governor of the state is accustomed to pardon such individuals as may be particularly recommended to his clemency. The text was from Ezra ix. 8—"*Give us a little reviving in our bondage.*" The afternoon was employed in preaching and in visiting the sick; and in the evening he preached a sermon to the poor in the Alms-House.

Tuesday, the 5th of May, he attended *twelve* wards in the City-Hospital, and prayed in most of them. One of the patients expressed his thanks to God for the hope of pardon, received under the sermon last Sabbath morning.

The conversion of W. S. L——.

"This young man," Mr. Stanford says, "had been about two years in the Hospital. When I spoke to him to-day, he said, 'I am not quite twenty-one years of age, and perhaps I shall not live to get out. O, Sir, I want to make my peace with God.' I directed him to Christ, who has made peace by the blood of his cross; and assured him, that Christ alone could speak peace to his heart. He replied, 'Sir, this is what I want, and for this I pray, but I never knew or felt the necessity of this before, and I hope you will pray for me, that the Lord may have mercy on me, a poor miserable creature. I am very dark in my mind—my pain is distressing—I am so miserable I can hardly bear myself.' I reminded him of the greatness of God's compassion for the chief of sinners, even at the latest hour. He wept, and replied, 'I am not worthy of the mercy of God, nor the favour you have shown me; I have in my own heart thanked you a thousand times.' I repeated the words of the prophet—'*And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.*' To which he

replied, 'I do seek the Lord with my whole heart; I have nothing else to seek after, and there is nothing I want besides.'

"This service was not in vain in the Lord. A few days after this I found him near his end. In broken accents he said—'I shall never see you again.' I encouraged him to trust his soul and body to the mercy of the Lord Jesus, who was able to support him to the end. He expressed his wish to say much to me, but was unable. He exclaimed—'Precious Jesus!' I asked him if he had reason to believe that Jesus was his Saviour? He replied, 'He is my Saviour for ever.' In about an hour after this he died, rejoicing in the Lord."

The Tuesday following, Mr. Stanford visited all the wards in the City-Hospital, conversing and praying with the sick. After this laborious day, he spent the evening with one of the governors of the Hospital, in forming a plan to give some education to the lame children in the institution. This was subsequently effected, and still continues to prove highly beneficial. The plan was very simple. Mr. Stanford appointed their lessons on one visiting day, and heard them recite on the next. This system produced the happy effect, not only of teaching them to read, but it kept them still, and thus facilitated their cure.

After spending a part of Thursday in the ordinary duties of his chaplaincy, he visited the United States Military-Hospital, and preached a sermon to the sick and maimed soldiers. On this occasion he conversed and prayed with a soldier apparently near death, and who expressed much gratitude for his attentions. "I must confess," he remarks, "that I find these soldiers more grateful than many other people."

The following extract of a letter from Colonel Colden to Mr. Stanford, is expressive of the views which were entertained of his services.

"*Fort Gansevort, June 11th*, 1814.

"REV. SIR,

"Permit me, for myself, and in behalf of my regiment, to return you thanks for the assistance you have afforded us. All good men must unite in prayers, that you may be long spared to discharge the pious and arduous duties which you take upon yourself. That you may be happy in this world, and that you may meet the reward for which every zealous and able servant in the Christian Church may hope.

"I am, Rev. Sir,

"With great respect,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"CADWALLADER D. COLDEN."

The subjoined letter, is another evidence that his gratuitous labours among the military were duly appreciated.

"*United States Military-Hospital, Greenwich,*
"*June 15th*, 1814.

"SIR,

"The patients in the General Military-Hospital at Greenwich, for themselves and those that have preceded them, beg leave respectfully to address you, previously to their final discharge from the United States service.

"During two years your unremitted zeal for their moral and religious welfare, has manifested itself in the strongest possible light. Your kind and paternal attention, which, without the slightest prospect of reward, has so uniformly been evinced, will for ever endear you to our memories. You have not ceased to visit us, and administer consolation in the most inclement weather; and often at the expense of your own health. We regret that our only return is, that of a grateful acknowledgment; be pleased, Sir, to

believe, that return, though humble, to be sincere. The remembrance of your disinterested kindness will remain with us through life, and descend with us to our graves. Accept, Sir, our warmest and most affectionate prayers for your happiness.

"In behalf of the patients,

"SIMON CRYGIER,
"GEORGE THATCHER,
"DANIEL PARMER."

On Friday morning he visited three rooms in the Bridewell, in which were a number of miserable women, very sick with what is called "the jail distemper." He found most of them in a state of deplorable insensibility of mind, ignorant of Christ, and without hope in the world. To them he preached repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, as the only hope of the guilty. The ministry of Mr. Stanford was generally characterized by what is called, 'doctrinal orthodoxy,' but while it is true, that he delighted to expitiate upon the sovereignty of God, still his frequent theme was—

"Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room,
For rebels such as you."

In the evening he preached in the Alms-House, to a large collection of poor, many of whom were earnestly seeking the salvation of their souls.

"While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair."

On the morning of the 24th, he preached in the City-Hospital, and in the afternoon he opened the new chapel in the Debtor's-Prison. It was formed

by throwing two rooms into one; and was provided with a convenient desk, books, seats, &c. all of which Mr. Stanford procured by subscriptions among his personal friends.

The prisoners confined in the debtor's apartments having been handsomely entertained by the sheriff, Mr. Ruggles Hubbard, and Mr. J. L. Bell, on the anniversary of the fourth day of July, 1814; though it is believed they had no wine, yet among other sentiments uttered on that occasion, they gave the following cold water toasts, as an expression of their high respect for the gentlemen named.

"The humane sheriff, (Ruggles Hubbard,) who prefers the interest of his prisoners to his own emolument.

"The Rev. John Stanford, the philanthropist, who searches the dreary dungeon to proclaim the free grace of his blessed Redeemer to his brothers in adversity. May the ministers of the gospel in this city learn to do likewise."

On the morning of the 9th, Mr. Stanford received a special invitation to attend the annual meeting of the trustees and patrons of the New-York Free-School, and introduce the exercises with prayer. A very numerous assembly of our most respectable citizens were convened on the occasion. From thence he went to the Alms-House, where he found a woman, aged seventy-one, who was then dying; but in a state of mind the most enviable. Behind the cloud of death, she saw, by faith, the Sun of Righteousness, and panted for the hour to depart. Respecting this case he says:—"I have seldom met with a person so near to death, with a mind more calm and devout." In another ward was a female with whom he had often conversed about the subject of her salvation. Death had already commenced his work; her eye rolled, and her lips quivered, under the struggle; but her faith in Jesus was triumphant. After prayer, she said:—

"Lord, carry me safely through. Thou wilt not forsake me: I shall soon be with thee."

"The righteous hath hope in his death."

"J—— O——, a prisoner, died on the 18th, and I have reason," says Mr. Stanford, "to believe he had been a partaker of the grace of God. In death, his faith was firm in the Lord, and his prospects bright for eternity. O how do such instances of sovereign mercy, magnify the grace of God."

The morning of the 19th was employed in examining the schools in the State-Prison. They were convened in the chapel, amounting in the whole to *fifty-eight scholars.* Their examination in reading, writing, arithmetic, catechism, &c. gave great satisfaction to the inspectors, and much credit to the teachers. After the exercises, which lasted three hours, Mr. Stanford delivered an address to the assembly, and concluded with prayer.

He commenced the services of the month following, by a long visit to most of the wards in the Alms-House. "It is truly gratifying," he says, "to find so many who are immersed in poverty, searching after the durable riches of divine grace. O that the Spirit of the Lord might make them rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of God."

The afternoon was spent with the board of inspectors on prison business; and the evening, by preaching in the Alms-House.

On the following day Mr. Stanford again visited the Military-Hospital, and preached a sermon; after which he conversed particularly with each individual. Amongst them he found one man under deep concern of mind, who wept bitterly, and seemed overwhelmed with a sense of his sins. To this mourning sinner he preached salvation through the blood of Christ, after which prayer was made unto God for him.

The next visit was to the sick in the State-Prison

hospital; here Mr. Stanford conversed with a black man, supposed to be dying. He suffered great pain, but his heart was filled with love to God, and he was anxiously waiting for the moment of final victory over death and the grave, through faith in the atoning blood of Christ.

After this visit Mr. Stanford remarks:—"O how good it is—how blessed the employment, to labour for the present and eternal benefit of immortal souls."

On Tuesday, the 14th, he passed his usual rounds among the sick in the City-Hospital; and in the evening he preached a sermon in the Mulberry-street meeting-house, on the subject of educating pious young men for the gospel ministry. This discourse was afterwards printed by the Baptist Literary and Theological Society of the State of New-York.

On Thursday morning, while walking out of the city to perform his usual service at the State-Prison, he was overtaken by a young gentleman, with whom he entered into conversation upon the subject of the Christian religion. After discovering great diffidence, the young gentleman, (a stranger to Mr. S.) proceeded to make the following remarks:—"O, Sir, for several years have I been the victim of very strong and awful temptations, which, however, I could never find courage to communicate to my pious parents, or to any other person; but as I feel great confidence in your paternal sympathy, if you will permit, I will give you an account of my case." Mr. Stanford having assured him of his readiness, not only to hear, but to afford him such advice as the nature of the case demanded, the young man proceeded, with flowing tears, to unbosom himself. The case was very interesting, and awfully illustrative of the imminent danger to which unwary youth are exposed in a city like this. After giving suitable instruction and encouragement to the troubled conscience, Mr. S. parted with this tempted stranger, whose expressions of

gratitude afford conclusive evidence, that young persons especially, might often derive great assistance under their temptations and other trials, by seeking the counsel of age and experience.

The affecting case referred to in the following letter, may serve as a commentary upon the adage—"Youth wants a guide." It is not to be controverted, that where sentiments of piety are early impressed upon the human mind, they generally form the basis of respectability in the present life, and greatly tend to prepare for the consummation of bliss in the world to come. But it is equally indisputable, that thousands of unsuspecting youth of both sexes, who leave the paternal roof, fortified by habits of industry and early religious instruction; and followed by the prayers of anxious friends, have nevertheless become the victims of those multiform temptations which, in a populous city, assail them, almost at every step. In many instances they might have been delivered from evil, if, when coming to the city, they had been specially introduced by a letter from their parents, or from the clergyman of the village, to the attention of some pious friend, who would have watched for their good.

Letter to Mr. W****** S*****.

"*New-York, July*, 1814.

" DEAR SIR,

" That man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, is not only a fact recorded in the scriptures, but it stands inscribed upon the history of the world. Those afflictions which may be denominated peculiar, sometimes arise from our social connections, and never fail to be doubly severe to the heart of a parent, on witnessing the disobedience of a favourite child. Though, perhaps, unknown to you even by name, I esteem it a duty to offer my condolence on the painful

information you may have received of the misfortunes of your grand-son, B——F. E——.

"The circumstances which led to my first interview with the truly unhappy youth, was, my visiting a dying woman in the City-Jail; at which time the keeper informed me that he had a lad of respectable connections under his charge, who, on his own confession, was in a few days to be sentenced for forging a note of fifty dollars. On expressing my regret, and a wish to see him, the keeper kindly brought him to see me in the front office. The interview was affecting. He, with many tears, gave me a general account of his transgressions, justified his prosecutors, and condemned himself, as deserving the expected punishment. The apprehension that information of his conduct would be communicated to his father and grandfather, added to the keenness of his sorrow. Indeed, Sir, I could not refrain from weeping over the misery of one so young, so fallen and miserable. I informed him that I was the chaplain of the State-Prison, and gave him my best advice how to conduct himself, should the sentence of the law consign him to that dreary abode; for which he appeared to be thankful.

"The day before the sentence, I mentioned the expected arrival of Benjamin, to the agent, the keeper, and to two physicians, expressing my wish, that as the health of the youth required medical aid, he should not immediately be put to labour.

"The next day the Hon. De Witt Clinton, the Mayor of the City, pronounced the sentence, for the term of *seven years* only; the shortest period of which the law admits in his case.

"On the following Lord's day, I saw your poor Benjamin in the chapel. My heart yearned over him. For his sake, as well as others, I preached a sermon from Psalm lxxix. 8, 9.

"On this peculiarly painful event, I am disposed to say:—From your knowledge of human life, you are

convinced of a superintending Providence, and that God not unfrequently glorifies the riches of his grace by reclaiming the prodigal son. Benjamin, I presume, had gone great lengths in folly, considering his tender years. His errors must deeply afflict the feelings of his friends; yet, as he remarked, his present suffering may eventually preserve him from rushing, if possible, into more fatal snares. So far as it relates to myself, I shall endeavour to afford the unfortunate youth my best advice during his confinement. As to yourself and family, this afflictive event, I hope, will teach you that there is no rose without thorns; and that the interruptions which take place in our social connections, painful as they may be, should lead us to desire that substantial felicity, which alone is to be found in the bosom of the God of mercy.

" ' Children and friends are blessings too,
If God the Lord will make them so.'

" It cannot be presumed that you will altogether abandon your unfortunate grandson. Our benevolent Saviour forbids it. ' *I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me.*' Whether you do this in person, or by any of your family, or neighbours; if such will call upon me, and my engagements permit, I will conduct them to the dreary abode. If it be preferable to write, I have no objection to hold an occasional correspondence with the family, in reference to the lad; for unless by particular favour, he will not be allowed paper to write more than once in six months. However, should you, or any of the family write, while just reproof may be given to your disobedient child, let justice be blended with compassion.

" With sincere sympathy,
" I am your's in the gospel,
" JOHN STANFORD."

A review of the labours of Mr. Stanford during the

year past, although only a few short extracts have been given from his diary, presents so far as his ministry is concerned, one uninterrupted scene of prosperity. Souls were converted through his instrumentality—public confidence in his piety, abilities, and diligence, became more and more established—and the spiritual interests of the various institutions committed to his care, were greatly promoted.

It is an interesting fact, stated by Mr. Roome, the keeper of the State-Prison, that such was the influence which the evident piety, and patriarchal dignity of Mr. Stanford gave him over the minds of all the prisoners, that during the riot which occurred in 1818, the appearance of Mr. S. at one of the windows, produced a greater effect on the minds of the rioters, than the appearance of the soldiers upon the prison walls. One of them was heard to say, "Let Father Stanford come out into the yard; there is not a man of us who would not stand between him and a bullet." When other ministers preached in the chapel, the prisoners frequently discovered great uneasiness; and the more hardened among them, would sometimes disturb the speaker by rattling their chains, and coughing, or scraping their feet on the floor; but when "Father Stanford" occupied the pulpit, no congregation could behave with greater propriety. They seemed to hang upon the lips of the speaker, delighted and instructed, penetrated and awed, by his simplicity and evangelical pathos. The same may be said in relation to the inmates of the Bridewell, Blackwell's Island, and other places, where the vicious and profligate heard him preach the gospel. Those who were not brought under the saving influence of the grace of God, were constrained to assume, at least while in his presence, a decent exterior. This probably arose from the fact, that, in no small degree, like the pious Mr. Shepherd, he could say, "I never preached a sermon which did not cost me prayers and tears

in composing it; and I never went up to the pulpit, but as if going up to give an account of my conduct." Mr. Stanford was indeed a man of prayer, and its hallowing influence was felt by the congregations to whom he preached. When we have beheld him in the pulpit, the words of Cowper have always seemed to be peculiarly applicable.

"There stands the messenger of truth! there stands
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect!"

CHAPTER X.

INTERESTING AND SUCCESSFUL SERVICES IN THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

In the early part of 1815, the heart of Mr. Stanford seems to have been particularly directed to seek the Lord by fasting and prayer, for wisdom and strength, to perform the duties devolving upon him. He commenced his labours for the month, by visiting most of the wards in the City-Hospital, during the morning of Friday; and in the evening he preached in the Alms-House to a large and attentive audience. Although his diary records no very remarkable incidents during this month, it is nevertheless gratifying to trace the daily course of the good man in his unremitted labours from early dawn till evening shade. It may with truth be said, that the rising and the setting sun found him always at his post, and either actually employed, or preparing for action. It was owing to this fact, that Mr. Stanford was enabled to perform an amount of service which was a subject of astonishment and admiration, to all who were familiar with his life.

It is recorded of the prince of painters, who flourished under the reign of Alexander the Great, that when his royal patron one day inquired of him how it was, that he could execute so many beautiful and finished pictures, the artist replied:. "Nullus dies, sine linea." If it be asked, how a man labouring under great bodily infirmities, such as would have entirely disqualified most other men, could perform his various duties, as chaplain in no less than *nine* public institutions, embracing nearly three thousand

souls; besides, frequently preaching in the pulpits of different denominations—visiting the poor and the sick not immediately under his care—maintaining an extensive correspondence—publishing several volumes, and about fifty tracts and sermons,—having nearly an equal amount of literary and theological manuscripts in a state of progress for future publication,—the answer is, like Apelles, he permitted no day to pass unimproved. It seems to have been a part of his religion, conscientiously, and at the appointed time, to discharge the appropriate duties of every hour.

On Thursday the 28th of July, he thus writes:—"This has been a solemn day! The Lord has been pleased by death to call to himself, Mrs. Isabella Graham, the pious and well known friend of the poor and needy. I visited her daughter, Mrs. Bethune, in the morning, and after some consoling advice, we went into the adjoining room to see the corpse, and to offer the prayer of submission to the Lord our God."

The same morning, Mr. Stanford preached in the Military-Hospital, and was informed that one of the soldiers had died three days before, but he was happy in the Lord Jesus.

As he was leaving the building one of the soldiers requested the favour of a few minutes conversation. "Sir," said he, "I was brought up a Protestant. Some years since I made a voyage to Cadiz, in which place I was afflicted with severe fits. A Roman Catholic priest was sent for, who said, 'If to-morrow you will attend me and make confession, I will give you absolution, and your fits will not again return.' I did so; but the priest informed me that if I turned away from the Roman Catholic Church, my fits would return. Now, Sir, I wish to know if this will prevent me from being a Protestant still, for I am much distressed?" To this Mr. Stanford replied, "I am sorry you were so ignorant as to believe that the priest could forgive

your sins, or cure your fits. But you must remember that you and the priest are both poor sinners, and need a Saviour; and I pray the Lord to convince you of your need of him, and, that without his mercy and grace neither of you can be happy in life, in death, or in eternity." The poor fellow appeared very thoughtful, and thanked Mr. S. for the instruction that had been imparted."

The case of L—— B——.

This young man was the son of respectable parents; he was classically educated, and inherited a large estate, which he had subsequently dissipated at the shrine of Bacchus. A course of profligacy produced diseases which not only brought him to the Hospital, but terminated in his dissolution. When Mr. Stanford visited this person, he answered him very abruptly, and proceeded sternly to address him in Latin. To this Mr. S. replied. The young man then petulently commenced a discussion of some important points in divinity, in a manner so theoretically correct, as to prove that he was not ignorant of the Bible. But, he died without giving any evidence of conversion to God. Such cases speak to survivors in a warning voice, not to be misunderstood. Let youth of talents and property, fly from sin, which is alike ruinous to their temporal and eternal interests.

Wednesday. Just before his arrival at the Alms-House, one of the servants, supposed to be in good health, dropped on the floor, and in a few minutes his soul took wing for eternity. This sudden death made a serious impression upon many of the poor, and Mr. Stanford, availed himself of this favourable opportunity to preach to them from the words of David—"*There is but a step between me and death.*"

Thursday. On his way to the Hospital, Mr. Stanford met two men, who had just been liberated from the State-Prison, by a special pardon from the gover-

nor; one of them said, "Sir, when I was sent to that place, I was so thoughtless and hardened, that I knew not that I had a soul, but now I know that I have a guilty soul, saved by a precious Christ. O, blessed be God for his mercy, and for permitting me to hear the gospel from your lips. Do, Sir, pray for me, that I may be kept in his fear, and I shall not forget to pray for you as long as I live."

Another person liberated from the State-Prison, called upon Mr. Stanford a few days after this, to express his gratitude. He professed to have received the knowledge and enjoyment of the Saviour during his imprisonment, and said he was resolved, by the assistance of God, to bring up his nine children, in the fear of the Lord. He also proposed to publish, at his own expense, a short history of his conversion, for the benefit of others.

Soon after this, two other persons from the same place, called to express their thanks to Mr. Stanford, for his paternal kindness to them while in prison. To these men he gave further religious instruction, and some tracts to carry home to their families.

In the afternoon, he accompanied the remains of Mrs. Graham to the family vault, where she now rests until the morning of the resurrection.

The following Thursday, Mr. Stanford, by appointment, attended at the Magdalen-House, to deliver a funeral sermon on the death of Mrs. Graham, who was first directress of that institution. The text was, "*I, Deborah, arose a mother in Israel.*" Judges v. 7.

On closing the services for the first Sabbath in August, he remarks:—"This day is to be remembered, for the pains of my body, the depression of my mind, and the merciful supports of my God." After labouring with great assiduity during this month, he succeeded in engaging the services of other ministers to supply the public institutions during his absence; and once more, sought to retrieve his exhausted

strength, by a visit to the country. During this excursion, he preached three times at Poughkeepsie; and, to use his own words, he returned home on the following week, more anxious than ever, to pursue the work, to which God had called him, amongst the poor and destitute of New-York.

September, 1815. His next visit to the State-Prison hospital was rendered peculiarly pleasant, by finding several of the men under very great concern of mind, and anxiously inquiring what they must do to be saved. In the hospital he found one man, whose interesting case is described in the following brief narrative.

Conversion of G—— B——.

"Coming out of the medical office," says Mr. Stanford, "I was requested to visit two sick prisoners, in an adjoining room. The first I conversed with did not appear very sensible of his miserable condition, or at least was not disposed to confess it. I then went to the other, G. B. He said:—'Sir, I am very low, and do not expect to live; but, though I have been one of the worst of sinners, God has showed me mercy in Jesus Christ, and I am quite reconciled to die. I have hope that my poor soul will be saved by the grace of God, through Jesus Christ, and I am very thankful indeed.' I congratulated him on the happiness he enjoyed amidst the gloom of this prison, and in the prospect of death and eternity. When he had wiped away his tears, he further remarked:—'Sir, I do not think you know me.' I answered, that having so many to visit in this house, I certainly did not recollect his person. 'You will remember, Sir,' he said, 'that in November two years ago, you were sent for to visit C—— R——,* who, with others, were

* It was late at night in 1811, when Mr. Roome sent a messenger to request Mr. Stanford to visit C—— R——. The darkness of the night,

lying in the chapel, sick with fever. I am sure he died a happy man. My dear Mr. Stanford, though it has been so long ago, there has not been a week, but that I have remembered his words, and your prayer, that we miserable creatures might have the salvation of God. Since I have been ill, I have sought the Lord, and he has given me peace in Christ. I hope you will not go away till you have prayed for me and my fellow-prisoner in the other bed.' After prayer, and a few additional remarks, I retired, but with such emotions of heart as my pen cannot describe. He died the next day, perfectly composed; he had no fear of death, and gave himself up to the Lord as his Saviour. Was not this '*a brand plucked out of the fire?*' "

October 6th. In the morning Mr. Stanford visited several rooms in the Alms-House; conversed and prayed with the sick and the aged. Here he found several persons under very serious impressions about the state of their souls.

The Thursday following he delivered a sermon to the females in the State-Prison, on the death of S. S——, who had died a few moments after he left her, on the preceding Thursday. The text was—"*Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*" Proverbs xxvii. 1. The female prisoners were very serious and attentive.

P—— S——, an elderly man whom he had frequently visited, and who had for many weeks been lingering on the verge of the grave, presented to Mr.

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the gloom of the place, with here and there a glimmering lamp, produced sensations to which he had not before been accustomed. "Sir," said the dying man, "I have sent for you, to tell you the state of my mind, and to ask you to pray for me once more before I die. I have been a very wicked sinner, and my afflictions are just. The Lord has shown me the evils of my life, but the mercy of Christ is great to me, and I am willing to die. Your sermons have often touched my heart, and I am glad that you are come, that I may thank you for your kind attentions to us, poor prisoners." He died next day, rejoicing in the Lord.

Stanford the following statement of his hopes for eternal bliss:—"In myself I am a condemned worthless sinner, and totally lost—I justly deserve the wrath of God, but the Lord enables me to look for mercy through the Saviour; on his blood alone do I rest for pardon, and hope for acceptance in his righteousness, in the great day of judgment—I have very little expectation of recovery—I am patiently waiting for the time when the Lord will call me to himself."

Friday, October 22d. This day's visit to the Alms-House was attended with very interesting circumstances. One woman, who anxiously desired to see Mr. Stanford, said, "I have been very wicked. I cannot live long. I wish to have peace with God." She was accordingly directed to the great Peace-Maker, Jesus Christ; and, his ability to save the chief of sinners was fully explained to her. "After prayer, which," Mr. S. says, "I never allowed myself to omit," she bitterly lamented her sinful and wretched condition, and cried for mercy through the blood of Christ.

"No. 36 is inhabited by twelve very aged females, only two of whom are able to leave the room. One of them, with a cheerful countenance, said:—'I cannot stand; but then there are others so very kind to me, that they carry me in their arms, to the rooms where worship is to be performed.' O how delightful it is to find such evidences of kindness in this desolate place." One very aged woman in this ward, who was dying, said:—"God has taught me from my youth, he has kept, and provided for me, to old age; and I am the least deserving of all his creatures. But '*I know that my Redeemer liveth*,' he is still faithful and kind. My greatest burden is, that my love and gratitude to him are so very cold."

Wednesday, 8th. Mr. Stanford spent several hours in one of the men's wards at the Alms-House. There was, in the minds of several persons, a great concern for salvation.

That Mr. Stanford's labours among the poor and wretched of our city was a work of pure benevolence, rather than the dull routine of prescribed duties, may be inferred from the fact, that he omitted no means of promoting, at once their temporal and their eternal interests. The following extract from his diary is so truly characteristic, that we shall give it in his own words.

"Monday, November 11th. Attended the Bridewell. A new keeper having taken charge of the establishment, I found it necessary to offer him some advice, as to the means of preserving the cleanliness and health of the prisoners, by appropriating a room for the sick, &c. These suggestions he received with pleasure, and promised to adopt them. As this new keeper and myself, have made an agreement to assist each other in our respective duties, I hope the Lord will enable us materially to improve the criminal department."

"Tuesday, 28th. Attended a miserable woman in Bridewell, sick with the small-pox. She having no other bed than the hard floor, I thought it a duty to go to the Alms-House myself, and provide her with bed and bedding."

"Friday, December 1st. Went to Reed-street to see a man sent out of the hospital as incurable. I think I shall have reason to rejoice in this man's salvation."

"Lord's day, 3d. Preached four times. Morning at the City-Hospital and State-Prison. Visited the sick. Afternoon, again at the State-Prison. More than usual satisfaction in this service, which appears to have been useful to one of the principal officers of the institutions. Attended a funeral. Evening preached at the Alms-House; and afterwards went to the upper ward of the house to pray with two dying persons."

"Monday, 4th. Mr. Sheriff Bell accompanied me

to the Bridewell to take charge of two of the unhappy men, under sentence of death."

"Thursday, 28th. Morning, attended my usual service in the Orphan Asylum; afterwards preached in the State-Prison, and visited the sick. To-day eighteen down with the small-pox."

On the following morning he went to the City-Hospital, where, in one of the wards, he found a little group of patients, reading, and conversing about the Bible. Some of them were under serious impressions of mind; and to several, the word of God had become the word of life. Here he remarks:—"I found great encouragement when I heard that the Lord had blessed my feeble efforts to their instruction and comfort; and in the most tender and faithful manner of which I was capable, I exhorted them to cleave unto the Lord; and left them with prayer." He found a similar state of things in the Alms-House; many of the poor occupants appeared unusually desirous of instruction, and entreated him to pray for their souls. Amongst them there was a Mrs. C——, aged seventy-three. She was a native of Holland, but had resided many years in America. A variety of adverse providences had reduced her from affluence to poverty; but of her it might truly be said, she is "rich in faith." Her heart seemed to be filled with the love of Christ; and amid all the infirmities and pains of old age, she was patiently waiting for the coming of the Lord.

On the Tuesday following, he visited eight wards in the City-Hospital. Among the patients he found two men under very serious impressions of mind; and one in particular had obtained a scriptural view of Christ, and the way of salvation through his blood. The usual evening lecture in the Alms-House was in a peculiar manner blessed to the souls of the people.

ANOTHER GOOD DAY'S WORK. Thursday, 29th.

Early in the morning he visited a dying woman at Greenwich. Afterwards performed his usual service in the Magdalen-House, at which some of the managers were present. Immediately after this he walked to the United States Military-Hospital, conversed with the sick soldiers, individually; and then, taking his stand in the door so that he might be heard in the adjoining rooms, he preached a sermon. Having an hour to spare before dinner, he visited the sick in the hospital of Colonel Colden's regiment, and offered prayer. In the afternoon he delivered two sermons in the State-Prison, and visited the sick. After this, he walked home, a distance of nearly two miles, grateful for so many mercies, and earnestly imploring the blessing of God upon the labours of the day.

The day following he preached *five sermons*, in the State-Prison, Hospital, and Alms-House, and visited the sick in three different rooms in Bridewell; where, he says, "I never knew so many sick at one time, in this place of confinement." In one of them there were ten black women, all of them down with typhus fever. The room was extremely offensive, and the groans and cries of these miserable creatures were so piercing, that it was with difficulty he could sufficiently compose his mind to perform the duty of prayer. They were indeed very sick; but it is to be lamented, that none appeared sick of sin, or were willing to hear of a heavenly physician. So true is it, "*I kill, and I make alive.*" God must wound the soul, or it will never seek a cure.

Tuesday, the 11th, he made his usual visit to the City-Hospital. "Among the patients," he says, "I picked up a man who had tried to be a deist, but now his conscience would not let him. Almost deprived of his sight, he stood, and with much earnestness listened while I explained to him the evidences of the divinity of the adorable Saviour."

Wednesday, 19th. In the morning he again visited

the old Alms-House, and prayed with the sick and dying in several rooms. By particular request, he rode to Bellevue, where the new Alms-House was then being erected, in one of the outer buildings of which, a number of sick soldiers were placed; among whom he found the man he was requested to visit. This unfortunate individual had been shot, by the accidental discharge of a musket, loaded with two bullets. He was composed in mind, and no stranger to the grace of God. To him, therefore, the visit of a clergyman could not be otherwise than agreeable; and after conversation and prayer, he expressed his unfeigned gratitude.

Thursday, 20th. "This day," says Mr. Stanford, "I enter my sixtieth year. I was assisted to indulge some serious reflections on the mercy and goodness of God to me, the most unworthy of his creatures, and to offer myself in prayer at the throne of the Lord, for any future services which the Saviour may require. Preached four times this day, and made an agreeable visit to the sick soldiers of Colonel Colden's regiment."

Friday, 21st. Early in the morning he rode to Bellevue to visit the soldiers, and particularly the man who had been so severely wounded. The bullets having been extracted, he gradually recovered, and lived to praise God for his sparing mercy.

Lord's day, 23d. On invitation of General Mapes, Mr. Stanford preached to his regiment, in a field near the East-River. Afternoon to the church in Fayette-street, and in the evening to a large assembly in the Alms-House.

Thursday, November 2d. In the morning he visited a poor sick woman in his neighbourhood. Although his more immediate duties in the public institutions rendered it extremely difficult for him to visit out-door patients of any description, yet when they were poor, and not attached to any particular congregation,

we find him always willing to attend them; and it appears that his visit to this poor dying creature, was not in vain in the Lord. From this chamber of affliction, he walked to the Magdalen-House, and at ten o'clock delivered a discourse to a number of attentive females. At twelve o'clock he preached in the United States Military-Hospital, and afterwards visited the sick in Colonel Colden's camp. The afternoon was spent in the State-Prison, visiting the sick, and preaching two sermons, in different parts of the building; after which he walked home, and retired into his chamber to praise God for the mercies of the day.

Lord's day, November 6th. At eight o'olock in the morning, he preached in the City-Hospital, and at ten in the State-Prison chapel. This being the season when the governor of the state usually confers a pardon upon such of the prisoners as are recommended to his clemency, Mr. Stanford gave a discourse to the criminals at two o'clock in the afternoon, on Jeremiah's deliverance from the dungeon; and closed the day with his accustomed services in the Alms-House.

Lord's day, 13th. In the morning, he preached at the City-Hospital, and in the State-Prison chapel. Returned immediately to the City-Hospital, for the purpose of visiting two dying men who were earnestly concerned for their salvation. In the afternoon he preached in the chapel in the Debtor's-Prison, and in the evening to a large company in the Alms-House. "This," he says, "was a day of mercy and loving-kindness from the Lord, especially in the State-Prison. It was observed by the visitors in the gallery, that a number of the prisoners were in tears. The subject was—'*The last enemy that shall be destroyed, is death.*'"

Thursday, 24th. This day, though very unwell, he walked to, and from Greenwich; visited the sick, and

preached *four times*. In the State-Prison he had the satisfaction to hear, that J. D—— informed the head keeper, that eighteen months ago the Lord had blessed one of Mr. Stanford's discourses, as a means of guiding him to the Saviour. This prisoner had been the head gardener, conducted himself with propriety, and died trusting in the Lord Jesus. Such instances of mercy to the miserable, demand the most devout gratitude, and form strong encouragement for persevering in the good work of the Lord.

Wednesday, December 1st. This day he visited *twelve wards* in the Alms-House. He found several of the paupers near death; some of them insensible to their situation, and others praying and hoping for mercy. One very aged person, who had seen days of affluence, was rejoicing in the hope of eternal life through Christ, and waiting for the coming of the Lord. Another poor creature was in great agony for the salvation of her soul.

Tuesday, 7th. Mr. Stanford walked to the Magdalen-House, in company with some of the managers, and performed divine service. He then visited the United States Military-Hospital, and after sermon conversed with a sick soldier, only eighteen years of age. This youth was under very strong convictions of his sinfulness, and need of a Saviour to prepare him to meet death. While prayer was offered for him, he shed many tears, and it is hoped that in the Lord he found mercy and peace. In the hospital of the State-Prison he found two criminals earnestly engaged for the salvation of their souls. After the labours of the day, he remarks:—"As I walked home, I was assisted sweetly to rejoice in the Lord my Saviour."

On the first Monday in January, 1816, though much enfeebled by the labours of the preceding Sabbath, he performed the mournful service of preaching a funeral sermon on the death of his long-tried friend,

Elijah Hunter, Esq. The text was, "*I have finished my course.*" Although this is one of Mr. Stanford's ablest productions, yet, like many other excellent sermons, essays, &c. must be omitted, to prevent this volume from swelling beyond the prescribed dimensions.

On Wednesday, the 10th, he performed his usual services in the Alms-House; and in the afternoon attended the Bridewell, in company with the sheriff, at which time the parents and relatives were permitted to converse with two coloured men, who were under sentence of death. The meeting was truly affecting. So great was the interest which he felt in their case, that he considered it a duty to postpone his visits to the other public institutions, and, during the four days prior to their execution, to devote the whole of his time to promote the interests of their souls.

The following statement presents another instance of his indefatigable labours, as the minister of the poor.

On Thursday, the 25th, he walked to the Orphan-Asylum, and heard two classes recite. Presented to each of the monitors a grammar, with which they were highly pleased. He then delivered an address on the death of a pious child; after which, he walked to the State-Prison, and preached two sermons; then visited the sick, and walked home; but so much fatigued, as to be incapable of doing any thing in the evening. The dawn of the following day found him again at his post, in the active discharge of his duties.

For his constant and faithful labours in the Orphan-Asylum, he received the following letter of thanks from the directresses of that institution.

"REV. SIR,

"The Board of Directresses of the Orphan-Asylum, sensible of your active benevolence in promoting the

interests of their institution, have requested me to express, the warm acknowledgments of their gratitude.

" Your unwearied attention to the improvement of the children under their charge, in that knowledge which '*maketh wise unto salvation*,' and your continual efforts to extend the usefulness of their Asylum, are duly appreciated; and they sincerely hope, your excellent advice may be so cherished by the orphans, that it may be the means of reclaiming the vicious, of preserving sound principles, and of making their future lives, useful and happy.

" The address you delivered before their orphans, on occasion of the late afflictive event in Philadelphia, when the Orphan Asylum in that city was destroyed by fire, the board are desirous should be published; and they beg you will allow them to defray the expense.

" I remain, Rev. Sir,

" With sentiments of great respect, your's,

" SUSANNA ONDERDONK, *Cor. Sec'ry.*"

The following is a letter from the Hon. Richard Stanford, to our venerable friend.

" *Washington City, February* 19, 1816.

" DEAR SIR,

" Our mutual friend, General J. Swift, being here, I use the opportunity, by him, to make to you my grateful acknowledgments for your favour of last summer, by the Rev. Dr. Allison, with the several presents to my family accompanying it. They all reached my family since I left home, and Mrs. Stanford has transmitted to me your letter, enjoining it upon me, when I should write you, not to forget the tender of her particular respects and remembrance.

" By the General, I have also sent you a small pocket Bible, which I must request you to accept, as

the memento of my regard, and sincerest best wishes in your behalf, that you may enjoy the peace it promises, and the happiness it insures. As it was, you know, the *first promise and gift* of God to estranged, fallen man, so then let it be, between us, a remembrance, always to teach us, though strangers upon the earth, how we may become fellow-citizens in heaven.

"I can only further add, that I continue to be blessed with tolerable health, and feel that I ought to be more thankful than I am, for blessings bestowed on me and mine.

"Believe me to be, my dear Sir,

"With the greatest regard and respect,

"Always your obedient humble servant,

"R. STANFORD."*

Mr. Stanford commenced his diary for March, 1816, with the following remarks.

"Lord's day. Began this month with more than usual engagedness of heart, to walk with God, and to be more useful to my several congregations."

The subjoined extracts, will show, that his zeal did not evaporate in the heat of a mere experiment.

"Tuesday, 12th. Took my usual rounds in the City-Hospital, and found the coloured people very desirous to learn to read, and I hope I shall be able to establish three schools amongst them."

Wednesday, 13th, he visited nine rooms in the Alms-House, and prayed in eight; in one of which he

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* The Hon. RICHARD STANFORD died at his lodgings in George-Town, on the 9th of April, 1820. He was at the time of his decease, a representative in Congress from the State of North-Carolina, aged 47 years. His complaint was the erysipelas, originating, it is believed, in a common cold. He had been a member of the House of Representatives for near twenty years, and was, at the time of his death, the oldest member of the house. In private life, he was universally esteemed and respected, as an upright man, and a highly useful member of society. From respect to his memory, Congress adjourned for two days, and all the members of both houses attended his funeral.

found many persons in dying circumstances, to whom he preached the word of life.

Monday, the 29th, Mr. Stanford opened the chapel of the new Alms-House, by preaching a sermon from Psalm ix. 18.

The following article, describing that interesting occasion, is taken from the Commercial Advertiser for April 30.

"I was yesterday present at the opening and consecration of the elegant chapel of the new Alms-House, at Bellevue, and I think I never saw so solemn and interesting a scene in the whole course of my life. The religious ceremonies were performed by the Rev. and venerable Mr. Stanford, the chaplain, who delivered a very eloquent and impressive discourse from the words—'*For the needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.*' He incorporated with his discourse, a brief view of the rise and progress of humane institutions in this city, particularly of the establishment which this extensive building is designed to continue. The congregation assembled on this occasion were very respectable; and besides the honourable the Corporation, I noticed some of our first characters, and many strangers of distinction. It is sincerely to be wished, that the sermon should appear in print, as it will be read with very great interest."

This discourse was printed by order of the Corporation. The subjoined note is an extract, containing an abridged account of the places provided at different periods, for the poor of the city, which, it is hoped, will not be without interest to the readers of this volume. It would seem to be peculiarly desirable, while writing the memoir of the man, who was emphatically the minister of Christ, to the poor of New-York, at the same time, to give a succinct history of the institutions in which, with so much zeal and success, he continued for many years to labour.

This it was the original design of the writer to have furnished, from the ample materials provided, in a manuscript volume prepared by Mr. S. and presented to the Common Council. It is to be regretted, that notwithstanding the most diligent search, assisted by the late mayor, Walter Bowne, Esq. and others, we have been unable to find this valuable book, which, by means that remain involved in mystery, has been abstracted from the archives of the city.*

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* "In proportion as the light of the gospel has been diffused through our land, the history of the poor has become increasingly interesting. Searching the public records of this city, we find that under the old administration, the number of its inhabitants, in 1699, amounted to six thousand souls. The poor, at this early period, received partial relief in their own habitations, or lodgings were provided for them by the Vestry. Johannes De Peyster, Esq. was then mayor. In 1707, greater attention was paid to the indigent. Every person provided with food and clothing wore a badge upon the sleeve, formed of the letters N. Y. in blue or red cloth. As population increased, certain persons of humanity and opulence, in 1714, presented a well written petition to Robert Lurting, Esq. the mayor, and to the Corporation, on the utility of erecting a substantial building for the reception of various classes of poor, and as a house of correction. Whereupon Messrs. Roome, Bayard, Fell, and Burger, who were aldermen, with three other gentlemen, were appointed a committee to select a suitable piece of ground, and to purchase materials for the purpose. They, eventually, chose a spot, then called the Vineyard; the very place on which now stands our City-Hall. The house erected was sixty-five feet by twenty-four, two stories high, with good cellar apartments. The front room to the right, was appropriated to the use of the superintendent; the first of whom was John Seabring. The upper room, on the west side, was used as an infirmary; the first physician of which was Dr. John Van Buren, grandfather of the present Dr. Van Buren, of this city; who held his office thirty years. His salary was one hundred pounds a year; out of which he found his own medicines. Trustees, by an annual election, were appointed to the institution, who regularly met once a week. The description of persons received to this house were—the indigent poor, the sick, the orphan, the maniac, and the refractory. This house for the poor, was supported out of what was then called the Minister's Fund, a small tax upon the inhabitants, and by voluntary contributions, which sometimes were very liberal. Besides, the clergy of this city benevolently took their turn, weekly, in preaching the gospel to the poor.

"When the war commenced between England and America, in the year 1776, it became necessary to remove the poor, first to West-Chester, and afterwards to Poughkeepsie, under the charge of Mr. John Forbes. During the war, however, the poor and the refractory were received into the Alms-House, then under the care of Mr. William Littlewood; who was permitted to draw king's rations for nine months, to support the

In his diary for the month of May, he says:—"Two of my sick patients in the village died yesterday, in

poor. After this, the Corporation appointed Samuel Bell, Esq. grandfather to the present deputy sheriff, Mr. James Bell, to the office of superintendent of the establishment.—In consequence of the destructive fire which took place in this city on the 21st September, 1776; three hundred destitute persons were received into this institution.

"On the establishment of the Independence of America, Christian benevolence to the poor assumed still more cheering features. The poor who were fostered in Poughkeepsie, returned to the city under the superintendence of Mr. Samuel Dodge. Several out buildings were soon erected on the premises, to make the Alms-House more commodious.

"The increase of population, and the great influx of emigrants from various parts of Europe, so exceedingly added to the number of the poor, that it became indispensably necessary to erect a more commodious Alms-House, in Chamber-street; while, at the same time, the old site left a favourable space for erecting the present City-Hall. This house is of brick, two hundred and sixty feet by forty-four; with two projections in front, of fifteen by thirty. Possession of this establishment was taken in 1795.

"From the more opulent and benevolent part of the community, about this period, a spirit of philanthropy began still more eminently to appear in favour of the needy and the destitute. For these purposes, various societies have been successively established—here are public charity schools for indigent children—the widow, with small children, are fostered by a society of females—by another, clothing is provided for the naked—by a provident society, the imprisoned debtors, and other necessitous persons, are supplied with refreshments—aged widows, who once saw better days, are aided with necessary comforts to alleviate their sorrows while closing the period of life—here, too, as one of the brightest ornaments of our city, exists an asylum for helpless orphans, where they are tenderly fostered, and receive such education and religious instruction as promises the greatest advantage to the children, and to the general community. While these several acts of benevolence are honourable to human nature and to our citizens, all must confess that they are the fruit of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which we so plentifully enjoy.

"For wise purposes, and combining a greater number of objects, the Corporation of our city have erected this establishment at Bellevue—the *chapel* of which, we this day open for divine worship, is sixty by forty-five feet, and thirty in height, with three spacious galleries, the whole finished with great neatness. The first stone of this building was laid August 1, 1811, by the Honourable De Witt Clinton, mayor of the city. The premises, at present, occupy about seventeen acres of ground The building itself is three hundred and twenty feet by fifty; with two wings, one hundred by fifty feet. Two hospitals are in the rear, seventy-five by twenty-five feet, three stories high. A penitentiary is also erected for the confinement of those who have committed petit larceny; likewise a spacious work-shop, two hundred feet by twenty-five. To these extensive buildings will be added separate schools for the male and female children, to receive a plain education, and religious instruction; in hope, that by the blessing of God they may become useful citizens.

perfect resignation to the Lord Jesus, so that my labours are not altogether in vain, however truly unworthy I am."

Friday, the 14th, he went to the new Alms-House, visited *thirty rooms*, and offered prayer in more than half of them. "In this service," he says, "I found much communion with my Lord. Carried four Bibles, and some tracts for the prisoners in the Penitentiary. This to me was a refreshing day's work. Praise the Lord!"

August 18th. This day Mr. Stanford was assisted to preach with unusual satisfaction at the Alms-House, where he was informed, that the gospel preached on the preceding Lord's day, had been blessed to three young lads, who, while breaking the Sabbath, had strolled into the place. After this they came regularly to hear him, until they made a public profession of religion, and became members of different churches in this city. In the morning a young Jew came to hear the gospel, and was very attentive. After service he shook hands with Mr. S. and accompanied him to the State-Prison chapel, in which he preached at three o'clock in the afternoon. At five, he again preached at the Debtor's-Prison; and at half-past seven, in the Mulberry-street church.

On the 16th of October, he walked to the State-Prison, where he preached two sermons in the chapel, and after visiting the sick, he received the following

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"Several years since, I had the pleasure of presenting to the honourable the Corporation, a plan for establishing an asylum for vagrant youth. Many of this description, for a great length of time, apparently without parents or friends to foster their tender years, have infested our streets, markets, and wharves; too frequently committing depredations on the public, and ruining themselves. And, it is a fact, that for the want of such an asylum, there are now many criminal children consigned to the State-Prison. It would, indeed, be a luxury to my heart, to live and see an asylum of this description, in which such young unfortunates might be rescued from vice, inured to habits of industry, and receive such education as may render them useful to the public."

letter, signed by fifteen prisoners, who had become anxious about the salvation of their souls.

"SIR,

"Convinced, that you desire to assist those who are willing to assist themselves in the important duties of religion, I am induced by the request of a number of my fellow-prisoners, to solicit the aid of your influence with the authority of this prison, (in case it is not contrary to its regulation,) to let us have a room to ourselves, as there are fifteen of us, who wish to spend our evenings in reading the *Holy Scriptures*, and other religious books for our mutual edification; and in prayer to that GOD whom we have so grievously offended. The reason of this request is, that we may be of service to each other in our united researches, and that we may be more quiet and undisturbed than we can be in the other rooms. We can assure you, *Rev. Sir*, that it is not for any ostentatious or hypocritical show, or that we may obtain favours of men, but that we may obtain the more desired favour, the forgiveness of *God*, through the mediation of a crucified *Saviour*, to the salvation of our souls."

The following letter will furnish an additional evidence of the favourable views, which enlightened men, entertained respecting the services of Mr. Stanford.

From Governor Tompkins to Mr. Stanford.

"*Castleton, Staten-Island, October* 31, 1816.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,

"Exceedingly do I regret that any cause should have deprived me of your contemplated visit, as I can assure you it would have given me sincere pleasure to have seen you here.

"Do not continue to withhold from me your obser-

vations on conditional pardons. That subject has lately occupied my mind much; and I have thought that conditions of a totally different kind, might, with more propriety and effect be substituted for those now inserted in pardons.

"I acknowledge a repetition of your friendly attention, in the grateful acceptance of two additional copies of your sermon; and return, with my thanks, an assurance of high personal regard and esteem.

"DANIEL D. TOMPKINS."

Upon the subject above referred to, Mr. S. presented an able document to the Legislature, entitled, "Observations on Conditional Pardons granted by the Executive, to Criminals in the State-Prison of New-York.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. STANFORD BEGINS THE YEAR WITH ACTIVE EXERTIONS TO ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF TRUTH—INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT MONROE—DESCRIPTION OF THE STATE-PRISON —LETTER TO GOVERNOR CLINTON—HIS REPLY.

On the 7th of February, 1817, Mr. Stanford visited the hospital in the New Alms-House, and afterward went into the Penitentiary adjoining, to organize a school for the instruction of the more ignorant amongst the miserable inmates. In the main building he established a singing school, which became very popular, not only as a means of adding to the information, and interesting the minds of the children; but, by contributing to the improvement of the sacred music in the chapel.

March 2d. "Last evening" says Mr. S. "myself and family were much alarmed by a person who secreted himself in the house, no doubt for the purpose of plunder; and was discovered only by a singular Providence." As the intruder was making his escape, a person present endeavoured to seize him, but Mr. S. with his usual facetiousness, said, "Let the poor fellow go, he is perhaps one of my *Greenwich* (State-Prison) congregation, and I shall no doubt meet him again, where we may talk this matter over at our leisure."

In the month of June, Mr. S. visited Mr. Monroe, the president of the United States, then on his way to the eastern states; and invited him to inspect the institutions under his care. The invitation was cordially accepted, and the president, attended by many gentlemen of distinction, accompanied the venerable

chaplain to the State-Prison, the Orphan-Asylum, and Alms-House at Bellevue, and was pleased to express his great pleasure in witnessing the perfect order of the several schools, and the evident moral improvement of those committed to Mr. Stanford's charge.

Upon this point, it may not be uninteresting to quote the words of those, whose means of information, and personal observation, enable them to give a correct opinion. The selection in this instance is, in part, from a document printed by order of the governors of the New-York State-Prison.

"*Schools.*—Among the convicts, there are always some men of handsome literary acquirements. In the winter season, the most capable of these are employed in teaching the boys, and such uneducated men, whose conduct since their imprisonment has been unexceptionable, in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

"Their improvement has in many instances surpassed expectation, and much good, it is believed, has resulted from this arrangement."

As early as the year 1815, Mr. Stanford had organized seven schools in this institution, in which were taught, not merely the elementary branches of an English education, but, in some instances, Latin and the mathematics.

For the benefit particularly of the youth, Mr. S. composed an evangelical Catechism, which was printed by order of the Inspectors. In this, amongst other studies, they were examined once every month. This duty was generally performed in the chapel, and in the presence of the head keeper, and such visitors as might choose to be present. "The last examination," says Mr. S. "was truly solemn and interesting. The number of youth present, from the age of eleven to fifteen, was SIXTY-SEVEN." Many unfortunate young persons, who enter within the walls of this

gloomy place, are totally ignorant of letters; but, through the blessing of God, upon the efforts of their teachers, they go away with a good education. These schools are open only in the evening, so that there is no interruption of their daily labour.

"*Worship.*—The apartment appropriated for Christian worship is a fine airy room, and will contain about six hundred persons. Every Sunday the chapel is opened for divine service. The Rev. John Stanford is the chaplain. During worship the general deportment of the convicts is decent and correct: many of them join in prayers and in singing, with apparent zeal and devotedness to religious exercise; and fond hopes are entertained, that a perseverance in this course will have a lasting and salutary effect on many, after the period of their confinement shall have expired.

"Much credit is due to the chaplain for his unwearied and persevering exertions in procuring for the prisoners the advantages which a regular performance of divine worship is calculated to afford. And not only to the convicts are these advantages extended: the neighbourhood also partake of them, many persons in the vicinity being in the constant practice of attending worship in the prison. To the same exertions the school establishment in this penitentiary is also greatly indebted. In fine, the indefatigable zeal of the Rev. Mr. Stanford in attempting to better the temporal state of the convicts, and to promote their eternal welfare, is deserving much commendation."

To show, that literary and moral instruction was not bestowed in vain upon the miserable inmates of the State-Prison, we shall present a few additional instances of convicts, who have died in the Prison, triumphing in the hope of a blissful immortality, through the atoning blood of the Lamb.

While any instance of a sinner's repentance cre-

ates joy among the angels in heaven, it is equally a cause of exultation and praise in the Church of God upon the earth. But when we penetrate the gloom of a prison, and see the hardened criminal, in his chains, bowing his obdurate soul to the sceptre of mercy, his heart and mind experiencing a change, the very reverse of his former character, we may justly exclaim, "*Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?*"

The hearts of all unconverted men, are estranged from God; and nothing short of the power of the Holy Spirit can regenerate and reconcile the sinner to God. When, therefore, we behold those who have long been familiar with crime, who have gloried in the bondage of Satan, and whose habits, like fetters and chains, have been so strongly rivetted as to outbrave the frown of public reprobation; when such are reclaimed and brought to abhor their former character, to love and obey the adorable Saviour, and to devote every power of their souls to God, we do then witness a triumph over the powers of darkness, which the gospel of Christ, alone has power to achieve.

The conversion of H—— T——.

"This man," says Mr. S. "had been confined in the hospital of the prison several weeks by a severe fever; and although I had conversed with him often, I could get no information which indicated penitence, until this day. 'You know not, Sir, what a vile sinner I have been. All my days, I have been working against God, and now, how glad I should be to work for him. I wish he would work upon my miserably hard heart, but I have little expectation that he will do it.' 'How long is it since you first had these impressions of mind?' 'About nine months: but I have kept them to myself. I did not like to speak to you; and my fellow-prisoners would only laugh at me.' 'Do you now feel the importance of receiving the salvation of the Lord?' 'O

yes, Sir, that I do, for if God does not save me, I must die a miserable sinner!' He fainted. On reviving, he said:—'I do suppose I must soon die; I cannot live long; I have nothing to ask but mercy from God, but I have been so wicked I do not expect it. O Lord, help, help me!' I assured him that he could not possibly feel too sensible of his sinful condition; on the contrary, the more humble and penitent, the more welcome would he be at the throne of mercy. Of course I explained to him the unbounded ability of Jesus Christ to save the chief of sinners, and that the Spirit of God could enlighten his mind, and give him faith to rest upon the promises of the gospel. To this he replied:—'I have been driven by my sins to so great a distance from God, and I am so ignorant, that I know not how to go to him. I pray as well as I can, but I fear nothing will do.' My visits were frequently repeated, and I found him very urgent for instruction. The other prisoners informed me, that he was constant in prayer.

"After sermon on the Lord's day morning, I was informed that his disorder had taken an unfavourable turn, and that there was very little expectation of his recovery. He said, 'Mr. Stanford, I have earnestly desired to see you; I think I view things in a different light now. Every day I feel more and more that I am a guilty wretch. But still God gave his Son, and Christ died to save—God gives promise to penitents—God knows that I am one, and I pray that I may be saved. But, O Sir, I want to feel it before I die.'

"On my next visit he was very low indeed, but his mind was tranquil. I said, 'I hope I find you better?' 'I think I grow worse.' 'How do you find your mind?' 'Very different to what it was when you were here last. I now feel reconciled to God, and cast myself into the hands of my Saviour Jesus Christ.' 'Did you ever enjoy such satisfaction before?' 'Sir, I never did. I always stifled the convictions of my

conscience, and despised religion. I have been very wicked, but the mercy of God is great to me beyond measure; none but God could have produced such a change in my wicked mind. I now have hope that God will not cast me away, though I deserve it.' The next day he died, trusting in the mercy of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Hoping that the Lord would bless his word to the relief of those who witnessed this impressive scene, I delivered a discourse, in the hall, from Nehemiah v. 19 —'*Think upon me, my God, for good,*' which they might all hear in their respective rooms. After which, the following lines were sung:—

'When with life's heavy load oppress'd,
I bend the trembling knee,
Then give my suffering spirit rest,
Dear Lord, remember me!

'O! let me on the bed of death,
Thy great salvation see,
And cry with my expiring breath,
Dear Lord, remember me!'"

On Wednesday, the 16th, after examining the children, and delivering a discourse in the Orphan-Asylum, Mr. S. preached in the State-Prison; and received the delightful information, that it had pleased God to bless his conversation with a sick woman in the Alms-House; who, shortly after her removal to the house of a friend, died, triumphing in the grace of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Wednesday, December 10th. Mr. S. remarks, "I performed my usual services at the Orphan-Asylum and State-Prison. A prisoner expressed his gratitude that the Lord had reached his heart, by the word and power of his grace."

"What deep obligations am I under to my blessed Lord, for his forbearance and goodness to me during another year! Although in my sixty-third year, he

has enabled me to labour far beyond my most sanguine expectations. And as the Lord has, during the year, been pleased to bless my feeble services to the benefit of many of the poor and wretched, the whole of the praise I give to his glory, and rest myself, as the most unworthy of all, upon the pure mercy of God in Christ. Amen."

Mr. Stanford preached four times on the second Lord's day in February, 1818; but on Monday morning following, while preparing a discourse for the Bridewell in the afternoon, and finishing a long communication to Governor Clinton, on the subject of prisons, he was suddenly prostrated by a paralysis of his whole person, and although the best medical aid was instantly afforded him, yet his recovery was for several days, very doubtful. On Friday evening his mental faculties resumed their functions, and, as he opened his eyes, he began to repeat the 23d Psalm—"*The Lord is my Shepherd*," *&c.* In a few weeks he was so far restored, as to be able again to write to the Governor of the state, concerning a man under sentence of death. During his confinement, he also prepared a Catechism for the use of the schools in the Alms-House.

The following extract from Governor Clinton's letter, acknowledging the receipt of the document just referred to, will show the opinion which that great statesman and profound scholar entertained of the talents and usefulness of our venerable friend.

"*Albany, March* 15*th*, 1818.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I received your paper on prisons, and conceive it a very judicious one, founded on accurate observation, and a deep insight into human nature.

"In presenting my thanks for this offering to the public good, I cannot withhold the expression of my regret for the illness you have experienced. That

a life so useful may be prolonged and rendered more and more beneficial, is the sincere wish of

"Your devoted friend,

"DE WITT CLINTON."

On Friday, the 20th March, after visiting the sick in the Hospital at Bellevue, and attending more wards than common, he preached in the Penitentiary, at two P.M. After service he went to see a dying female prisoner. She was in a most distressed state of mind. Her cries for mercy were truly affecting. While Mr. S. prayed, most of the females around her were in tears. After this, he says, "I examined the school, and on my return home stopped at the City-Hospital to visit and pray with four dying patients.',

"Lord's day, April 26th. This to me was one of the most painful Sabbaths I ever experienced. The paralysis with which I have been afflicted, affected my brain to such a degree as to prevent all study yesterday, and yet I have had to preach *five* times. In the morning I had more the sensations of dying than living; yet I enjoyed strong confidence in my God."

On the 22d of July Mr. S. received a certificate of membership in the "Philadelphia Society for alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons."

Tuesday, the 18th of August, he visited the City-Hospital. Ward No. 14, is chiefly occupied by Roman Catholics. In the corner, lay a patient who once was a professor of religion. As the spokesman of his wicked companions, he asked Mr. S. several questions. Among others was this—When Christ said to Peter, '*upon this rock will I build my church*,' did he mean Peter or himself? To which Mr. S. replied: "He surely could not mean Peter, for, in his self-confidence he more resembled a *sandbank* than a rock. He denied his Lord, and would, but for the grace of God, have been equally capable of denying the church

It is happy for us, therefore, that we have Christ, the rock eternal, on which to build our hopes."

ANOTHER DAY OF HOLY TOIL. Lord's day, the 23d. In the morning Mr. S. preached twice at the City-Hospital, then rode to Bellevue, and preached twice in the chapel. Immediately after this he rode to the "Swamp Church," and preached. These *five sermons* were delivered between half-past eight in the morning and five in the afternoon.

The following highly interesting letter is from the brother of the universally beloved, and much lamented Rev. Benjamin Mortimer, late of this city.

"*Hernhut, September 5th*, 1818.

"REV SIR,

"Bishop Reichel has delivered to me your valuable present of the Domestic Chaplain, and other pieces. The book I have read repeatedly with much pleasure and edification, and I sincerely render you my thanks for it. As for your "*Humane and Criminal Institutions*," you seem to think, that similar societies may be formed in this country. But such voluntary societies are quite unknown in this country, and indeed on the whole continent of Europe. They thrive only in England and America. It is a *wonder* that *Bible Societies* have been established; it would never have been possible, had not the parent society held out the hope of pecuniary aid. And even with this encouragement they could not be established without the approbation of government. The kings of Saxony, Prussia, Wurtemberg, and other princes, have signified their approbation; but in the *Austrian and Bavarian Dominions, no Bible Societies can exist, because*, GOVERNMENT HAS FORBIDDEN THEM. You see here the difference between *liberty* and *despotism*. It is, however, amusing to observe with what success the *smuggling* of Bibles goes on in those hostile regions. Bishop Reichel tells me that my brother is much like

me, (we have never seen one another) but he is seventeen years younger than I am. It is now fifty-three years that I am in Germany.

"Yours in the gospel,

"PETER MORTIMER."

On the 9th of the following month Mr. S. visited all the rooms in the front building at Bellevue, thirty-six in number; and though very much fatigued, he preached in the Penitentiary, and afterwards examined the school.

On Wednesday, the 11th of November, he says—"I preached twice in the State-Prison, and enjoyed a most gratifying conversation with one of the convicts, who, since his residence in the prison, has drunk deeply of the cup of salvation." As this is an interesting case, of the conversion of a poor old African we shall subjoin a brief extract, which embraces the narrative.

Conversion of W—— L——.

"This is," says Mr. Stanford, "a very old black man. A native of Guinea. I have frequently, and with great pleasure, conversed with him; his answers were short, pertinent, and impressive. I wish I had taken earlier notes of his conversation. To-day I asked him of his state of mind. In his vernacular dialect, he answered—'Massa parson, my pain be very great. My heart look the Lord Jesus; he only my support. Massa, I no one else to look; he make me patient. Bless you, massa.'

"February 10th. William, how do you do? 'Very well, massa, tank God and you too, massa.' William what is it makes you so comfortable? 'Jese Christ be my Friend and Saviour too, massa. God be very good to me poor creature. I dont want to live; I want to go to heaven, massa.' Dont you know that Christ is the way, the truth, and the life, and that none

come unto the Father but by him?' 'O yes, please you, massa, I know dat, and his way good enough for me, poor creature! I shall be there by-and-by. Den I have no more pain, no more sin, dat be best of all, massa parson. I praise him all de time, neber leave off.'

"When I saw him again he was very low, and all he said to me was—'Massa, when my eyes open, I look to de Almighty, he my hope, he no forsake me. Massa, I hang on him all day long, till night come. And when I wake in de night, de Lord be still very good.'

"March 24th. He died this night exclaiming, 'Now I die!—happy for me die!'"

Tuesday, the 17th, Mr. S. remarks—"I went early to the State-Prison to breakfast with Governor Clinton and other gentlemen, and had much interesting conversation with them on the subject of the public institutions."

The following letter from the Hon. Thomas J. Spicer, is so perfectly coincident with the view of Mr. S. as a philanthropist, which, in this memoir we have attempted to give, that we cannot allow ourselves to omit its insertion.

"*New-Orleans, November 9th*, 1818.

"MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND,

"My inclination has frequently prompted me to do myself this pleasure, but heretofore not having any thing to communicate that could be worthy of your attention, I have remained silent—but now having it in my power to give you an opportunity of indulging yourself in your favourite employment, 'the cause of humanity'—which, although it will be attended with considerable labour, I am confident will meet your most prompt attention.

"Enlightened men have adopted a State Peniten-

tiary, as the most humane mode of punishment, and best calculated to reform the minds of such of our unhappy fellow creatures as have run so long in the broad road of vice, that crimes have been added to their sins, and justice has claimed them as her own; yet with a due regard to her sway, many souls, no doubt, have been saved by a timely repentance, though under the solitary influence of prison walls.

"This has been often realized to me, when I have observed, under your influence, on the Sabbath, the true repentance so visible in the conduct of your too numerous congregation at the New-York State-Prison; and remarked in your weekly visits with what cheerful countenances they met your fatherly advice; and how happy had been the effect of your previous attention to their spiritual concerns; and when I contrast this state of things with the situation of the country in which I have become a citizen, I have been fully impressed, that, under your guidance, I may be enabled to alleviate the situation of the many criminals who daily come under our judicatory control; and also be instrumental in doing a service to the state, by stimulating the judiciary to a more general punishment of crime, and by the establishment of a penitentiary, abolish the degrading punishment of whipping, which punishment I consider only calculated to prostrate the noble mind of man, to the level of the brute creation. For where is the man whose feelings, even if they have become blunted by repeated crimes, does not view, with horrors worse than death, the dreadful punishment of whipping, in the presence of the scum and rabble of a populous city.

"How preferable and how humane would be an establishment on the plan of that in which you officiate in New-York, as its chaplain, and director of the reforming mind; and to view, at a future day, the change from a common dungeon, where the prisoner

becomes more hardened by his confinement and punishment, to a penitentiary established upon so humane a system, where happy effects would equally result to God, the state, and the criminal.

"The population of this country, composed of a heterogenous mass, has caused crime to become familiar to us, and loudly calls for severe punishment on the offenders of the laws of the country; necessity must soon compel the executive to act promptly; at which time our prisons will be insufficient to hold the criminals who may be convicted, and we shall see improper and unnatural punishment resorted to, in order to free the state from the trouble of retaining them in confinement, or shall be compelled to witness the ravages of a race of men who resort to this place, as secure from punishment, and free to violate the laws of God and man with impunity.

"You may discover, by my too brief remarks on this subject, that I am about to request much of you; but when I reflect that future ages will revere your name for the plan of such an institution, I must request that you will, with the least possible delay, forward to me a full and complete plan, with every necessary advice, to enable me, under your direction, to promote the establishment of a Penitentiary for the state of Louisiana.

"To point any thing out to you on the subject would be presumption in me, for among your humane actions and studies I have discovered that this has claimed your particular attention, and I rest assured that I shall be in receipt of every thing necessary for the legislature to act upon during the winter session, which may end on the 1st of March, 1819.

"Please remember me to your amiable family and many friends, and believe me to be,

"Still your willing pupil,

"THOMAS J. SPICER."

The above letter was answered, by forwarding to Mr. Spicer the documents required, including Mr. Stanford's excellent "Memorial on Prisons, addressed to the Legislature of the State of New-York," several years before. This is a valuable paper, full of discriminating and practical remarks, but must be omitted for want of room.

December 2d. Mr. S. walked to the Orphan-Asylum, and gave a discourse, with much satisfaction. Another child died this day, and although only seven years of age, he gave very satisfactory evidence of having obtained converting grace, and died rejoicing in the Lord.

"No tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being, seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O bless'd departed one!

"We rear no marble o'er thy tomb;
No sculptur'd image there shall mourn;
Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom,
Such dwelling to adorn."

CHAPTER XII.

INDEFATIGABLE LABOURS, AND GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT.

TUESDAY, January 26, 1819. Mr. Stanford preached two sermons in the City-Hospital, and afterwards visited all the wards, and had some agreeable conversation with a man whom the Lord had converted from the delusions of the Roman Catholic Church. He said, "O! Sir, I for ever renounce the Church of Rome; now *Jesus* is all my hope; he is my physician for soul and body."—"Heard of the happy death of a magdalen, to whom, for several months, I have administered the gospel; and in the afternoon preached twice in the State-Prison. This was a day of mercies."

Tuesday, February 2d, he went to Bellevue to meet the Corporation on subjects of interest to the Alms-House and Penitentiary; and afterwards visited a sick lady, who informed him, that she and her husband attended a course of his lectures more than twenty-six years before, and that the Lord, through his means, had brought them both to a knowledge of himself.

In the month of August he attended "The Hudson River Association," and opened the session by preaching a sermon from Acts xxviii. 15. He was afterwards unanimously elected as moderator, and presided during the deliberations of this body, with his usual dignity and ability.

Tuesday, the 31st, he visited the two upper wards of the City-Hospital, and preached twice. At four o'clock in the afternoon, by request of the governors and physicians, he performed divine service in the

lunatic department. The unfortunate inmates behaved with the greatest decorum, and the occasion was one of deep interest.*

"Lord's day, September 12th. Began the duties of this day under great conflict of mind. In the morning preached at the City-Hospital. Rode to Bellevue and officiated with some freedom in the chapel, and to the blacks in the Penitentiary. In the afternoon, again in the chapel; and in the presence of the congregation, I examined the children in their catechism, whose answers gave great satisfaction to the assembly."

Monday, the 27th, Mr. S. made several profitable visits to out-door patients, two of whom were near death. One of these, aged about twenty, received her first serious impressions under the ministry of Mr. Stanford, and died in the triumphs of faith.

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* Adjoining the City-Hospital is a considerable building, which, on June 15, 1808, was appropriated for the reception of lunatic patients. A few years after this, it was mentioned to the Governors of the Hospital, that if divine service could be performed, and an instructive, consoling discourse delivered once a week to the more tranquil of the patients, the compassionate Saviour might be pleased to accompany the effort with his blessing. To this recommendation they very cordially acceded, and on the afternoon of August 31st, 1819, the intended service commenced.

About forty of the most composed of the patients were assembled, and several of the governors, the physicians of the house, and the superintendent of the Hospital attended on the occasion. The patients conducted with great propriety, and many, of their own accord, kneeled while prayer was offered, and several expressed their thanks at the close of the service.

To a service of this kind, performed in a Lunatic Asylum, some medical gentlemen have objected, that it had a tendency to discompose the minds, and increase the malady of the patients. Such unfavourable effects may indeed be produced by injudiciously selecting those subjects which are of an alarming and perplexing nature, but the gospel announces the Saviour's power and grace, "*To bind up the broken in heart, and to heal all their wounds.*"

For every affliction to which sinful man is heir, there is a remedy in the gospel of Christ. Luke iv. 18.

"Earth has no sorrow which heaven cannot heal."

So far, therefore, from the gospel being injurious to a lunatic, it *is* heaven's great Catholicon, provided by the great Physician for the disconsolate.

Thursday, 21st. This day Mr. S. visited the Bridewell, and found that Brown, the Catholic, sentenced to be executed on the following day, had rejected his priest, crucifix, beads, &c. and was much concerned for the salvation of his soul.

On the following morning he went to the cell of the condemned man, and preached to him Jesus, the only Saviour of sinners. At twelve o'clock the prisoner's chains were removed, and he was brought into the yard, where, in the presence of a solemn multitude, Mr. Stanford delivered an appropriate address, and prayer; after which the procession moved forward to the place of execution.

In the month of November, Mr. Stanford was unanimously elected a MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE NEW-YORK HOSPITAL. This furnishes another evidence of the high estimation entertained of his private and public character.

"31st. Through divine mercy," says Mr. S. "I have been assisted to preach this month, *fifty-six times*." And at the close of the month following, he remarks—"Amidst hopes and fears, pleasures and pains, the Lord has enabled me to preach *forty-nine sermons*." And again, on the 31st of December—"Thus the Lord hath helped me yet another year, amidst numberless infirmities, and enabled me, during the year just closed, to preach *five hundred and forty-seven times*."

That the public services of Mr. S. were highly appreciated, will appear from the following vote of approbation.

"At a meeting of the Governors of the New-York Hospital, first month, (January) 4th, 1820.

"A report was received from John Stanford. On motion, resolved, that the report be accepted, and that the assiduity and attention of John Stanford to his ardous, religious, and benevolent duties, meets

with the cordial approbation of this Board; and the Secretary is directed to furnish him with a copy of this minute.

"Extract from the minutes,

"THOMAS BUCKLEY, *Secretary.*"

April 14th, 1820. Mr. S. visited, and gave a discourse in the men's hospital at Bellevue. This was an affecting occasion. Criples of almost all ages, from the child of ten, to the hoary head of fourscore years. One man came from the next room, crawling on his hands and knees, having lost both his feet. All were solemn, and some inquired what they must do to be saved. After this he visited and prayed in several wards, in one of which he spent some time in conversation with a pauper, seventy-three years old, who was hardened in sin. A woman, at the great age of ninety-eight years, gave good evidence of her discipleship, and love to Jesus Christ. After visiting the female hospital, he preached in the Penitentiary, and examined the boys in their catechism. Then gave a discourse to the lunatics, and finished the arduous duties of this day, with an examination of the school.

On the 21st, he remarks—"It was gratifying to see with what pleasure my poor people received this day's visit. In every ward, the Bible was put into my hands for reading, and in prayer they were seriously engaged."

August 27th. This day Mr. S. preached no less than six sermons in six different places, to several of which he was under the necessity of walking.

Friday, September 15th. He preached *five times* at Bellevue, and attended two schools, besides visiting and praying with the sick. After this, he rode to the State-Prison to see George Vanderpool, but he had taken wing for heaven.

The following brief extract from the narrative of the life and death of George Vanderpool, is so truly interesting, that we shall present it to the reader.

When criminals, doomed by the laws of their country to an ignominious death, are brought to repentance, and obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, the joy of angels finds its counterpart in the heart of every good man. This was verified in the case of George Vanderpool, a young man of colour, who, with Ishmael Frazer, was, on December 4th, 1815, condemned to be executed for the crime of arson, or, the burning of an inhabited dwelling-house in Washington-street.

From a memorandum which Mr. Stanford received from Vanderpool, in his own hand writing, it appears that he was born free, in the year 1795. His father died when he was eight years of age, and he was kept at school by his mother until he was twelve. His mother was a very pious woman, and made a practice of taking him with her to church. In this habit he continued, until the fatal period when he became the victim of abandoned associates, from whom he learned the demoralizing practice of gambling. This, he confessed, was the principal means of introducing him to a desperate gang of men, in connection with whom he eventually committed the crime for which he was condemned to suffer an ignominious death.

"The day after sentence was passed upon these two criminals," says Mr. S. "the Sheriff accompanied me, to take the ministerial charge of them. The outer-door of the prison which leads to the condemned room being opened, I heard the piercing cries of men, imploring mercy from God. I found them chained to the floor, and their faces greatly distorted by anguish. After the Sheriff had informed them of the intention of my visit, they renewed their lamentations so violently, that it was difficult for me to address them. As I was leaving the room, George wrung

his hands, and with tears gushing from his eyes, exclaimed, 'O that God would have mercy on my soul, then I would willingly die!'

"By soothing advice, in a few days these unfortunate men were able to listen to my admonitions, with a degree of calmness. I folded down two or three pages of scripture, particularly Isaiah i. 18; requesting them to seek the Lord by prayer, to bless his own word to their souls. I likewise gave them a tract on 'The Way of Salvation,' and commended them to the mercy of God.

"Early in the next week, I found the mother of Vanderpool in the Bridewell, waiting to accompany me to visit her son, for the first time since his condemnation. The meeting between them was too affecting for description. The wretched son, covered with shame, and filled with remorse, had scarcely power to embrace his mother. Overwhelmed with grief, he exclaimed:—'My mother, O my mother! pray for my soul!' After such a scene, it was with much difficulty I could compose my mind sufficiently to pray for the prisoners, and the unhappy female.

"On my next visit I found Vanderpool composed, and attentively reading his Bible. With a deep sigh George said, 'Sir, do you think there may be hope of mercy for such a poor wretch as I am?' For his encouragement I explained to him Micah vii. 18, 19, and concluded my visit with prayer.

"At my next visit I was exceedingly gratified to find them both in the exercise of penitence, and reading their Bibles. From conversation, I could not but indulge a hope, that God had shown George the iniquity of his heart.

"At my next visit Vanderpool handed me his Bible, and directed my attention to these words—'*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*' 'This,' said he, 'suits my case.' While the tears were gushing from his eyes,

he exclaimed, 'O that the Saviour would fulfil this promise to me, and give me rest in his mercy, then I would rather die than live, though I must be hung.' His grief was so overwhelming, that I immediately offered a prayer to the Lord, for mercy to the soul of this unhappy young man.

"When I saw him on the following day, Vanderpool said, 'I was reading the account of the death of Christ, and took notice of his mercy to the penitent thief, which encouraged me to pray that the Lord would remember me too.' As soon as George could recover his feelings, he adverted to a sermon I had lent him, preached in the State-Prison, (1815,) on the death of an unfortunate youth; which he said more than any thing else convinced him of the necessity of sincere repentance in the sight of God. I left him with prayer, apparently more sensible than at my former visit.

"The time appointed by the judge for the execution of these two criminals, now drew near. Vanderpool said, 'To-morrow will be my last Sabbath day on earth, and I pray to God, it may be the best day I ever had. O, Sir, come and see us to-morrow. Though I look forward to my execution on Friday, I wonder how it is, I feel so resigned—I am sure it must be from God. I can now with good confidence repeat that text you read to me last week—'*Into thy hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.*' Psalm xxxi. 5. And here I wish to rest. May these be my last words.'

"Before I left the room, Frazer said to me, 'I am more sorry for George than for myself. For he did not attempt to set fire to any place; he did not give any assistance, nor did he take any plunder.'

"Tuesday morning, while I was present, the mothers of these young men came to take their last farewell of their sons. A scene this, which it is equally impossible for me to describe, or ever to forget.

"On Wednesday the high sheriff put into my hand a document, which he had just received from his Excellency Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of the State of New-York, stating, that in the exercise of the pardoning power vested in the executive, he had commuted the sentence of George Vanderpool to confinement in the State-Prison during his natural life. This was in consequence of my communicating to the Governor facts, which demonstrated the difference between the two culprits, and recommending Vanderpool to his clemency. For this result of my exertions to save a human being from death, I shall always feel grateful to God.

"By appointment, I met the Sheriff, with the other officers, at the Bridewell, on the following day, for the purpose of separating Vanderpool from his chains and from his fellow-prisoner. As it was deemed proper not to communicate the good news to him until he could be removed into an adjoining room. It is natural to suppose, that the sudden and unexpected operation of knocking off his chains, threw him into considerable agitation. When conveyed from his cell, he was informed of the Governor's clemency, on condition of perpetual imprisonment, which of course he thankfully accepted. Permission was then granted to him to return to the cell, and take leave of the miserable Frazer—the parting on both sides was extremely affecting. A coach was immediately provided, and without binding the prisoner, either with chains or cords, I accompanied the Sheriff, to lodge the young man within the walls of the State-Prison.

"On the entrance of Vanderpool, he appeared to possess an unusual mixture of feeling. He was humble, thankful, solemn, and devout. From the head keeper and others, he received congratulations on his unexpected escape from death, accompanied with suitable addresses, calculated to increase his gratitude to God, and to teach him the great obligation he was

under, to observe a correct course of conduct, in confinement. And it is but justice to say, that during his residence within the walls of the prison, for four years and nine months, he conducted himself with that propriety, which secured the entire approbation of his keepers, and the good will of all his unfortunate companions. From repeated conversations with him, it appeared evident that his hope in Christ continued to be firm; and that notwithstanding the temptations which surrounded him, it was his constant prayer and only consolation, to walk humbly with God.

"One day, while in the yard with him, he said, 'I cannot forget God's mercy to me when I was in the Bridewell. It was great that he should save my life, but a great deal more that he should save my soul. I cannot forget how resigned I felt; and the hope and peace I had in the Saviour, when I looked for nothing else but to be hung. I often wish I had the same very happy feelings now; but I am thankful that I can still trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"For several months, the health of Vanderpool visibly declined, and finally terminated in consumption. This made it necessary for him to enter the prison hospital, where I had frequent and satisfactory conversations with him.

"On Wednesday, the 12th of September, I found him in bed, very ill, but perceived no symptoms which indicated a speedy dissolution. After some inquiries concerning the state of his mind, he assured me that it was *perfectly composed*. 'That sweet text,' said he, 'that you gave me in the Bridewell, I can still repeat it with confidence—'*Into thy hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.*' I feel submissive to the Lord's will—all my desires are to him.' Then looking at me with a solemn countenance, he said, 'Sir, I am certain that the day before I was to have been executed, I enjoyed so much mercy and peace in my Saviour, that if I had been hung, my soul now would be happy with

my God, in heaven. I encouraged his hope, and comforted his mind, by assuring him that God was ever faithful, and that he had said '*I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*' When, on his request, I had offered a prayer, with his hands clasped, he said—'My God, let this prayer be fulfilled on me.' Late in the evening of this day, George, unexpectedly, and without a groan, sunk into the arms of death, aged twenty-five years. Thus, may we not say—'*Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?*'"

"Now Satan thou hast lost thy aim,
Against this brand thy threats are vain;
Jesus has pluck'd it from the flame,
And who shall put it in again?"—*Newton.*

"Friday, the 1st December. Spent about an hour with Gabriel Hornan, a Jew, born in Poland, aged seventy. He is now convinced of the necessity of embracing Christ as the Messiah."

During the month of August, Mr. Stanford preached *sixty-six sermons.*

December 31st. In this place it may not be improper to state, that from a document now before us, in the hand writing of our venerable friend, it appears, that in the space of fifteen years, in the humane and criminal institutions in our city, he preached an average of FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN sermons each year, or more than nine each week. This fact, if contemplated in connection with his advanced age, and almost innumerable other duties, presents an instance of ministerial zeal and diligence which has few parallels in this or any other country. But even this amount of labour was transcended during the year 1820.

On the last day of this year, he remarks—"Blessed be the name of the Lord my God for his abundant mercy in sparing me another year, and enabling me to preach *six hundred and twenty times*, or, *eleven and a half sermons* each week."

CHAPTER XIII.

BY REQUEST OF THE COMMON COUNCIL, MR. STANFORD AGAIN VISITS THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN NEW-JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA—CONSTITUTION OF THE SOUTH BAPTIST CHURCH—LETTER FROM REV. DR. COX—INDEFATIGABLE LABOURS.

On the 1st of January, 1821, Mr. Stanford remarks:—"I have commenced this year under great depression of mind, yet anxious still further to devote myself to the service of God. Like the prophet of old, while I place the sacrifice upon the altar, the unclean birds of wandering thought attempt to settle upon it, and it is with great difficulty they are driven away. May the Lord make me what he would have me to be, and render my feeble services a blessing to my fellow-creatures."

In the month of May, Mr. S. left home at the particular request of the Common Council of New-York, for the purpose of examining the state of the prisons in New-Jersey and Pennsylvania, and of reporting such facts as in his opinion might be calculated to improve the penitentiary system in this city. To facilitate the objects of his mission, the Mayor of New-York was directed to furnish him with a suitable introduction to the municipal officers of Philadelphia.

A short time after his return, Mr. S. presented to the Corporation, a written report of his mission, which was printed by order of the Common Council. This is a valuable document, and although it would preserve the record of several interesting facts connected with the history of American prisons, we regret that the want of room, will not permit us to give an extract in this place.

On September the 3d, Mr. Stanford was attacked by a violent bilious fever, which continued for many days; but in the midst of his suffering, he was heard to say, "'*Father, glorify thine own name,*'—let this affliction terminate in the glory of God, and the future benefit of my people."

On the 20th of October, he says:—"The Lord has assisted me to preach *one hundred and sixty-six sermons during the last three months!*" It may perhaps be said, that his sermons were short. This is true; they did not often exceed thirty-five minutes; but this is to be regarded as a commendable excellence, worthy of imitation. Mr. S. so far as we are able to judge from his manuscripts, early habituated himself to the sententious and brief, rather than the diffusive method of preaching. In this he judged correctly, that public speakers are thereby preserved from that premature oblivion into which a prolix preacher is in great danger of sinking. He used to say to his students in divinity:—"Never go into the pulpit without having something to say; and be very careful always to stop when you have done."

The following anecdote is peculiarly characteristic. In his thirteenth lecture on the composition of sermons, after many very judicious remarks, he says:—"I cannot deny myself the pleasure of stating, that many years ago, I met with a plain, yet good old minister, who, in conversation with me, on the subject of the composition of a sermon, very pleasantly said:—'I know of no better rule, than the proportions observable in the structure of the human body. Let your introduction be short, like the head of the man, round, and full of expression. Make up the body of your sermon, of the solids of divine truth; but be sure that Christ be the heart, and the Spirit of God, like the lungs, to produce respiration. The legs, to run after every class of your hearers; and a pair of arms tenderly to embrace them.' This may appear to you

a little fanciful, but I must confess, however singular the description, yet, to my mind, it seemed worthy of being remembered."

January 1st, 1822. "Before I arose," says Mr. S. "this New-Year's morning, the following text was impressed upon my mind, as a word for the year. '*Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me;*' 2 Corinthians xii. 9. Not my sinful infirmities, but those of age, sickness, affliction, and labour; that the power of Christ's presence, grace, and love, may rest upon me, to promote my sanctification and usefulness to the end of my days. So let it be, O Lord!"

In the Annual Report of the Inspectors of the State-Prison, presented to the Legislature of this State in 1822, we find the following commendation of our venerable friend.

"The morals of the prisoners continue to be watched by the Rev. John Stanford, whose works of love manifest that he has imbibed much of the spirit of his divine Master. Under his superintendence, the elementary branches of education still continue to be taught—convicts are employed as teachers, and a spirit of emulation is manifested, worthy of better circumstances."

Monday, the 28th. He visited, for the first time, the new Lunatic-Asylum, erected about eight miles from this city, where he recognised a number of unfortunates of both sexes, to whom he had before administered the consolations of the gospel, and who expressed much satisfaction in again seeing him.

On the 28th of March, he delivered an address at the funeral of his long tried friend Mr. John Withington, a much beloved and lamented deacon of the Oliver (formerly Fayette) street Baptist Church. This good man, while living, was liberal and open handed; and at his death he consecrated more than FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS to pious purposes.

Tuesday, the 25th of April. He says:—"In the morning I preached in the Bridewell, and afterwards attended the constitution of the South Baptist Church in Nassau-street, consisting of *twelve members*, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Charles G. Sommers."*

Wednesday, the 19th of June. He rode to the Orphan-Asylum, and at one o'clock delivered an address, with other religious exercises, at the laying of the corner-stone of a new wing to the building.†

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* In the prosperity of this church, Mr. Stanford felt a deep interest; and the recollection of his unwavering friendship, is cherished by every member, with gratitude and affection. The elegant Bible and Hymn Book, now in the pulpit of the South Baptist Church, were presented by Mr. S. as an expression of his attachment.

† The following is an extract from the address above alluded to:—

"This morning, may not the orphans' friends exclaim, '*According to this time, what hath God wrought!*' From the commencement of this institution, in the year 1806, when the Lord opened the hearts of a few benevolent females, with a design to rescue fatherless and motherless children from poverty and distress, how many have been the favours which the Almighty has bestowed, and how richly has he crowned their efforts with success! Who can behold that ORPHAN HOUSE, which, through the aid of a generous public, was erected, and has still been supplied, amidst scenes of discouragement, without indulging the most grateful reflections on the kindness of Providence? We are now assembled to witness a fresh instance of the kind hand of the orphans' heavenly Father, by being enabled to commence the erection of a WING to the building, for the greater accommodation of the increasing family; and to offer our fervent prayer to the Most High God for its completion.

"Upon this occasion, let us not forget to strew a few grateful flowers upon this corner-stone, in remembrance of those departed female worthies, who, after having laboured with us for many years, and witnessed the prosperity of this humane institution, have ascended to the regions of a blissful immortality.—One flower, in memory of Mrs. Sarah Hoffman, who was many years its first directress; another, for the venerable Mrs. Graham; another, for Miss Isabella W. Ogden, secretary to the board; and another, for the late Mrs. Startin. How delightfully the fragrance of their virtues and benevolence still continues to perfume this Orphan-Asylum! Ungenerous would it be in us, upon this occasion, not to pronounce, with gratitude, the worthy name of Jacob Sherred, Esq. by whose liberal bequest of *five thousand dollars*, this wing is intended to be erected, and inscribed to his memory. To you, LADIES, who are still permitted to live as guardians to these helpless children, what a pleasing sensibility must you feel in reflecting on the many instances of divine beneficence which have attended your labours. Next to this, is the pious example of your departed associates; which, upon this occasion especially, will not fail to incite you to unwearied exertions in favour of the children that now surround you—for, '*Blessed are they who consider the poor and needy.*'"

Lord's day morning, July 14th. He says:—"I had much freedom in preaching in the City-Hospital, from James ii. 23." The lucid and scriptural exposition of this passage, originally suggested to his mind, in a conversation with the Rev. Dr. Cox, has been kindly furnished in the following letter.

"*New-York, June 16th*, 1834.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I have received your request, that I would contribute something in the way of anecdote or incident, touching my acquaintance with the late Rev. John

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The masons were requested to prepare the corner-stone. With the customary ceremony, the directresses present laid it in its place. The orphan children in the yard, who were arranged around the spot, were next addressed.

"CHILDREN.—You, this morning, witness a new instance of the Almighty's kindness, by preparing additional means for your accommodation. By this increased expense, you must be convinced how much the public, and your indulgent directresses, are interested in your welfare. They are not only solicitous to provide for you a shelter, with necessary food and clothing, but also with that portion of learning, which may conduce to your personal benefit, and future usefulness in society; especially, to give your tender minds that moral and religious instruction, which, we hope, God will bless for your present and future happiness. How important is it, that you now, '*Remember your Creator in the days of your youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when you shall say, I have no pleasure in them.*' Many of you may be permitted to arrive at manhood; and when you enter into the public paths of life, surely you will not forget your obligation for the many kindnesses you have received in this orphan family. Nor will you easily forget the pleasure you this morning enjoy, as witnesses to the laying of this corner-stone; which, no doubt, will increase your gratitude to God, as the orphans' guide and friend.

"It is presumed that you, the WORKMEN engaged in erecting this building, will cultivate a generous feeling upon the occasion. Possibly you may have families and children of your own; and as the time of your death is uncertain, they also may be left orphans, and need an asylum among the children that now surround you, we indulge a cheering confidence in your fidelity and energy while pursuing the present design. Let me likewise remind you, that you have souls to be saved or lost. Fly then to the arms of that compassionate Saviour, who alone can give you rest, peace, and blessedness, in the cheering hope of entering into that '*house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*'"

The services were concluded with a fervent and peculiarly appropriate prayer.

Stanford, D. D., which might in any degree vary the contents, and possibly enrich the interest of the memoir, which, at the assignment and desire of surviving relatives of the deceased, it is your office and your purpose to prepare. Sincerely do I wish that my knowledge of that venerable man had been so extensive or intimate as to warrant me, with confidence, to comply, according to the full measure of your wishes.

"We occasionally, and even frequently, met, in scenes and relations where personal familiarity was mainly precluded; but never where the respect and reverence, which his personal character inspired, were not welcomed and acknowledged. His life was of an even tenor, with that '*meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.*' Hence, while he was so extensively, I might say universally, revered in our city, his life seems to have passed with few of those great events which emblazon the name of their subject, attract the notice of mankind, and speak to the wonder of posterity. His honours came from God. They belong to another world. They budded in time, but their bloom is in eternity.

"I will only rehearse, from imperfect memory, an incident which endeared Dr. Stanford to my esteem; and which, while it indicated his character, is surely adapted to be useful. Its example may attract imitation—its temper may teach mankind—its sentiment may benefit the soul—its story will be grateful to the Christian.

"On a melancholy occasion, some years since, I was sent for, to visit a poor felon in chains, and then condemned to expiate, on the gallows, the crime of murder. Such scenes have always been to me so trying, that never, for their own sake, could I get my own consent to visit them. In this instance the request was special, and the obligation apprehended. It was winter; dreary seemed the aspect of nature that day; and drear and wintry were my feelings, in

sympathy with the condemned fellow-creature with whom I expected soon to confer, respecting his immortal interests, and the foundation of his hope for the hastening wonders of another world. On entering the antechamber of his prison, I found that the main keeper was absent, and his subaltern, the turnkey of the place, had no instructions that would consist with permission to introduce me to the gloomy apartment. The alternative was to wait the return of the keeper. I had scarcely taken my seat, near the fire, for this purpose, when Dr. Stanford appeared, having arrived there with a similar design towards many prisoners, in prosecuting the duties of his official station. He sat near me, and, as both waited, we conversed on different topics for a length of time. This was the longest and the most interesting interview I ever remember to have enjoyed with your venerable friend and mine. I was struck with his knowledge of the peculiarities, and the personal history seemingly of each of the miserable inmates, as an object of his pious care. He very lucidly explained the evil merits of the felon with whom I was to converse, interspersing such correct and Christian counsels as seemed suited to his deplorable condition. He was to die in a day or two, and no reprieve was expected or ultimately obtained. He had himself justly abandoned a hope so unhappily illusive to many in his circumstances. I listened with interest to the observations of the good old man, that I might learn something of the duties I was soon to perform, and prepare myself for their competent discharge. After analyzing the whole case very properly and well, his remarks naturally glided into general truths or reflections of a kindred sort, that might suit and profit all men.

"The importance of preparation for death; the greatness of such an attainment; its probable infrequency; the substitutes and specious delusions of sin-

ners; and the special liableness of a felon, in the time of his extremity, to mistakes and perversions of a peculiar character. These were some of the allied topics, from which the transition was easy, to a contemplation of what it was to be prepared. This he familiarly and happily showed, by the adduction of a very appropriate passage of scripture, and by its familiar and ready expansion and use. That passage I distinctly remember, and also the manner in which he treated it. It was the declaration contained in James ii. 23—Concerning the father of the faithful, and happily evincive of the piety of that noble patriarch in its nature and relations—'*And the scripture was fulfilled, which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness; and he was called* THE FRIEND OF GOD.' It was the last sentence mainly on which he laid the stress of his views; and his position, as I recollect, was substantially this, '*He only is prepared for death, who is the friend of God.*' He indeed referred expressly and well to the medium of reconciliation, and the way of attaining it, through our Lord Jesus Christ; while the force of his observations affected more the fact of it, as identified with friendship so divine. He remarked, that a sinner, as every one is by nature, can be justified only by faith in Jesus Christ, and thus having righteousness imputed unto him, he is accepted as righteous in Christ, who is '*the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.*' Yet while he clearly made this averment, respecting the only possible and the thrice glorious method of a sinner's justification before God, I was pleased, I own, to listen to the positions as quickly subjoined, redounding to the prostration of all antinomianism; namely, that no man was so justified who was not the friend of God; that no man was the friend of God, who was not so justified; that this was happiness and holiness, as well as justification; that this, and this indispensably, constituted preparation for

death; that heaven itself would be as disagreeable, as impossible, without it; that those were fixed principles, and revealed ones too, in the divine economy; and that we, who viewed ourselves as the distinguished subjects, through grace, of such a blessed transformation, would necessarily show it in all appropriate ways, especially in that exalted and divine one, of imitating Christ and God, in endeavouring to bring others to its incomparable acquisition and experience.

"After this general or large expatiation on the theme, he seemed to fix his view more narrowly and analytically on the idea of—being *the friend of God.* I thought, at first, from a professional sympathy, that probably he had just been preaching on it, and therefore was especially impressed with the subject. But more reflection changed the opinion. He seemed rather struck and penetrated at the time, with that unlimited and identifying characteristic of Abraham, as descriptive of the genuine Christian, common to the whole church invisible, and demonstrative of the communion of saints; and I judged him rather as purposed or inclined to preach on it in future, than to have summoned from the reminiscences of past service the relics of a sermon. As nearly as I can now remember, he spoke of it as suggesting a very profitable train of thought for a popular discourse, and also proposed impromptu an elligible plan, much in the following style of converse propositions and ready antithesis. At all events, his felicity of varying the aspects of the subject was useful to myself, in the way at least of impression and retention in regard to it.

"What is it to be *the friend of God?*

"What, for God to be our friend?

"What relation has this friendship existing in either party towards the other, to reciprocity and mutual perfectness?

"What is preparation for death, as related to this friendship?

"How many are probably prepared on this principle?

"How many are probably deluded?

"What is the condition of the enemies of God?

"What will become of any or all of us, if we live and die without being each *the friend of God?*

"What is the nature of our faith in God, through the gospel, and what its promise, if in its exercise and possession we are not so conciliated and attached as the friends of God?

"As the conversation occurred several years since, I do not pretend to forensic accuracy of report or graphic correctness of representation. My general impressions had a corresponding cause, and I have aimed faithfully to transcribe its recorded effects from the tablet of memory. It is pleasant, and better than pleasant, now that he '*sleeps in Jesus,*' for me to recall some of the indications as then portrayed in his living character, the better because incidental and unproposed, by which my confidence is sustained in the happiest conclusions, that his spirit is glorified in the third heavens, among kindred myriads of the friends of God. How mean were other monuments, however costly or magnificent, were they purchased or reared in their pompous imbecility, to perpetuate his fame, on which the angel of truth could not imprint the attestation—HE WAS THE FRIEND OF GOD! As it is, such monuments are superseded and useless. Every such pile of mouldering grandeur, advertises to reflection the vanity of its pretensions; and in contrast or disjunction, as is too commonly the case with the authentication of evangelical piety, is worse than an ungrudged oblivion. It is here that, in the estimates of the wise, it

'Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shows it.'

But, in the example of consistent piety, you see a blessedness substantial and eternal. It is as much

superior to the honours of this world, as its sources are higher, its spirit purer, its rewards better, its date more durable, and its coronation more glorious. '*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. But the transgressors shall be destroyed together; the end of the wicked shall be cut off. But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their strength in time of trouble. And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.*'

"That each of us, my respected brother, may be *the friend of God* not only, but our offspring and our people with us, and ourselves instrumental in conciliating thousands of others, is the prayer of your friend and brother in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"SAMUEL H. COX."

Lord's day, December 1st. Mr. S. says:—"In the four sermons preached this day, I was greatly assisted by the Lord. In prayer I was indulged with a great degree of holy communion with my God. Indeed, I would rather enjoy liberty in prayer than in preaching, yet I find they generally go together. The afternoon's discourse was on the death of Diana Sellick, whom, some years ago, I was the instrument in saving from the gallows."*

* This is the second instance in which the clear-sighted and discriminating mind of Mr. Stanford enabled him to investigate the circumstances upon which the capital conviction of two criminals had been predicated, and in which, by illiciting facts, that had before escaped notice, he was enabled to obtain for them the clemency of the Executive; and thus became the instrument of saving not merely their natural life, but their souls, as they were both converted to God under his subsequent ministry.

CHAPTER XIV.

COMMENCES THE YEAR UNDER MENTAL DEPRESSION—RESOLVES TO LABOUR WITH INCREASING DILIGENCE—DANGEROUS ILLNESS—DEATH OF WILLIAM STANFORD—EXPLOSION OF THE STEAM-BOAT ÆTNA—MEMORIAL.

JANUARY 1st, 1823, Mr. Stanford remarks:—"This year commenced without that full degree of humble and spiritual desire towards the Lord which my heart anticipated. The weather was dark and stormy—too much resembling the state of my heart. Time with me cannot but be short. May the Lord make me useful while I live, and faithful until I die, and then in mercy, through a gracious Redeemer, receive my soul into his rest for ever."

Mr. Stanford to the Hon. Nicholas Brown, A. M.

"*New-York, August 28th*, 1823.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"This afternoon Mr. Barnes handed me your letter, dated the 26th, and which demands my most affectionate and early acknowledgments. Gratified should I be to accept your friendly invitation to your house, at the commencement, and the Warren Association; but the time is so short, and few of the clergy of any denomination being in town at this season, I am unable to procure adequate supplies to attend my eight congregations, in the event of my absence. The Honourable the Mayor and Corporation of this city have expressed a wish, that I would visit Boston this season, for the purpose of examining all their public institutions, with the design of improving our own. Should the God of mercy enable me to comply

with your request, it would afford me peculiar pleasure to see you on the way.

"Will you bear with me in my folly, if folly it may be called? Your letter produced a train of reflections, which carried me back at least thirty years. Your family, your honoured father, Nicholas, Obadiah, Hope, and Tommy Ives; the church, the college, the town, and its poor: ah! the remembrance of all these rushed upon my mind so forcibly, that I could not withhold the falling tear. Yes, I did love you—I tried, in the strength of my God, to promote the general good—I love you still, and pray for the blessing of my Lord to rest upon you all. Yes, those days and those connexions still survive in my heart, and my earnest prayer shall be continued, that the choicest personal and social blessings may rest upon you.

"I have heard so much of the extensive improvements of the college, through your munificence, that, I must confess, I have often indulged a strong desire again to see that noble, and now magnificent institution. As for my old acquaintance in the town, I presume few are now in the land of the living. Still, if favoured with an opportunity, I should like to employ a day, in once more walking in the streets of Providence, and expressing my good wishes for the prosperity of its inhabitants.

"With sincere regards, your's,

"JOHN STANFORD."

While in Philadelphia on a visit, in August, Mr. S. remarks:—"This evening my James offered the family prayer." This was a young lad whom Mr. S. had taken out of the Poor-House to serve as a domestic, and for whose conversion it pleased God to bless the religious instruction imparted in the family. His case was quite remarkable; possessed of talents far above mediocrity, and embued with the spirit of

a most exemplary piety, it is not surprising that he was, like others, through Mr. Stanford's instrumentality, rescued from moral degradation and poverty, and restored to virtue and prosperity.

September 26th. Mr. S. writes:—"It has pleased God, this month, to lay upon me his afflicting hand, and many of my friends resigned all hope of my recovery. A severe affection of the chest obliged me to maintain a sitting posture both day and night. The physicians in attendance could afford but little relief; but that blessed Lord, who always appoints the means adapted to the end, unexpectedly furnished me with a remedy from Dr. Alexander H. Stevens, which produced the most beneficial effects. May the Lord so sanctify this visitation, that if spared a little longer, it may be to his glory and the good of my fellow-creatures." He so far recovered from this severe indisposition, as to be able to resume his active duties, and we find him recording in his diary, at the end of the succeeding month, this extraordinary fact—"This month, to me has been a season of great pain, and great mercy, so that I have been enabled to preach *fifty sermons*, besides performing a large amount of other duty."

Mr. Stanford's concern for the welfare of seamen, was evinced as early as the year 1815, by the following article, printed in the Mercantile Advertiser. It is here inserted without reference to date.

"*To Shipping Merchants and others, whom this may concern.*

"GENTLEMEN,

"As by the favour of the Almighty, we are now emerging from the horrors of war, and the consequent devastation upon commerce, it becomes the duty, especially of public citizens, to make every exertion which may tend to improve the blessing of peace. Among the numerous subjects which now demand

our attention, the improvement of navigation and commerce must be deemed of the highest importance. It is presumed, that under this impression the President of the United States, in a message to both houses of Congress, has recommended to their consideration, as a means of 'cultivating harmony with other nations,' the policy of excluding foreign seamen, and navigating American vessels exclusively by American seamen, either natives, or such as are already naturalized. What measure Congress may adopt at a future period, to bring this into effect, is uncertain. But, it is certain, that in proportion to the increase of commerce will be the demand for able mariners, and means should be pursued in order to produce them.

"Strong exertions have been made, and are still making, to train up youths both for the defence and the honour of America; and these are under the immediate superintendence of the general naval department.

"Commerce must be maintained by seamen produced from other sources, and by a different method; and I am the more explicit in this address to the inhabitants of New-York, as this city takes the highest rank among the commercial cities of America.

"To you, therefore, gentlemen, as merchants, and the most deeply interested in the improvement and increase of commerce from this port, I beg leave to suggest the utility of establishing a PUBLIC MARINE SCHOOL, for the improvement of those who are inclined to sea service; which may speedily promise a greater supply of able American seamen, and, of course, preclude the necessity of taking foreign captains or sailors into the merchant service. I would respectfully recommend—

"*That for this beneficial purpose, a society of merchants be formed—the school to be a permanent establishment; and the whole to be under the exclusive*

government of a board of directors, or governors, annually elected by the society.

"Let merchants who are impressed with the utility of such an institution, devote an hour for the consideration of the proposed object, whether for its rejection or its promotion. On the plan, order, government, resources, and application of funds, though I might offer some general outlines, it is not my province publicly to communicate them. However, I will venture to say, in relation to teachers for a Marine School, it has many years been my impression, that, experienced sea captains, disabled by age or by misfortune, are the most eligible, and the compensation allowed them may contribute to make them a 'snug harbour.' Whether this school be free or not, provision should be made for a certain number of boys, inclining to the marine life, whose parents are or have been captains or pilots, especially in our waters, but who are now unfortunately reduced in health or circumstances; that such youths be educated gratuitously. Thus public benefit and benevolence would happily combine.

"Should this recommendation meet with approbation, and be adopted, it is possible that your example may be followed by other cities and large towns immediately concerned in commerce; consequently the object will become more extensively beneficial. At any rate, those whom you may educate, would more immediately be considered as your own sailors; and, of course, be more attached to your service and interest.

"It is only necessary, gentlemen, for me to add, that this address is from the pen of a citizen, whose public station in life perfectly excludes him from the shadow of suspicion of any further benefit from the subject than the gratification of contributing, in some small degree, to the interests of the community.

"AMERICUS.

"P. S. Insurance companies, unquestionably, will be highly interested in the proposed institution. For it will not be denied, that many a vessel has been lost for the want of able navigators; as, on the death of the captain and mate, no person on board was found competent to take the command. On the part, therefore, of the merchant, and the company, this object may produce incalculable advantages."

The following letter from the brother of Commodore Perry, will be read with interest, and, at the same time, furnish an additional evidence that Mr. Stanford's efforts were not limited. He seems to have regarded the whole world as the field of his labours.

New-York, January 26th, 1824.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I acknowledge, with great pleasure, the receipt of your valuable communication of the 24th instant, and feel highly gratified with your approbatory remarks, in favour of my plan for introducing apprentices into our naval service. I agree most cordially with you, Sir, that it 'promises the *only* way to procure a succession of able sailors for the navy,' and must (should the plan be adopted,) prove an incalculable benefit, not only to our maratime prosperity, but to the community at large, more especially to the population of our large cities.

"I see no reason why 'Court-Boys,' as they are termed, should be excluded from the advantages of the arrangement. For should their vicious propensities prevent their rising above the rank of a common sailor, even in this station they would be extremely useful to the country. But, it is to be hoped, that the application of the sound and wholesome discipline of our navy, would have a tendency to check, if not entirely eradicate, those juvenile faults, which, in most instances, grow out of idleness and the neglect of parents.

"The generally received opinion of landsmen, that a 'vessel of war' is a receptacle of vice and wickedness, is founded in error. Shut up as the crew must be, in a small compass, at all times under the watchful and superintending eyes of their officers, who are clothed with almost unlimited power to punish every violation of discipline, it is impossible for them to indulge their evil propensities; and, by turning their attention to the pleasing and active employments of a seafaring life, they will forget their early habits, and learn, at last, the old maxim, that '*honesty is the best policy.*'

"I thank you, my dear Sir, for the pamphlets you were good enough to send me. I have perused them with much attention, and am of the opinion that they are admirably calculated to do good aboard our ships of war. I shall make it a point to distribute those in my possession amongst the men under my command.

"With sentiments of great respect,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"M. C. PERRY."

"Saturday, February 28th. Received the sad news of the death of my son William, at St. Kitts, West-Indies, which made a deep impression upon my heart." Yet, on the following Sabbath, he adds:—"Notwithstanding the state of my mind, I ventured on the Lord's work. Preached in the City-Hospital in the morning, and twice in the State-Prison chapel in the afternoon, and again in the guard-house. The Lord was good and gracious to me in his blessed work."

On the 23d of April, he says:—"I visited the hospital at Bellevue, and afterwards gave a discourse in the school-room, to nearly two hundred children."

On the morning of the 16th, Mr. Stanford went to the City-Hospital, where an appalling scene awaited

him. Nine persons, dreadfully scalded by the explosion on board of the steam-boat Ætna, had been brought in on the previous evening. Two females died in the night, and four others expired in a few days. He immediately went up to converse and pray with each of the seven survivors, who were distributed in different apartments.

On the 23d of May, 1824, Mr. S. delivered a sermon from Job xxiv. 22, intended as a moral improvement of the calamity occasioned by the explosion, by which several valuable lives were lost. The sermon was followed by an account of the last hours, and dying experience, of six out of the nine mutilated sufferers, who were brought to the Hospital.*

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* The following extract will, it is hoped, be acceptable to the reader:—

"Had I been on deck at the departure of the vessel, opened my Bible, and then read to the assembled passengers, the words of Job—'*No man is sure of life,*' possibly it might have been deemed premature; each one anticipating a speedy passage, a safe arrival at the city, and a warm reception to the bosom of their friends. How inscrutable are the ways of God with man! How unforeseen are the alternate changes of prosperity and adversity, of life and death, which attend our paths! So true it is, '*We know not what a day may bring forth.*'

"At seven o'clock, just as the sun was withdrawing his beams, and the passengers were within sight of the city, and anxious to arrive, the centre boiler, exploded as with the voice of thunder. So tremendous was the concussion, that the deck was torn from its timbers; the various accommodations for passengers were destroyed, and the fragments scattered in every direction, exhibiting a spectacle of complete devastation. But what were these, when compared with the horrible destruction of human beings! The impetuous steam, in its fury, rushed into the after-cabin, which was allotted for the safety and repose of the female passengers. Several of these were scalded to death, and lay prostrate in the most shocking condition.

"This cabin was not the only place where destruction and misery were produced; the steam in a moment filled every other apartment, and destroyed every thing which obstructed its course. Some human beings were externally scalded and torn, while others still more unfortunate, by inhaling the steam, were literally filled with its direful effects, and incapable of expressing the anguish they endured. The cries and shrieks of the sufferers penetrated the souls of the few on deck who had escaped the fiery deluge, and presented to their view a scene more dreadful than language can describe!

"The whole number of persons on board the Ætna, is stated to have been thirty-four.

"Of those who first fell in death, by this accident, the family of Mr. Job

Wednesday, October 20th, he writes:—" This is my birth-day—arrived at my 70th year. My feelings

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Furman, well known and respected in this city, have been the greatest sufferers. Early in the morning of Saturday, Mrs. Sarah Furman, Mrs. Merserole, their daughter, Mary Furman, sister of Mr. Furman, and Miss Caroline Furman, neice of Mr. Furman, only ten years of age; all these, in the enjoyment of full health, left the city to pay the last expression of friendship, by attending the same afternoon, at Elizabeth-Town, the funeral of Mrs. Prince, who was a niece of Mr. Furman. While at that house of mourning, the infant of the deceased expired. It was immediately dressed in its shroud, and placed in the cold arms of its mother, in the same coffin, and both conveyed to the silent grave. Under the solemn influence of this scene of mortality, they entered on board of the Ætna, no doubt in the expectation of returning in safety to their habitation. We all know the lively emotion which expectation inspires for the return of absent friends; and such was the anticipation of Mr. F. as the day declined. At last the sun set—the curtain of night dropped—expectation grew stronger, and yielded to impatience—they arrived, not in health and activity, but fast bound in the fetters of death; while their mangled bodies exhibited a spectacle too appalling for description Dreadful was the domestic anguish—deep and heart-rending. A speedy interment was deemed indispensable, and on the next afternoon, the four bodies were buried in one grave.

" At ten o'clock on Saturday night, nine of those unfortunate sufferers were brought to the door of the Hospital. Some of them, owing to their mangled condition, were conveyed on litters, and others in coaches. Their agonies and cries broke in upon the stillness of the night, and rendered the scene most awfully affecting. Every exertion which humanity or medical skill could devise, were employed for their relief.

" Ann Dougherty, aged about thirty, inhaled a large portion of steam, and was externally scalded in a shocking manner. She, however, was supported by the hand of her Saviour, and gave a happy evidence of the power of religion, under the sharpest distress. As this female died in the night on which she came in, I am indebted to the women who occupy the same ward, for my information, and from whose testimony the following statement may be received as correct. Previous to her entering on board the steam-boat, she had an impression upon her mind, that she should not live long; and, on taking leave of a Christian friend, she cut off a lock of her hair, and gave it to her as a memorial of affection, saying, ' I do not expect to see you again.' Soon as her wounds were dressed, she said, ' I thank God for this accident; I shall the sooner go to my heavenly Father's home.' A pious woman went to her bed and asked her, ' Is Jesus, the Saviour, precious to you?' She replied, ' O, yes, he is precious to me;' and raising her voice as much as possible, she said, ' I want you all to seek and love the Lord.' A little after, she said to one of her attendants, ' I dare not say this is hard, though it may seem so.' This person asked her if she could do any thing for her; to which she replied, ' No, the Lord will do all things well for me.' The nurse observing the position in which she lay, asked her if her pillow did not seem hard. With peculiar emphasis she answered, ' O, no; Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are.' ' I am sorry to see you suffer

on this occasion are mingled with humility and gratitude, but not a seventieth part of what I could wish, or what they ought to be." The following extract will more fully disclose the feelings of his grateful heart on this occasion.

"A Memorial of the Lord's Goodness, written on the day of completing the seventieth year of my age, October 20th, 1824—'*Thou hast dealt with thy servant, O Lord, according unto thy word.*' Psalm cxix. 65.

"I can find no words in the scriptures more appropriate as a motto, than that which I have selected from the Psalms of David. They certainly express

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so much.' 'Yes, I do suffer; but what are my sufferings when compared with what Christ suffered for us? I am willing to suffer any way my Lord shall please; and to die any death, by which he thinks proper to take me to himself.' About four o'clock she began to fail, and with solemn accents said, 'It is almost done—it is almost over!' Speedily after she sunk in the arms of death. Reader, if on the dying bed, could you have said so? Are you prepared thus to meet death? When he cometh, will he find you in your sins, or as having fled for refuge to a Saviour's arms?

"The next case was that of Joseph Stevens, a native of Ireland This unfortunate stranger was so dreadfully scalded, and had inhaled so much steam, that he could merely speak in a whisper. By the dressing he had received, no part of his face was visible but his lips. I took a seat by his side, and tenderly expressed my wishes that God might command a blessing upon the means used, with the hope of his recovery; and especially grant him mercy and peace through a blessed Redeemer, whatever might be the issue of his present misfortune. Though the poor creature was severely scalded in his throat, he thus expressed the greater agony of his mind. 'O how distressing! God has turned his back upon me in this judgment. It is no more than I deserved, for I have been a great sinner.' This was no time for me to probe the man's wounded mind deeper, by asking him questions on his conduct, which, under other circumstances, might have been necessary, for death was now evidently approaching. I therefore immediately directed him to the Saviour, and explained to him in what manner God can bestow mercy upon the penitent sinners, through the sufferings and death of his Son Jesus Christ. I further encouraged his desire, by assuring him, from the Scriptures, that '*Christ was able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God through him,*' let their transgressions or their miseries be never so great. He faintly replied, 'O that Jesus Christ would look upon me, and save my poor soul.' Reader, pause; think seriously; pray that the Saviour may pardon you, before the grim visage of death appears."

the feelings of my heart, and the acknowledgment of that gratitude which is due to my heavenly Master, on my arriving at the day of old age. *The Lord has dealt well with me* through a long life, and not one word which he promised hath failed me. This day, to me, is somewhat like the mariner's when crossing over the bar which separates the ocean from the harbour's mouth, and which he seldom passes over without fear, and perhaps never without feeling; only with this difference—the mariner may repeatedly cross the same bar, and go in and out of port in the course of his life; but I am crossing that bar of old age, which I shall never cross again! No, here I must confine myself a little while, floating, as in shoal water, and wait until it shall please God to open to me the port of eternity.

"David was about seventeen years of age when Samuel anointed him successor to the throne of Saul; and in his old age, he piously acknowledges—'*O God, thou hast taught me from my youth; and hitherto have I declared thy wonderful works:*' therefore, as a servant of the Lord, he plead with his Master—'*Now also, when I am old and grey headed, O God, forsake me not.*'

"It pleased God to grant me also some gracious lessons of instruction in my early life, and to claim me as his servant; else I am certain, that I never should have chosen him for my Master, nor his ministry for my service. But, alas! sometimes, when I am under a cloud of mental depression, I find it difficult to determine whether I am indeed a servant of the Lord. Nevertheless, when I contemplate the free gift of his grace, and that he has condescended to employ me as the instrument of good to others, and the numberless instances of his kindness through the diversified scenes of my life, I would be ashamed to say, however unworthy, that I am not his servant, or that I am tired of his service. On the contrary,

it is my fervent desire and daily prayer, that my blessed Lord would grant me more faith, love, fortitude, and zeal, to do his will during the few days that I may yet be continued a labourer in his vineyard. I will, therefore, try to follow the example of David, and in this paper attempt to record the memorial of my gratitude for the goodness of the Lord.

"I. The Lord hath numbered my days, and lengthened out my life much beyond the period allotted to any of my family, of whom I have any knowledge. This preservation I cannot attribute to a firm constitution, being in early life rather of a feeble habit, and labouring under those infirmities which, in their very nature, were more likely to shorten than to extend the life of man.

"Not one of my associates in youth are now living. In my early ministry, I enjoyed a large circle of affectionate brethren in Europe; and since my residence in America, my ministerial connections have been far more extensive; but now, when I look around, I can number only four of my old companions who are yet with me in the land of the living.

"I have been assisted to educate a considerable number of pious young men for the gospel ministry; and while more than one half of them have been cut down by death, in the very bloom of their usefulness, the Lord hath spared and continued me in his service to the present day.

"Having resided in the city of New-York for about forty years, I have witnessed many changes among the clergy of all denominations; and at this time I am not only the oldest minister in the city in point of age, but in respect to office. How great, therefore, is the mercy and long-suffering of God to me! May I possess a heart filled with gratitude, in proportion to the favours which I have received.

"II. In the diversified paths of my long life, I have

been led through forests of affliction, over hills and mountains of difficulty, and sometimes in the pleasant vales of prosperity. Often have I proposed the question,—Can this be the way, so full of thorns, so many dangers on either hand, and so many dispensations which appear to cross and contradict each other?—can such ways lead either to usefulness on earth, or bring me to a peaceful end? But, sooner or later, I have been taught to know, that the Lord, in all these seemingly adverse paths, was dealing well with me. No other ways could have answered the purpose; and however crooked they then appeared, now I am convinced that they form one straight line of wisdom and goodness. No wonder that such a sinful creature should need the rod of affliction; every stroke has been justly merited; and although the Lord has often '*showed me hard things, and made me to drink of the wine of astonishment*,' yet, '*I know that his judgments are right, and that he in faithfulness and mercy hath afflicted me.*' As Jacob made a coat of diverse colours, exactly suited to the back of his son Joseph, and which afterwards proved emblematic of his diversified afflictions, even so the variegated sufferings of my life, have been fitted to my temper, disposition, and the many evils which for so many years have lodged in my heart, and often prompted me to depart from that blessed Lord whom I have desired to love and serve.

"III. In my domestic life, and all the concerns of my family, the Lord hath dealt well with me, though I have here likewise passed through many checquered scenes. Among these I may mention, that by the fatal pestilence which ravaged our city in the year 1798, the beloved wife of my bosom was torn from my embrace; and, by the same fell disease, I was so nearly reduced to the grave, that all hope of my recovery was abandoned. Yet the Lord remembered me in my low estate, raised me up from the

gates of death, and assisted me to bring up my four young children, two sons and two daughters.

"Although in the beginning of this year, (1824) I was deprived of my son William, by death, in the West-Indies, when in the thirty-first year of his age, my other children yet live, and are settled in circumstances of comfort and respectability; and, what is still more gratifying to me, they all fear the Lord my God.

"Like many others in domestic life, I have known what it means to be in straits; my ways have sometimes been hedged up as with thorns, yet my table has never wanted bread, and I have witnessed many wonderful interpositions of Providence for my supply, from quarters least expected. Thus, the Lord hath dealt well with me, fed me all my life long, and now, in my old age, '*I have all things and abound;*' so that I may say with David, when he went in and sat before the Lord—'*Who am I, O Lord God? And what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto!*'

"IV. By calling me to the ministry of the gospel so early in life, and continuing me in his service for so very many years, my Lord hath surely '*dealt well with me,*' his most unworthy servant. For a number of years I have sustained the pastoral office over three several churches, and superintended an extensive academy.

"In the year 1813 new scenes and duties demanded my attention, being called, in the providence of God, to take the ministerial charge of the various humane and criminal institutions in the city of New-York, in which duty I continue to this day—let all the honour and the glory be ascribed to his most adored and ever-blessed name!

"V. I am now seriously disposed to contrast my divine Master's conduct with my own, and to exhibit the bright jewels of his mercies to me, on the dark ground of my own sinfulness, and extreme un-

worthiness. With David, in the 103d Psalm, I may certainly confess that, '*He hath not dealt with me after my sins, nor rewarded me according to my iniquities.*' Not only my temper, zeal, activity, devotion, spirituality, all these have been wofully defective, but too much of my time and talents have been misapplied and misimproved. But, O my vile heart! that is the worst; seldom right with God, and ever has it been prone to neglect and wander far away from the Lord and Master whom it was my duty and interest both to love and serve. This is not all; my heart has been, and still is, too much like a nest of unclean birds; an host of evils lodge within, corrupt in their nature, and violent in their operation, frequently rendering me a burden to myself. I once thought that these hidden evils of the heart would certainly weaken with my declining years, and allow me more ease in worshipping and serving the Lord; but, however it may be with others, in this I was mistaken. Like Paul's '*body of sin and death*,' my heart continues chained to the new man; and perhaps the longer I exist, it will become more offensive and disgusting, until I finally depart in death. My only resource for present strength to mortify the deeds of the body, and my hope for final victory, is, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Here I rest; and were it not for this immutable Rock, I should inevitably sink in despair!

"In concluding this short testimony of the goodness of my Heavenly Father to me, what shall I say more, than that my soul doth pray for greater faith, love, and patience. With Job, I can say, '*All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come*:' therefore, with David I will venture to add:—'*Into thine hand I commit my spirit, thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.*' Amen:"

CHAPTER XV.

MR. STANFORD'S LABOURS IN THE ORPHAN-ASYLUM BLESSED —HIS PORTRAIT—DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, REV. DR. FURMAN, AND THE REV. DR. BALDWIN—HIS EXERTIONS LEAD TO THE FORMATION OF THE HOUSE OF REFUGE—COMPOSES A NEW TRACT, ENTITLED THE PRISONER'S COMPANION—MEMORIAL.

AMONGST the orphans at the Asylum, Mr. Stanford spent some of his happiest hours. They were the frequent subjects of his impassioned conversation. As a father, he felt for their helpless condition; and as a minister of Christ, he laboured and prayed for their spiritual advantage. When they were sick, his sympathies were excited; and when any of them sunk into the arms of death, he wept over them. But not unfrequently was he permitted to enjoy the consolation of knowing, that his labours of love had not been in vain in the Lord.

On the 22d of March, 1825, he remarks:—"I rode to the Orphan-Asylum, and delivered a discourse at the funeral of Joseph Foster, aged eleven years. It is believed he died happy in the Lord."

"*New-York, March 3d*, 1825.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"It is with unfeigned pleasure I inform you, that the Common Council, at their last meeting, passed a resolution, requesting you to sit for your portrait, and authorized the committee on public offices, to attend to the execution of it. In behalf of that committee, I respectfully solicit your consent to their wishes. I need not say, and I am quite sure I need not tell

you, how gratifying your acquiesence will be to every member of the Common Council, but it cannot be more so to any than to

"Your obedient friend and servant,

"E. W. KING."

"P. S. In case of your acceptance, will you do me the favour to name the artist whom you prefer to execute the work."

The portrait of Mr. Stanford was executed by that finished artist, Samuel F. B. Morse, Esq. and is deposited in the dining-room at Bellevue. As a likeness, and in style of execution, it is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in our city.

May 24th, Mr. Stanford delivered a discourse on the death of the Rev. John Williams, the beloved and universally lamented pastor of the church in Oliver-street. A brief memoir of this venerable servant of Christ, may be found in the Appendix to this volume.

Saturday, June 4th. Mr. S. says—"Yesterday, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, I was visited with a shock, bordering on apoplexy. It lasted about twenty minutes, and affected my whole frame in an indescribable manner. The physicians attending could give me no aid. Thanks be to the Lord, my mind was calm, and he enabled me to exclaim, '*Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.*' O how necessary to be ready for the last change!"

Tuesday, September 6th. Mr. S. says—"This day heard of the death of my intimate and excellent friends, the Rev. Dr. Furman, of Charleston, South-Carolina; and the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, of Boston, both about my own age. O Lord, by thy grace, prepare me to follow them."

Brief memoirs of those eminent servants of Christ, written by the Rev. Dr. Wayland, president of Brown University, and the Rev. Dr. Brantly, of Philadelphia, will be found in the Appendix to this volume.

Monday, October 3d. In the afternoon Mr. S. by invitation, rode to Fourth-street, and laid the corner-stone of the Third Congregational Church, and delivered an address.

Tuesday, 4th. In the morning he went to the Bridewell, to see James Reynolds, about twenty-two years of age, who was condemned to death for the murder of Captain West. Contrary to his expectations, he found the prisoner very attentive to the concerns of his soul.

"Thursday, October 20th. After giving a discourse in the Bridewell, I visited the condemned, in company with the Rev. Mr. Sommers."

"This day," says Mr. Stanford, "I entered into my seventy-second year—a mercy beyond what I could have anticipated. How great has been the patience and forbearance of the Lord, notwithstanding my great unworthiness and numberless sins! Except two weeks in June, when I had a fit, approaching to apoplexy, I have been indulged with a great degree of strength, and assisted to perform all my public services in preaching, and in visiting the various institutions committed to my care. Nor has my pen been altogether unemployed. The Lord has graciously assisted me during the year to compose several pieces on theology, and to write much with reference to the public institutions; all of which, I devoutly acknowledge, were performed by the special aids of my Lord, without which my public usefulness must have ceased long ere this; therefore, I this day lay the whole of my year's services, with any benefits which may have attended them, at the feet of my Lord and Saviour, ascribing all the honour and praise to his adorable name.

"In the estimate of human life, made by Moses in the 90th Psalm, he assures us, that beyond the years of seventy, the years of man are but '*labour and sorrow.*' This is true; for so I already begin

to find it; but then, I presume this relates, to the bodily pains and sorrows of old age. Still there are some alleviations to these infirmities. '*As the outer man perisheth, so the soul, the inner man, may be renewed, day by day;*' and by this spiritual and happy renewal, the pains and sorrows of age may be counterbalanced, and be more easily endured, and the one be made subservient to the other. Besides, there are duties which many aged persons are assisted to perform, which may not be called labour, and instead of engendering sorrow, they afford the most desirable pleasures! The service of the Lord is perfect freedom: '*In keeping his commandments there is great reward.*' It cannot be, therefore, but that these must prove a reviving cordial to counteract the sorrows of a poor old man. In no part of the last year, have I found the work of the Lord too laborious; my sorrows have arisen from pain in the body, and more so from the evils of my heart, and my deficiency in holy duties. These have been, and still are, my heaviest sorrows. And therefore, I do this day humbly beseech my good Lord, by his grace, to revive his work in me, and by me, if he shall please to add to the number of my days, and continue me longer in his service. Thus, '*All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come*'—'*looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus, unto eternal life.*' Amen."

Friday, the 4th of November, was the day appointed for ("the Grand Canal Celebration,") uniting the waters of Lake Erie with those of the ocean. By special invitation, Mr. Stanford accompanied the Corporation of the city on the occasion. The orator of the day was his intimate friend and neighbour, the late Samuel L. Mitchill, M. D., LL. D.

Monday, 21st. Mr. S. says—"Quite unwell all day, yet in the evening was under the necessity of going to the City-Hotel, for the purpose of delivering an address at the anniversary of the Society for the

Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents." That eloquent and spirit-stirring address will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it.

It is a circumstance peculiarly gratifying to the friends of Mr. Stanford, that in addition to his usefulness in the ordinary routine of ministerial duties, he enjoyed the high gratification of having been instrumental in originating the "House of Refuge" in the city of New-York. This being the first of the kind in the United States, in which the experiment of juvenile reformation has been fairly attempted; and which, after it had been in operation two years, Governor Clinton declared, in his annual message of 1826, to be, "perhaps the best penitentiary institution which had ever been devised by the wit, and established by the beneficence of man." It is due alike to truth, and to the memory of Mr. Stanford, to insert in this place, the documents which relate to this interesting subject.

Extract from the New-York Gazette.

"*Common Council.*—A letter was read from the Rev. Mr. Stanford, stating, that a number of youth, convicted of petty thefts, had been sent by the Police to the Penitentiary, in the hope of mending their morals, which he believed had a contrary effect. He stated, that an interesting orphan boy of fourteen years, under his charge, had been found in the market, and sent to the Penitentiary—that he wrote an excellent hand, and was otherwise competent for business—that he had procured a place for him in a merchant's counting-house, but the gentleman, on hearing that the lad had been in the Penitentiary, declined taking him—that nobody seemed inclined to take boys from that establishment. Mr. S. recommends, both on the score of economy to the public, and the better correction of the morals of children of this description, that an asylum be founded, solely

appropriated to their use. This letter was referred to the Mayor and Commissioners of the Alms-House."

The following is an extract from the document referred to, and (written more than *twelve years* before the plan was carried into operation,) will settle the question as to the *origin* of the New-York House of Refuge.

"*To the Mayor and Corporation of the City of New-York.*

"GENTLEMEN,

"That the respectability and happiness of any country materially depends on the principles and habits of the rising generation, is a self-evident proposition.

"The benevolent exertions of different societies to establish schools in our city for orphans, and for the children of the indigent, demand our thanks to that God who is '*The Guide of our youth*,' and also to the generous public. Especially for the establishment of the Orphan-House, and the New-York City Charity School; to the accomplishment of which, citizens of all denominations have liberally contributed.

"I now beg leave to direct your attention to a subject of equal, if not of superior importance, and which devolves more immediately upon your honourable body, as the guardians of the city. It is, to make an attempt to rescue from indolence, vice, and danger, the hundreds of vagrant children and youth who, day and night, infest our streets; many of whom have, in the course of divine Providence, been cast upon the world as friendless orphans. It is no uncommon occurrence, to see some of these unfortunate children brought before the Police, who are compelled to inflict upon them the punishment of violated law, although it is frequently evident that they were betrayed into the commission of those very crimes, by circumstances not subject to their control.

"Some months ago the grand jury represented this case, as well as others of high importance, to the judicial authorities of this city. At the same time, adverted to the unhappy condition of a number of children from eleven to fourteen years of age, confined in the State-Prison. From my personal knowledge of this fact, and deeply impressed by frequently beholding their situation, I attempted to second the recommendation of that jury in a paragraph, introduced into several newspapers, under the signature of 'Amicus.'

"In a recent conversation with one of your worthy aldermen, the subject was revived, and it was deemed a duty incumbent on me to form something like a plan for the rescue of these unfortunate children from the temptations to which they are exposed, and that inevitable ruin to which, without your assistance, they appear to be doomed. Your well known disposition to promote the civil and moral interests of this large city, is my apology for presenting to your consideration, a subject in which, as individuals and as a community, we are all most deeply interested. Allow me, gentlemen, to invite your attention to that class of youth particularly referred to, the manner in which their case may be relieved, and some of the probable ways and means by which this desirable end may be attained.

"THE OBJECTS. These are, not the vagrant children who have parents existing in the city, although such parents may be more abandoned than their offspring. To assume the charge of such, without the consent of their parents, would be a violation of the law of our country, as well as of the law of nature, which give, to parents alone the government of their children, unless such be found violators of known civil law. Nor do I, at present, solicit your interference on the behalf of the unhappy youth confined in the State-Prison; for these are more immediately under

the authority of the Legislature. My particular desire is, to entreat your *immediate attention* to those vagrants who are found infesting our streets, docks, and markets, without any visible means of support, and who can give no correct account of themselves or their parents, and whose situation naturally leads to indolence and crime. It is no uncommon circumstance, to find children and youth of the above description in houses of ill-fame, where their vicious habits become confirmed, and eventually bring them to public shame and punishment. The great increase of this class has become a subject of deep anxiety and reasonable alarm to the minds of the virtuous inhabitants. To this it might be added, that there are many idle and vagrant children whose parents reside beyond the boundaries of the city and county, who abandon their children to vicious practices, for the purpose of aiding in their own support. These also require your special attention, until such parents shall present their claim, and be compelled to take their children under their own protection.

"RELIEF. I would respectfully recommend that a house be procured, as an asylum for vagrant youth, *the conveniencies and extent* of which may be easily conceived. Here five important points at least will claim your attention.

"1. Their proper classification, so as to preserve them from the influence of depraved associates.

"2. The cultivation of habits of industry, and instruction in such branches of the mechanic arts, as may be necessary to secure their future support and comfort.

"3. That a suitable proportion of their time be appropriated to the acquirement of a good education. And that those who are capable of sea-service, should be taught the rudiments of navigation. This would enhance the value of the institution, and promote the benefit of our commerce.

"4. That suitable measures should be adopted for their moral and religious instruction, without which, their entire reformation cannot be effected.

"5. That when any of the youth shall give satisfactory evidence of reformation, suitable recommendations should be given to those who may require their service, and places be provided for them by the guardians, or board of directors of the institution.

"It is necessary to add, that this institution should by a law of the Legislature, be placed under the government of the Corporation of the city of New-York. The duties of which will be rendered comparatively easy, by dividing the members into distinct committees for the purpose of systematic and periodical visitation. Or, that the Corporation might be empowered to appoint a suitable number of intelligent and benevolent inspectors for this purpose.

"WAYS AND MEANS. 1. As this object cannot well be accomplished without the concurrence of the Legislature, is it not more than probable, that they would pass an act for the establishment of such an institution, and be so far impressed with a conviction of its utility, as to make an appropriation of money to aid in its commencement.

"2. The Corporation, it is presumed, have power to appropriate a competent number of lots in some suitable place for the erection of a building; or, as an incipient measure, to provide a place as a temporary *refuge*.

"3. If a very small tax, for the purpose, were levied for one year only, it would probably meet with the entire concurrence and approbation of all the inhabitants of New-York.

"4. A subscription opened among the opulent inhabitants of this prosperous metropolis, would no doubt be responded to with their accustomed benevolence and liberality.

"5. When such an institution was once formed, it

would soon be found materially to aid in its own support. In the State-Prison, the experiment has proved, that young persons will more readily learn a trade, and, when accustomed to the use of tools, turn out more work than those farther advanced in life.

"The above suggestions are respectfully submitted to the modifications of your superior wisdom. Should you so far approve of the object, and of the above plan, as to appoint a committee for further investigation, and judge that in any way my feeble efforts may farther contribute to its maturity, they will be at your service.

"Allow me, in conclusion, gentlemen, to remark, that the above recommendation is not intended merely as an act of benevolence, but for the prevention of crime, and the preservation of our civil and moral interests. It cannot but be obvious, that if these vagrant youth are allowed to increase in depravity and in numbers, their pestiferous influence will soon become like the rapid current of a river, which will deepen its channel, and overflow its banks, until it has on every side spread the desolations of a moral contagion. As a natural consequence, our Penitentiaries must be multiplied, and thus an additional burden devolve upon the community; for it is indisputable, that every corrupt generation will produce its own likeness.

"As men of intelligence, I cannot doubt that you have regarded with approbation the efforts of the different religious societies in sending gospel missionaries to our interior and frontier settlements, for the purpose of promoting the moral improvement of the inhabitants of these regions. But the subject to which I have now directed your attention, is an attempt to purify the fountain, and to prevent the streams of corruption from spreading throughout the length and breadth of our happy country.

"In addition to the above, permit me to say, that,

there are many now within the gloomy walls of the State-Prison who were received from the city, and who deeply lament, that, in early life, they were cast upon the public, without parents or friends to direct their pursuits, or to prevent them from those allurements of evil associates, by which they were decoyed into the paths of crime and consequent ruin.

"I am,
"Gentlemen,
"With great respect,
"Your's in the gospel,
"JOHN STANFORD.

"*February* 13*th*, 1812."

A letter, addressed to the Honourable the Mayor of New-York, and other papers relating to the same subject, are in our possession; but it is deemed unnecessary here to insert them.

In a subsequent "Annual Report to the Honourable the Mayor and Corporation of the City of New-York," Mr. Stanford again invited their attention to this interesting subject, and added several important suggestions on the desirableness of establishing, in the same institution, a Marine School, for the education of such boys as might prefer a seafaring life. In the same report he directed the attention of the Common Council to the establishment then occupied as the *United States Arsenal*, in the twelfth ward, which he had examined with a particular view to its adaptation as a House of Refuge, and which was accordingly purchased, and is now occupied for that purpose, as appears from the following extract from the Commercial Advertiser.

"On Sunday morning last, agreeably to previous arrangement, the House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents, at the confluence of the Bloomingdale and Harlœm roads, was opened, by the performance of

religious exercises suited to the occasion. The managers of the institution, and a large company, composed of its patrons and friends, many members of the Legislature, and of the Common Council, and several benevolent ladies, who have contributed their services and personal attentions to the girls' department, were present. The Rev. Mr. Stanford, who, with a zeal that is apostolical, and beyond his years, goes about doing good, in our Alms-House, and Debtors' and other prisons and penitentiaries, performed divine service; and in his prayers and exhortations, was extremely affecting and impressive. His text was Exodus, ii. 9—'*Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages.*' The remarkable incident in the history of Moses, to which this refers, with its attendant circumstances, gave to the speaker the opportunity of expounding the ways of God to man, in his providential dealings, with great and striking effect, and of enforcing, at the same time, the duties of benevolence and charity to the poor and destitute. And the venerable preacher did not forget '*the wages*' promised. What those were, those who are accustomed to do good will readily understand.

"The objects present, consisting of a number of boys and girls, of tender years—some in a state of childhood, others just entering the period of youth, rescued from the paths of ignorance and criminality, into which they had been led by the shameful neglect or the pernicious effects of evil example, on the part, in some instances, of their parents, and placed by the redeeming spirit of heaven-born charity, in a course of reformation, could not fail to awaken, under the powerful influence of the speaker, the varying sentiments of commiseration and sorrow, for their former degradation and wretchedness, and of gratitude and joy for their happy deliverance.

"The children appear in perfect health, and exhi-

bit the greatest decency in their dress and deportment. Ask any of them how they like the House of Refuge, and they will answer, that they are contented and pleased; and they appear duly to realize the advantages that are placed within their reach, of becoming useful, industrious and respectable; while without the benefits of this House, emphatically 'of Refuge,' it is manifest, they would have been left to grow up as candidates only for future shame and ignominy.

"There are fourteen girls and forty-seven boys. The number, it may be expected, will now greatly increase, as the new building will accommodate a large number of additional inmates.

"As a proof of the capacity of the boys for active and useful exertion, it ought to be stated, that the materials of the new brick building, (just opened) were principally carried up by them. They are also employed in other useful objects and branches of labour.

"The girls are instructed in the business and employments suited to them—and the whole are, at fixed and stated periods, instructed in useful learning, and in religious duty.

"A more honourable testimonial to the generosity and public spirit of our inhabitants cannot, it is believed, be exhibited; nor one that bids fairer to be more useful, than this. Our penitentiaries and state-prisons are founded in the utmost clemency and mildness of Christianity itself; but to the young, who are occasionally placed within their walls, they are but schools and nurseries for profligacy and criminality. If evil communications corrupt good manners, what must be the necessary effect upon manners already depraved? With regard to young offenders, the answer is too often and too sadly realized. And in this establishment is found the simple and the true remedy—separation from older and more hardened offenders—the substitution of good example, instruction, and

useful employment, in place of evil example, ignorance, and idleness—and the exertion of the power of society in the reformation, that it may be the more safely put forth for the forgiveness of its unfortunate children."

Letter to the Rev. Dr. Allison.

"*New-York, May 9th*, 1826.

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

"We have loved each other in Christ Jesus for very many years. We shall not meet again in this vale of sorrow, for the time of our departure is at hand. That blessed Saviour who hath so long conducted us in duty, and preserved us in suffering, hath already, by his death and resurrection, prepared for us a bed of death without a thorn. Let us still look to his gracious hand to lay us gently down upon that cold bed, in full and certain hope of the resurrection at the last day, that we then shall be transformed into his glorious likeness, see him as he is, know each other better than we are now known, and join the redeemed in triumphant praises to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. With such hopes I will not bid you farewell, for we shall meet in heaven, to part no more.

"JOHN STANFORD."

Thursday, January 17th, 1826, Mr. Stanford says:—"Visited all the wards in the City-Hospital, and then gave a discourse with some little satisfaction. After returning home, I finished the Annual Census, and sent it to the printer.

"Thursday, October 5th. Finished the 'Prisoner's Companion,' and delivered the copy to the committee of the American Tract Society." This interesting publication was immediately stereotyped, and is continued in the series of the Society's tracts.

"Friday, October 20th. A violent storm—no

carriage came for me, and I therefore employed myself in writing."

"During this day I have indulged many serious reflections on the path of my long life. I know not that at any one time my spirit was laid more prostrate before the Lord, or my gratitude more elevated for mercies and preservation, than during the whole of this day. Reviewing my ministerial life, I was deeply impressed with a conviction, that the servant of the Lord should always possess a habitual sense of the value and the danger of the souls of sinners. He ought to realize the trust committed to him in the ministry of the gospel, and possess great love and zeal for the glory of God. Thoughts like these pervaded my mind; so that when I looked back on my more than fifty years services, I could not but deeply lament that I have possessed so small a share of these ministerial virtues. I am now beginning seriously to discover my defects, when I have but little time left for improvement. I shall soon finish my days and my ministry together. These considerations humble my soul in the dust. I am deeply convinced that I can have no pretensions to merit. All the good I ever had or did, must be ascribed to the mercy and grace of God. If any sinner, by my means, has been brought to the knowledge of the truth, or any afflicted saint has been refreshed, it was the Lord that put the life-giving, consoling word into my lips, and clothed it with his power to produce the happy effect; therefore, the praise is not mine, but the Lord's. And, if I have written any thing which has been found instructive and useful to individuals, or to the public, I am certain the Lord put the subject into my heart, and he guided my hand; so that, in the review of my many publications, I have no regret, nor wish a single page recalled.

"Advancing towards my latter end, and feeling a rapid increase of mental and bodily infirmities, I wish

to look more intently into the foundation of my hope, that I may not be deceived nor ashamed. I can say with sincerity, that the hope I possess does not spring from either my religious or ministerial profession, nor from any series of religious opinions; but upon the sovereign mercy of God, through the person, atonement, righteousness, and grace of his Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. On this I rest: without it I must sink and perish! Long as I have made a profession of faith in Christ, I this day find that I still want more of the grace of faith—that holy principle which will enable me to take faster hold, and rest more feelingly upon Christ, the rock, the only sure foundation. The conflicts of my heart with sin, unbelief, and temptation, are frequently severe. The body of sin is weighty, defiling, and loathsome; I can therefore look for no other refuge, support, and victory, but in the God of all grace, through Jesus Christ my Lord. Like Moses, '*I know not the day of my death;*' neither am I anxious to know it, though it cannot be far distant. O that the Lord may enable mé to trim my lamp, gird up the loins of my mind, and cultivate those feelings which shall accord with a devout waiting for the coming of my Lord, so that when he knocks, I may open to him immediately. May the Holy Spirit, who is the glorifier of Christ, and the source of all grace, grant me his influence to help my infirmities, increase my faith, and sanctify my affections, and it will be the most welcome and valuable gift I can desire, and receive, on this my birthday!"

On the 31st of December, 1826, he writes:—"Thus closes another year. O how great has been the patience of the Lord with me, a poor sinful and unprofitable creature. What in future he designs for me, whether in life or death, I leave to his sovereign will and pleasure."

CHAPTER XVI.

FUNERAL OF THE REV. C. R. DUFFIE—MEMORIAL—MR. STANFORD A VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY—MECHANICS SCHOOL—ADDRESS AT LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE PENITENTIARY ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—RECEIVES THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF DIVINITY—EXERCISES AT THE CLOSE OF 1830.

JANUARY 1st, 1827, Mr. Stanford says:—"Many were the humble and grateful thoughts with which I commenced this year. My desires to live nearer the Lord increase daily; to have a firmer faith in the Redeemer, and to honour his name in whatever he may allot me to do or suffer; and to wait the time when he shall remove me from all below, in hope of endless peace."

"January 18th. Attended the Orphan-Asylum, to perform the funeral service over the remains of Elizabeth Jessup, aged eleven years, who died happy in the Lord."

"January 31st. Although this month I laboured under much bodily infirmity, yet was assisted to finish my annual reports of the different institutions, and to perform my usual duties in preaching and visiting. Many have been the conflicts of my own heart; and I humbly pray the Lord to pardon and cleanse me from my sins, and cause his holy fear so to operate upon my heart, that I may not depart from him, but love and serve him to the end of my days."

The following extract of a letter from Samuel L. Mitchill, M. D. LL. D. furnishes another evidence of the favourable light in which the labours of Mr. Stan-

ford were regarded by the most enlightened members of this community.

"*New-York, April 11th*, 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Be pleased to accept my thanks for your composition, entitled '*The Prisoner's Companion*,' published lately by the American Tract Society. The topics of the nine sections seem admirably adapted to answer the purpose for which they were intended, and show the author's profound acquaintance, from long observation, with the persons whom he addresses.

"I congratulate you on your great industry; and on your ability to finish so many and such excellent writings as you have done.

"May you long live to perform, among other functions, those exemplary ones that have distinguished you as 'Public Chaplain to the Humane and Criminal Institutions in the City of New-York.'

"Your book on the zoology of the Bible, has edified me much. I hope it has had an extensive circulation. The information it contains will materially elucidate the sacred text.

"I avail myself of the present opportunity, to assure you of my good will and kind feeling.

"SAMUEL L. MITCHILL."

August 21st, Mr. S. says:—"Visited ten wards in the City-Hospital, and gave a discourse. In the afternoon, attended the funeral of the Rev. C. R. Duffie, who, in the midst of usefulness, and at an early age, died, after a few days illness; and yet I am preserved to very old age."

"Lord's day, September 2d. Morning, ventured to the City-Hospital with only a scrap of notes, but the Lord was pleased to multiply it. Rode to the State-Prison, preached twice in the chapel, and once in the guard-house. O the goodness of the Lord in bearing with me, and helping me this day."

"Thursday, 10th. My day to visit the Marine-Hospital; there is a considerable increase of patients. Visited all the wards, and found some convalescent sailors in the hall, to whom I gave a discourse on St. Paul's shipwreck."

The following is an extract from a letter written by the patriotic and enlightened Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, to Mr. Stanford.

"*Doughoragen, October 9th*, 1827.

"REVEREND SIR,

"I was yesterday favoured with your friendly letter of the 10th past, and the discourses on the opening of the House of Refuge for the reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, and on the death of Jefferson and Adams; the former I have not yet read; with the latter I am highly pleased, and I sincerely thank you for your pious wishes for my happiness in the life to come.

"Your sentiments on religious liberty coincide entirely with mine. To obtain religious as well as civil liberty, I entered zealously into the revolution; and observing the Christian religion divided into many sects, I founded the hope that no one would be so predominant as to become the religion of the state, That hope was thus early entertained, because all of them joined in the same cause, with a few exceptions of individuals. God grant that this religious liberty may be preserved in these States to the end of time, and that all believing in the religion of Christ, may practice the leading principle of his religion, Charity, the basis of every virtue.

"I remain, with great respect,

"Reverend Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"CH. CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON,

"In the 91st year of his age."

"Birth-day Memorial, on entering into my 74th year, October 20th, 1827.

"Another year has fled! One more birth-day memorial of the patience and goodness of the Lord my God! Long have I thought, from the number of my days, and the increase of my infirmities, that I was near my journey's end, still, how greatly is it protracted. This is the Lord's doing; and while it is marvellous in my eyes, it affords me a further opportunity to work in his vineyards, and more abundant cause for gratitude and praise! Since my last birth-day, I have undergone a variety of conflicts in my own breast, on the subject of my ministry. True, I have this year preached as frequently, if not more so, than I did fifteen years ago; and yet I have observed a deficiency in my ministerial animation, as well as in my personal concerns, walking humbly and sensibly with the Lord my Saviour. If the multiplicity of duties performed, could constitute me a lively Christian, perhaps some bystanders might pronounce me one of the first class; but the exercises of my own heart, during the last year, compel me to take the lowest seat. I must still hang upon the same free and unmerited mercy, which I preach to the greatest sinners in my congregations.

"No particular changes or events have taken place with me this year; the whole having been employed in my usual course of public and private services.

"When I look on my table, I find many pieces of composition, which require a finishing touch; but in this case I may say, '*The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.*' My senses grow dull, and my hand moves slower every year, so that Solomon's admonition comes forcibly to mind:—'*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest*'—Ecclesiastes ix. 10."

In his diary for May, 1828, he remarks:—"The

Lord grant that, as I am spared to commence this month, I may be assisted to perform the duties and meet the events which may be appointed. The State-Prison, which I have attended for twenty-one years, will in a short time be broken up, and the prisoners be sent to the new prison at Sing-Sing. The corporation of the city will then take possession of the old building. What new arrangement may take place in regard to my services, I leave to the providence of God." The prison was purchased by the corporation, who took possession of it on the 18th of May.

On the 7th of this month, Mr. Stanford was unanimously elected one of the vice-presidents of the American Tract Society.

Friday, July 4th, he says:—"The anniversary of American independence. By special invitation from the committee of arrangements, I attended the annual celebration of the Mechanic's Society, in Masonic Hall. Made a short address, and offered thanksgiving and prayer. After Mr. Wheaton had pronounced his oration, I dismissed the assembly with the benediction." The improvement of this highly respectable class of our fellow citizens, was an object of great solicitude to Mr. S., and he availed himself of every opportunity to promote their influence, by the increase of their moral powers. With this view he early directed his attention to the subject of providing the best possible means for the proper education of the children of the New-York mechanics. He accordingly prepared and published a document, addressed to the mechanics in the city of New-York, inviting their particular attention to the establishment of a mechanic's school, and describing, with a master's hand, the nature, internal arrangements, and advantages of such an institution. To the gentlemen convened for the purpose of considering this subject, he submitted the plan of "A Mechanic School," which, with some modifications, was adopted.

Tuesday, 12th, he went to the Marine-Hospital, and attended all the wards. In two of them he found several sailors in a very happy and religious frame of mind, with whom, in conversation, he enjoyed great satisfaction. A considerable number of sailors were afterwards assembled in the middle hall, to whom he gave a discourse on Psalm xcv. 5—"*The sea is his, and he made it.*"

From Mr. Stanford, to Dr. Isaac Wood, Bellevue Hospital.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Sincere thanks for your little basket of eggs. It reminded me of Job's interrogation to his mistaken friend Eliphaz, the Temanite:—'*Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg?*' I suppose most people would reply in the negative; though some philosophers would say, there is no substance perfectly devoid of taste. However, Job's question had a direct application to his injudicious and ungenerous friend; for certainly his speech had no more savor than relish is to be found in the white of an egg, whether eaten raw or boiled. Let us therefore remember, that on visiting the afflicted, in body or mind, alway to take with us a little '*salt*,' a drachm or two of savory advice, which may prove a refreshment to their dejected spirits.

"Notwithstanding my present illness and great infirmities, I long for strength to allow me to visit my poor people at Bellevue! Who can tell, but that blessed hand which has spared and conducted me through the dreary shades of the winter, may permit me in the next month to enjoy that satisfaction? To his blessed care I commend you, and remain,

"Your's truly,

"JOHN STANFORD."

Lord's day, 31st, Mr. S. says:—"Thus the Lord has spared me through another month. The heat of the weather has been intense; nevertheless, the Lord has enabled me to preach FIFTY TWO SERMONS."

"Wednesday, 10th, rode to Bellevue. Accompanied the Mayor and Corporation, to Blackwell's-Island,* to deliver an address at the laying of the corner-stone of the New Penitentiary. The address was ordered to be printed."

"Lord's day, 28th, morning, preached in the City-Hospital, then rode to Bellevue, and preached with unexpected freedom; after which, was rowed over to Blackwell's-Island, where I delivered a discourse to the prisoners, and made arrangements for establishing a Sabbath school for the benefit of the convicts.

"October 1st. Preached in the Greenwich prison, and made arrangements to form a Sabbath school for the female prisoners.

"Wednesday, 8th. Rode to the Orphan-Asylum, and finished my course of fourteen morning lectures on the history of Joseph.

"Birth-day Memorial, on entering into my 75th year, October 20th, 1828.

"How great and marvellous is the forbearance and goodness of the Lord my God, in keeping me alive, and upholding me in his service to this day, notwithstanding my complicated infirmities! From my last birth-day, I have been assisted to perform all my usual services in the various public institutions which the Lord has for so many years committed to my care, and I hope not without some tokens of his blessing.

* This island is one mile and three quarters in length, and about six hundred feet in width; containing one hundred and ten acres. The soil is excellent, and there is found an exhaustless quarry of granite, of superior quality. The present buildings are each four stories high, and about two hundred feet in length, and fifty in breadth, containing double lines of cells, each three and a half feet by seven, and capable of containing in all, about four hundred and eighty prisoners.

It certainly is a cause of gratitude, that the numerous classes of my people, rather increase than diminish in their respectful and affectionate attention to my services. Still, from the feeling of my increasing infirmities, and a concern for the interest of my poor, miserable people, I have this year indulged serious thoughts, how far it was my duty to continue among them as a stated preacher, or look out for some more able and active minister to take my place; but, as yet, I have found no person disposed to assume the responsibility of ministering to these unfortunate beings, or to engage to perform the requisite amount of active service. I have therefore concluded that it was the will of my God, whom I serve in the gospel of Christ, that I should persevere.

"This year I have been led to know and feel more deeply, what Solomon calls '*the plague of a man's own heart*,' than ever I knew or felt before. It is therefore my daily and fervent prayer, that my faith, love, patience, and obedience, may more abundantly increase; that I might be kept '*steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord;*' that I may be found in Christ, and that my last change may be honourable to God, whether I shall be favoured with a warning of the event, or be suddenly removed from time to eternity. *Amen.*"

December 31st, 1828, Mr. Stanford says:—"Thus ends another year. O that my heart were more deeply impressed with a sense of the long-suffering, patience, and goodness of God towards me! I most humbly pray, that I may be sanctified by the spirit of Christ, that my faith, hope, and obedience, may increase with my days, and that I may be prepared for my departure. This year preached FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE SERMONS."

Monday, March 16th, Mr. S. says:—"In the afternoon, I visited the two murderers in the Bridewell. They are to be executed on the 7th of May." In

reference to one of these individuals, Mr. S. considered it his duty, at an early period after conviction, to correspond with the Governor of the State; but upon a further examination of this man's case, he became satisfied of the actual guilt, and aggravated barbarity of the culprit, and therefore resolved to withhold his appeal to the pardoning power of the executive. This is another instance, alike creditable to the heart and discrimination of our departed friend. The sympathies of his soul at first prompted him to the noble effort of saving another individual from destruction, but upon a re-investigation of the facts in the case, he declined to interfere; fully convinced, that to mingle justice with mercy, and to preserve a human being from death, without violating those precautions which are necessary for the welfare of human society, is indeed an important trust—a responsible power, which ought to be exercised with great caution, and with a humble reliance upon the special guidance of Divine Providence.

May 17th, Lord's day, Mr. S. says:—"Morning, preached in the City-Hospital. Rode to Bellevue, preached twice in the chapel, and once in the Penitentiary. After which, attended several sick persons, and prayed with them. Yesterday the female prisoners were removed from the Greenwich prison to this place, in a steam-boat. On the passage, one of the women jumped overboard and was drowned."

In the month of August, Mr. S. received from the faculty of Union College, in this state, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. An honour which he eminently merited.

Wednesday, September 30th, Dr. S. remarks:—"Rode to the building erected for the Deaf and Dumb institution, to assist in its dedication." This event must have been peculiarly gratifying to his feelings, from the fact that he was permitted, through the medium of the press, and by various other means,

to call the attention of the public to the subject, more than ten years prior to the commencement of this institution. To prove that Dr. Stanford's progress in the walks of philanthropy was untiring, enough has been recorded upon the preceding pages; but it is due no less to this community, than to the memory of our departed friend, once more to present him in a light, as honourable to his own reputation as it is gratifying to his friends, and has proved eminently beneficial to a highly interesting class of sufferers, who are entitled to universal commiseration.

As early as 1807, the sympathy of Dr. Stanford was excited by the deplorable condition of several *deaf mutes*, whom poverty and friendless destitution had brought into the New-York Alms-House. Deeply impressed with a sense of their wretchedness, he lost no time in devising and executing a plan for their amelioration. His first step was, to form them into a class, and having procured the requisite number of slates, and obtained the aid of an assistant, he began, by teaching them to write, and soon enjoyed the satisfaction of witnessing, in their evident improvement, the entire success of his benevolent plan. This was probably the first institution in America, which exemplified the appropriate motto of his learned friend, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, '*Vicaria Manus Linguæ*'—The hand a substitute for the tongue. Owing to the changes which occurred in the Alms-House, this early *school for the deaf and dumb*, was, after a time, necessarily discontinued; but the object was not abandoned. When, in 1816, William Lee, Esq. formerly the American consul at Bordeaux, returned to this city, and laid before Dr. Mitchill, Dr. Stanford, and other gentlemen, the circular letter from Mr. Gard, the teacher of deaf mutes in Bordeaux, it was the opinion of all present, that a select meeting of gentlemen ought to be immediately called, to discuss the subject, and consider the propriety of adopting mea-

sures with a view to the establishment of an institution upon a liberal and extended basis, for the instruction of the numerous deaf and dumb throughout the State of New-York. In compliment to the early enterprise of Dr. S. as the first person in this community who had engaged in this benevolent work, it was proposed that the first public meeting should be convened at his house. The following gentlemen were present, viz.—Dr. S. L. Mitchill, Dr. Samuel Ackerly, Mr. Nicholas Roome, Mr. R. Wheaton. Mr. James Palmer, Mr. Silvanus Miller, General Jonas Mapes, Mr. Elisha W. King, Mr. John B. Scott, Rev. Drs. Stanford and M'Leod. After a full discussion of the important object of the meeting, they adjourned, to meet at a future day in Tammany-Hall. This was succeeded by other meetings, the doings of which resulted in the formation of the present noble institution; which was incorporated by an act of the legislature, on the 15th of April, 1817, and has furnished accommodations for hundreds of unfortunate beings, who, but for the instruction which they there received, would have gone down to the grave, ignorant, not only of the benefits of science, but of the blessings of the gospel of Christ.

"Birth-day Memorial, on entering my 76th year, October 20th, 1829.

"To record the goodness, forbearance, and mercy of the Lord, is a service due alike to Christian principle and to gratitude. To those who consider the ways of Providence, and realize the blessing of grace, there are no days that do not lay us under obligations to express our thanksgivings to the Lord our God. But what obligations am I under this day, for his innumerable mercies; and the long-suffering of my God to me, in sparing me amidst so many evils and infirmities. On my last birth-day, when I wrote the memorial of my preservation, and all the goodness which the Lord had bestowed upon me; the infirmities

of my person were so many and oppressive, that instead of expecting to survive until the present hour, I expected to be numbered with the dead. When, therefore, I review the events of the past year, the continuation of my public services, the numerous evils of my heart, and the abundant patience of God in holding me in life to this day; I am lost in admiration, and devoutly wish that my heart were filled with love, and gratitude, and praise.

"My chief anxiety now is, to subdue the body of sin, which wars against my peace and comfort; so that, whether I shall be called suddenly, or be permitted to lie on the bed of lingering infirmity and sickness, that I may leave some humble testimony of the Lord's goodness, forbearance, and tender mercy, to me, the chief of sinners."

The following is a letter from the Hon. Philip Hone, Esq. late Mayor of New-York, to the Rev. John Stanford, D. D.

"*Monday, May 3d*, 1830.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I should have replied sooner to your letter of 30th of April, but intended to call at your house. In this I have been prevented by numerous engagements. It does appear to me, my excellent friend, that your age and infirmity demands that you should relinquish your duties at the Alms-House, except so much of them as your inclination may still induce you to perform. If any man in our community is entitled to the ease and comfort which should accompany old age, you certainly are, for *no man has devoted a larger proportion of his life and services to the good of his suffering and unfortunate fellow-creatures.* Your power to serve them, in a limited degree, still, I trust, remains; and your benevolent disposition will not suffer you to remain idle, as long as you have the ability to do good.

Continue then at the Hospital, but relinquish the Alms-House and Penitentiary. You have never acquainted me with the state of your pecuniary affairs; but I hope they are such, that the sacrifice of the small pittance which you have heretofore received from that quarter, will not occasion you inconvenience; and I trust our corporation will not forget the services you have so long rendered them.

"Amidst the cares and vexations of life, of which I have some, but happily not an over-proportion, it is a source of pride and consolation, that I am allowed to flatter myself that I enjoy the friendship and good opinion of my venerable friend, and early preceptor.

"My wife and children are well, and very thankful for your kind remembrance of them. I intend to call and see you very soon.

"Your affectionate friend,

"PHILIP HONE."

On entering his 77th year, Dr. S. remarks:—"Looking into my diary, it seconds the record in my own conscience, of numberless imperfections, and the host of evils which lodge within my heart. Worn down by age and infirmities, I have sensibly realized a painful languor throughout my system. And yet, in this declining state, I have not only been assisted to perform my usual services in the public institutions, and to make a free use of my pen; but have been called to perform several extra public duties. Nevertheless, the conflicts of my mind and heart, during the past year, have been very great, so that I am under the greatest possible obligation to adore and praise the Lord for his forbearance, long-suffering, and mercy to me, the most unworthy of all his servants. I must add, that for several months, I have been also employed in superintending the printing of my 'Aged Christian's Cabinet,' the last half sheet of which, was

delivered to me from the press, on the very day when I was taken ill. '*The will of the Lord be done.*'"

This is a handsome octavo, of 450 pages, containing a series of most useful, and well written essays, calculated to promote the moral benefit, and consolation of the class of persons to whom they are addressed. The work is written in a pleasing and familiar style. The chief design of the writer, to promote devotional feelings, and to sooth the asperities incident to advanced age, is well preserved throughout the volume; and it is truly gratifying to contemplate that glowing piety, blended with sound instruction, which pervades the whole. The work may be confidently recommended to the perusal of the aged disciple, as eminently conducive to elevate and to establish his Christian character, and powerfully to co-operate in preparing him for the solemnity of death, and the immortal bliss of the upper temple.

Lord's day, November 5th, Dr. S. remarks:—"I earnestly prayed that I might be permitted to spend this Sabbath in hope of one that never shall end. The Lord has heard and answered my petition."

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. STANFORD CONFINED TO HIS CHAMBER, BUT CONTINUES TO LABOUR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS UNDER HIS CARE—ANOTHER NEW TRACT—LETTERS TO MRS. WETMORE—MEMORIAL—ANOTHER TRACT, ON MORNING AND EVENING DEVOTION.

SATURDAY, February 5th, 1831. Dr. Stanford says: "In the afternoon felt happy in having been enabled to finish my account of the Public Institutions, and hope it may be useful."

His "Annual Reports" to the Honourable the Mayor and Common Council of the city of New-York, were always regarded with interest, as documents of great public utility, and ordered to be printed.

In approaching the termination of this memoir, it has become necessary to omit many things, the record of which, would, under other circumstances, be a duty; but to preserve the limits originally prescribed, we shall be restricted almost entirely to the gleaning of a few brief excerpts from his diary, which portray his history at remote intervals, up to the period when he closed his useful life, and took wing for the regions of glory.

Tuesday, March 29th, he remarks:—"Finished a paper containing thirteen pages, on *Hiding the Word of God within the Heart.* May it prove a blessing to all who read it."

During the present and two succeeding years, Dr. Stanford addressed several interesting letters to his excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore, from which

selections will be given in the order of their respective dates. The following was written,

"*June* 21*st*, 1831.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"This morning I told Thomas that I would make an effort to write you a few lines in the course of the day, should my pains and debility permit. For, as it is to be expected, every week evinces that my flesh is sinking to the dust. But I constantly commit the progress, fast or slow, to the good will and pleasure of my heavenly Father.

"As I am almost incapable of performing any public service, and can seldom venture to walk out, perhaps you may wish to be informed how I employ my hours in seclusion. I am daily engaged, more or less, in looking over the book of my life, which contains many hundred pages, and is divided into seventy-eight chapters. It contains the record of many events which are calculated to humble me before the Lord; yet how great has been the patience, mercy, and goodness of my God, in permitting this volume to become so large! The book of my experience I also daily look over, but it is very small; some of its leaves are spotted, ragged, and torn, so that it frequently puzzles me to read it; yet I find written at the end of almost every chapter, '*Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.*' But what may be the contents of the last chapter, I must leave for others to read. Only I hope the Lord will not forsake me. What engages me most, is the book of God—my Bible. This is my most valuable companion, and from it I derive knowledge, comfort, and strength; although I must confess that I am a poor scholar, and know comparatively little, and feel less of its rich and valuable contents than I wish to enjoy, and should have nothing unless the Spirit of my heavenly Saviour had taught me.

"However, wherein I have been deficient in the

proper use of such books, may it please the Lord to cause you, and your's, more fully to abound.

"Your's truly,

"JOHN STANFORD."

"Lord's day, 22d. The Lord having graciously been pleased that I should behold the light of another Sabbath, I was encouraged to look to his throne for his blessing on my private exercises in prayer, reading, and meditation. But in the afternoon and evening my mind became depressed. My dark days will soon terminate. O Lord, grant me the light of life!"

On entering his 78th year, Dr. S. remarks:—"Preserved by my good and gracious Lord, to see the close of another year, I shall note some of the events which demand my sincere gratitude and praise.

"My health has continued in a fluctuating state, and consequently my public services, as must be expected, are performed under painful circumstances. As to the use of my pen, this has made a part of my private exercise; when capable of occupying my chair, I have answered many of my distant correspondents; occasionally written on subjects in relation to the Corporation and the public interest, and a number of theological essays, &c. so that my private hours were not altogether unemployed. *But my chief comfort has been in reading my Bible.*

"Although I still continue under great infirmity, and so much pain as to prevent me from public duties, I hope I am submissive to the will of my Lord. The date of my age this day sufficiently admonishes me that the time of my departure from this world is at hand. But blessed be God, '*I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day,*' when time with me shall be no longer. Still, I pray for more light from above. Alas! this '*body of sin*

and death' is more depressing to my soul than all the bodily pains which I endure. O how thankful I am that the Lord hath promised; '*It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light.*'

"Wednesday, 26th. Depending on the help of the Lord, I ventured to ride to Bellevue, in the hope of being able to establish a library for the benefit of the poor."

The reader has no doubt, ere this, perceived that the efforts of Dr. Stanford to benefit the souls committed to his care, were not limited to the mere routine of what might strictly be considered as involved in the duties of his chaplaincy; but, that he endeavoured, by every means in his power, to promote their happiness and moral improvement. This will become still further evident, by the following extract from his address to the Board of Commissioners of the City Alms-House.

"GENTLEMEN,

"It has for many years past been my earnest wish, that an effort might be made to form a library for the particular benefit of the poor in the City Alms-House, as a means under God of promoting their comfort and improvement.

"The following method has suggested itself to my mind, as a measure by which the object might gradually be attained, without expense to the board; I therefore beg leave to offer the following suggestions."

Here follow many judicious and practical remarks. He then goes on to say:—"With the above suggestions, and the outline of a plan for the proper arrangement and regulation of the library when formed, allow me to request the favour of your acceptance of six copies of my 'Aged Christian's Cabinet,' for the use of the aged under your charge in this house, in the hope that the Lord may make them the means of

contributing to their instruction and comfort; and by so doing, you will exceedingly gratify,

" Your old chaplain and sincere friend,

"JOHN STANFORD.

" *September 30th*, 1831."

" At a meeting of the officers of the Bellevue Establishment, on Friday evening, the 8th of December, 1831;

" Moved, and seconded, That the code of laws proposed by Dr. Stanford be adopted. Carried.

" Moved, and seconded, That a library committee be appointed by the chair. Carried. When the Rev. H. Tappin, Dr. J. Wood, J. Cox, G. W. Taylor, and E. M. Guion, were named, and approved of.

" Moved, and seconded, That this meeting, as organized, be called the ' Stanford Library Association of Bellevue,' and that Jameson Cox be president of this Association, and E. M. Guion, secretary. Carried.

" E. M. GUION, *Secretary*."

July 3d, 1832, Dr. Stanford remarks:—" It pleased the Lord to enable me to finish a little tract on morning and evening devotion, for which I am thankful. May I still be assisted to bring forth fruit in my old age, to the praise of God, and the benefit of my fellow-creatures."

Several thousand copies of this valuable pamphlet, were printed at his own expense, for gratuitous distribution. We regret that the want of room will not permit its insertion in the present volume.

From Dr. Stanford to Mrs. Wetmore.

" *July 21st*, 1832.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" In this solemn time of public calamity, when pestilence walketh in darkness, it is well for friends

to inquire, and receive information from each other of their welfare; and therefore, this paper messenger will ask, How is it with you and your's? and how is it in the hospital? David tells us, Psalm ix. 16, that '*The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth.*' And it is my prayer, that the inhabitants of this city, may see the hand that smiteth them, and that we may turn unto the Lord in penitence and reformation, and be a people to his praise. But, of this I am certain, if the Lord should not accompany his present judgment with his Spirit and gospel, to teach and humble us, we shall still be left in ignorance and stupidity, and it will be written of us, '*The people turneth not unto him that smiteth them, neither do they seek the Lord of Hosts*'—Isaiah ix. 13. Strong reasons these why we should be found in prayer at the throne of mercy.

"Most of my friends believe that I have pretty nearly got to the head-waters of the river of old age, which may be said to be seventy-eight miles long. But I consider myself as lying at anchor in the bay of mortality, waiting for the pilot to take me into the port of peace. On Wednesday last I met with a severe storm, the effects of which I still feel. It shattered me exceedingly. Towards evening of the same day, the sentiment of David was made my own: —'*Behold, here am I, let the Lord do with me what seemeth him good.*' This greatly composed my mind then, and continues to do so now.

"That the Lord may be your preserver, and finally grant you and your's an entrance into his everlasting kingdom, through Christ Jesus our Lord, is the sincere prayer of

"Your's truly,
"JOHN STANFORD."

On Friday, July 27th, Dr. Stanford wrote on a scrap of paper, found in his desk, "I WISH TO LIVE AS A SAINT, AND TO DIE AS A SENSIBLE SINNER,

LOOKING FOR THE MERCY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, UNTO ETERNAL LIFE. J. S. July 27th, 1832."

Lord's day, September 2d, Dr. S. remarks:—"Mercifully assisted to perform my private exercises of devotion, and in reading two or three of my own sermons in the 'Domestic Chaplain,' particularly the sermon on 'Christ, the Alpha and Omega'—my faith was strengthened. Thus I may say, the Lord has fed me out of my own spoon. Blessed be the Lord for all his mercies to me, who am so unworthy."

On entering into his 79th year, Dr. Stanford remarks:—"The longer the journey of our life is, the greater are the dangers of the way. The more abundant our mercies, the greater is the obligation to erect a memorial, and to acknowledge, that '*hitherto the Lord hath helped*' us. If any individual or minister be under obligation to erect an EBENEZER, commemorative of the care and goodness of the Lord, in the course of a long life, it certainly is a duty devolving upon me this day. Help me, O Lord, gratefully to acknowledge thy merciful kindness, in sparing me so long. Especially do I feel thankful while I remember many of my ministering brethren, and many of the companions of my youth, who have passed away to the shades of death, while I am spared, as a monument of the preserving mercy of my good and gracious God.

"From the nature of my complicated complaints, and the great advance of my age, there is every reason to believe that my public labours in the ministry of the gospel, will not be resumed. Often do I look back on the scenes of my life, and particularly those of the last twenty years, when my labours have been more abundant than in the days of youthful vigour. Deeply do I lament my numberless defects, and adore the patience and long-suffering of the Lord, in permitting so unworthy a servant to continue in his vine-

yard more than half a century. If I have been useful to an individual, a church, an institution, or to the public, whether by preaching, or by writing, or any other way, I attribute the whole to the influence and good pleasure of my God.

"Some in the course of their ministry have had occasion to alter their opinion in regard to the more important doctrines which they have preached, and the ordinances which they have administered; but it has not been so with me. I cannot therefore but record my gratitude to the Lord, for having taught me the principal truths of his everlasting gospel in my early experience, so that although the lines of my instruction were comparatively faint, yet the truth was precious, and upon Jesus Christ, as the foundation and only hope of the guilty, have I been building ever since I first professed to know the truth; nor have I this day any doubt of its correctness. It affords me pleasure to reflect, that I have ever been open to conviction. I never was a bigot; but sensible of the deceitfulness of my own heart, I have always been willing to receive the truth of God, wherever I have found it; and that truth will, I trust, support and cheer me to the end.

"Man is perpetually living in anticipation of some future good. This is peculiarly true in reference to those who have, by the Spirit of grace, been made nigh unto God through Christ Jesus. Such are emphatically expectants; having the '*promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.*' Blessed are all those who can say with David, '*All my expectation is from him*'—Psalm lxii. 5.

"Whatever I may need to supply the wants of my body, or whatever faith, and patience, and strength, I may require for the soul; for all these I look to the Saviour, and say, '*The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.*' I desire to render praise unto God, that in conversation, in preaching, and in writing, I have

frequently been assisted to contemplate and to describe the sublime realities of religion, and the joys of that heaven to which the Christian is tending. Nevertheless, during the course of this year, I have had occasion to deplore a mental gloom, which has often clouded my spiritual vision, and interrupted, though, blessed be God, it has not entirely prevented, the joys which flow from faith in the Redeemer. This has, I hope, tended to humble me; but I do not yield to despair, since '*The Lord is my light and my salvation.*' When the Israelites were near the end of their journey, and about to enter into Canaan, they had no idea how the waters of Jordan would divide and permit them to pass, until they had actually arrived on its bank; so I hope it will be with me, when I pass the stream of death. Then may I not only see the cold waters divide, and Jesus, the true ark, resting in the midst, but behold, by faith, the Canaan of everlasting rest, and so enter for ever into the joy of my Lord! If I can say nothing else, I can truly say with David, '*This God is our God, for ever and ever, and he shall be my guide, even unto death*'—Psalm xlviii. 14. Upon this rock would I rest. I will hope and wait patiently for the time, and leave the means, the manner, and all other circumstances in relation to my final departure, in the hands of God, my heavenly Father, and blessed Saviour. Even so, Amen.

"JOHN STANFORD."

January 7th and 8th, 1833. "These days," says Dr. S. "have been chiefly employed in finishing my annual census for the press. This is my last public work, which I little thought I should have been spared to accomplish. Now I wish and pray to be more devoted in spiritual exercises to the Lord my God and Saviour, that I may be ready for my final change. Earth binds me not. Come Lord Jesus!"

The following is an extract from a letter written by the Hon. Gideon Lee.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,

"I beg leave to express my gratitude to you for the book you were pleased to send me, but more especially for the kind wishes and pious benedictions which accompanied it. I thank you, Sir, as a citizen, also as a magistrate, for the long, arduous, and pious service which you have been able and willing to perform to an unfortunate class of our fellow beings, and I pray that a good Providence may still spare your life through years of usefulness and enjoyment.

"I am, dear Sir,
"With great respect,
"Your obedient servant,
"GIDEON LEE.

"*Mayor's Office, January 26th*, 1833."

"February 28th. This," says Dr. S. "ends another month, and demands my thankfulness to the Lord for his forbearance, and the unnumbered instances of his kindness through Jesus Christ. The new complaint (tic douloureux,) which commenced in my right cheek last Lord's day morning, has much increased my sufferings. Well, the heavenly builder of this my earthly tabernacle, has been pleased, for about three years past, to take out many of its *pins;* the new disease may indicate that he is taking out some of the *screws*, which is a more painful operation. But he who built the tabernacle, and has preserved it in the wilderness of this world for nearly fourscore years, knows best when and how to take it down. To his wisdom and mercy I hope to be enabled to submit myself.

"April 1st. My only wish is, that he will continue to visit me with his salvation, and that in every

breath I draw I may glorify his name, whether I live to see the end of this month or not.

"June 7th. Still employed in writing for my family and friends. Afternoon visited by several friends. Among others, a lady who had returned from the West-Indies, and who, among other things, informed me that she had given one of my 'Guide to Devotion,' to a pious lady of wealth, who had been confined to her bed for some years. She found my little tract so salutary to her own heart, that she made it a rule to require her domestics to attend her, morning and evening in her chamber, where the tract is used as a guide in their devotional exercises. I make this note as an expression of my gratitude to God for his goodness, in making my efforts useful in a distant clime.

"July 31st. This day received a copy of a new edition of my 'Domestic Chaplain,' re-published in London. May the Lord bless it to the benefit of the reader, and the glory of his own grace. This makes the fourth edition.*

"October 20th, Lord's day. This morning's light was accompanied with peculiar sensations, as it ushered in my eightieth birth day. A thousand thoughts rushed into my mind, and I was overwhelmed with a sense of the sparing mercy of God, and could not but exclaim with the Psalmist—'*Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name,*' &c. Psalm ciii. If I found my seventieth year '*labour,*' no wonder if at eighty I find it to be '*sorrow.*' This is the highest number of years in the computation of human life, beyond it all is *vacancy;* and it is said to be '*soon cut off, and we fly away.*' Lord grant me grace to fly to the Saviour's arms, to be at rest and free from sin."

* To the venerable author of this useful work, it must have afforded great satisfaction to reflect, that about ten thousand copies have been published in Europe and America.

Dr. Stanford's last letter to his pious friend, Mrs. Wetmore, dated

" *October 24th*, 1833.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" Time is invaluable to man not only for its present use, but because it bears us on its wings to a solemn and inconceivable eternity. A sense of this led Moses, David, and thousands of others, to the throne of the Most High God with this petition—'*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom*'—Psalm xc. 12. Happy shall you and I be, if the Lord is pleased to teach us such lessons, for we shall then be enabled to make a more profitable use of the little time which may be allotted us upon earth. Of this I was the more sensible last Lord's day, the 20th, when, by the sparing hand of my merciful God, I was permitted to enter into the eightieth year of my age. Then the contents of this psalm were to me highly instructive.

" There I saw my own age recorded, (ver. 10,) and the description exactly corresponds with my own feelings. The age of seventy is said to be *labour*, and so I found it; for the powers of nature began to fail, and soon after, by infirmity and disease, I began to find '*the grasshopper*' burdensome, although I brushed off the teazing animal as well as I could. How long I have to remain, I have no means to calculate; for when I was at seventy I could read eighty, though I little expected to realize it; but now, there is no number beyond this, all that is said is, whatever may be the degree of our strength that is left, '*it is soon cut off, and we fly away.*' Happy indeed are those who now live by faith on Christ Jesus the Lord, for when the cord of life is cut, they pass away to the mansions of eternal rest; and this is that life I have long wished to live more sensibly and more honourably, till I go hence, to return no more.

"I must add, that although I know the statement of Moses to be true, and I feel much of the labour and sorrow of old age, yet I am not disconsolate, nor quite alone; for the Lord is rich in mercy and plenteous in redemption; and among many other assurances he hath said—'*Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you.*' Isaiah xlvi. 4.

"That this God may be your God in Christ Jesus, and the God and Guide of your family even unto death, is the sincere prayer of

"Your's in the Lord,

"JOHN STANFORD."

"December 11th. I find that nature rapidly fails, yet with all my conflicts I thank the Lord that the breathing of my poor soul is still towards himself, that he would grant me preparation to meet my final change. Amidst all my pains, I was assisted this day to write a small tract, 'On waiting upon God.' I am thankful for what may be my last service."

January 1st, 1834, Dr. Stanford remarks:—"Under so many infirmities, and at so advanced an age, little could I have expected to have been permitted to see this New-Year. But it is the Lord's hand that sustains me, and I hope to learn new lessons of his goodness, forbearance, and grace in Christ Jesus, that if I am spared a little longer in this vale of tears, I may be preserved from evil, and produce some fruit to the honour of his blessed name, and the good of my fellow-creatures."

About two o'clock on New-Year's day, 1834, immediately in front of Dr. Stanford's house in Lispenard-street, one hundred and fifty children, dressed in the uniform costume of the New-York Orphan-Asylum, and under the direction of their teachers, and Mr. Charles C. Andrews, the superintendent; formed a

group of interesting objects, which soon attracted the attention of a multitude of delighted spectators. They had come to congratulate their venerable friend and father, on the return of another anniversary of his long life; and as the tear of affection bedewed the eye-lids of some of those hapless orphans, they seemed to say, while they gazed upon the good old man standing before the window, Our father! O our father! we shall see his face no more. After an interval of twenty minutes the patriarch came to the door; and in a strain of thrilling pathos, and paternal affection, delivered to the beloved orphans, whom he familiarly used to call his "*dear children,*" an address, which not only evinced the tenderness and solicitude of his heart, but seemed to portend that he was then delivering to them his last message from God—his dying testimony to the truth and blessedness of the Christian religion. "Children, O my dear children!" said he, "pray to God for new hearts. Seek the Lord while he may be found. I shall meet you no more, until the trumpet of the archangel wakes the slumbering dead. May I then meet you in your father's house in heaven." When the sound of his voice had ceased; the children sung the following beautifully appropriate hymn, in a manner which left an impression upon the minds of all present, that gratitude and filial affection filled each of their hearts.

"Let us, orphans, look to heaven,
Whence all blessings freely flow;
Children's bread from God is given,
All our wants our Father knows.

"Praise the Lord for food and raiment,
House and home he here provides,
And without our care or payment,
All our wants are well supplied."

After singing, the children alternately ascended the stoop where he was standing, and received from

their aged friend, the customary New-Year's gift, as a last token of his kindness; and this most interesting congregation was dismissed with his benediction. "This scene," said a beholder, "was altogether one of the most touching that has been witnessed in this city for many years. All the respectable neighbours of Dr. S. were at their doors and windows, and seemed to participate in the joy of the aged servant of Christ."

Who that enjoyed the luxury of this affecting spectacle, but must have felt, that among the benevolent institutions which adorn the present age, the Orphan-Asylum, when properly conducted, occupies a rank of paramount importance, and is entitled to the libral support of every friend of the fatherless.

The last letters exchanged between the Rev. Dr. Stanford and the Rev. Joseph Grafton, whose ordination sermon he preached more than forty years ago, (the only survivers of the ecclesiastical council assembled on that occasion,) are here subjoined, not only because in old age, they evince the same congenial piety which animated the vigour of their youth, but to show that those veteran soldiers of the cross, like David and Jonathan, were lovely in life, and in death they were not divided.

"*New-York, December 8th*, 1833.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"It was gratifying to receive one more letter from your friendly hand. I thank the Lord for his kindness in supporting, comforting, and making you useful in his Church to so late a period in life. And, I doubt not, but that your heavenly Father will still continue to fulfil his promises to you, and give you such supply of grace, as shall enable you to glorify him, to your final hour. I have an impression, that your last two letters to me, were more spiritual than some which preceded them, and I could not but bless the Lord

on your behalf, that he kept you in such intimate nearness to himself, and in such lively exercise of faith, in the blessed Lord Jesus. These are realities which I daily need, and for which my soul labours and prays continually before the Lord. At present your situation is different from mine; as you are allowed to perform public duties in the church, and administer the ordinances of the Lord Jesus; whereas, I am precluded from the house of God, and public communion with his saints. My Lord, who, I hope, opened my heart and mouth to preach his blessed gospel, nearly sixty years ago, has closed my lips, so that I have not delivered a discourse for several months; and owing to the dropsy in my chest, I can hold but short conversation with my visiting friends. Well, I used to delight in the Lord's public service; but from the day he was pleased to lay his hand upon me, and shut me up in private, I have had no anxious wish to renew my former activity, but learn submission to his holy will. He has not yet done so with you. All he allows me is, the use of a pair of eyes to read, and my hand to write; and however imperfectly, yet I can employ them, and praise his name for the blessings I enjoy. But, I must likewise confess, that my poor old heart is so often infested with wandering thoughts, that I frequently think that it more resembles a den of thieves, than a residence for my God and Saviour. This too, perhaps, is not your case so much as mine. You know that Satan made a more daring attack upon the blessed Jesus, when he was in the solitary wilderness; and no wonder that he assails me, in my afflictive seclusion from public service. Well, we know that the Son of God was tempted, that he might succour those that are tempted; and, I pray that every assault may lead me nearer to his gracious arms. When I preached your ordination sermon, about forty years ago, I knew very little of such conflicts; and perhaps this was the case with you; but,

by reading the Bible, and the history of God's people, it seems that the roughest part of the journey is reserved for the last.

"That the Lord may be sensibly present with you, your family, and congregation, is the sincere prayer of

"Your's, affectionately in the Lord,
"JOHN STANFORD."

"*Newtown, January 4th*, 1834.

"MY DEAR BROTHER STANFORD,

"Your kind epistle, post-marked December 8th, was received. I thank you for your affectionate remembrance of me, and for the good and pious sentiments it contained. To wait upon the Lord, and to wait for the Lord, O how sustaining to the soul, amidst the trials of life, and the infirmities of old age. It is by the kindness of our blessed Lord, that he replenishes our lamps, and pours into them the oil of his grace, or they would certainly go out.

'O to grace, how great a debtor!'

"How pleasing, how supporting it is, to reflect upon the purpose of God in Christ Jesus. Not any covenant made with you or me, nor with Abraham, but with him who is the believer's life, and the surety of his salvation. 'O for faith to credit what the Almighty saith!' 'Believe, and take the promised rest.' Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, —a moment to suffer, a moment to wait—then comes the crown of glory. Is it not your constant prayer, Lord, increase my faith, confirm my hope, enlarge my views? I trust that it is. Well, the happy day will soon arrive, when the weary pilgrims will reach the peaceful shores of everlasting bliss.

"May the good Lord prepare us *both* for our departure. I generally preach half the Lord's day, visit the sick, attend funerals, &c. In view of death,

my hope, my only hope, is in the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the imputation of *his* righteousness for justification, when the King shall come in to view the guest. O may we, my brother, '*be found in him!*' These sentiments, I think, accord with your's, and here is the solid rock.

'Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust.'

"I often think with you, that when writing to a friend, it may be my last letter. But may *we* correspond as long as our heads can dictate, and our tremulous fingers trace a line.

"Our Theological Institution flourishes—we have fifty students. Your young friend, T. G. Freeman, is well—I esteem him highly.

"My dear brother will, I hope, excuse the imperfections of this letter—take it as it is, and with it my sincere prayers, that the God of grace may be your all in all, in *time*, in *death*, and in *eternity*.

"Your aged and affectionate brother in the Lord,
"JOSEPH GRAFTON."

Friday, January 10th, Dr. S. says:—"At noon, the Rev. Drs. Brownlee, Knox, and Dewitt, of the Dutch Church, made me an affectionate and higly acceptable visit. Evening more unwell. Lord be with me!"

"Saturday, 11th. Arose this morning much debilitated. Wrote a long letter to a friend at the City Hospital. Spent the remainder of the day in looking unto the Lord."

The annexed lithograph, exhibits a fac simile of the last words he wrote, probably about six hours before his translation to the abodes of peace.

Thus, on Tuesday, the 14th of January, 1834, about midnight, died this faithful servant of Christ, as he lived, a firm believer in the doctrines of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour—full of days, and full of faith

Fac-simile of the last entry in the Diary

12. Lords Day. A more stormy day than we have had this winter — very few could attend public worship. Forenoon, my family was collected in my study for reading and prayer, for none could go out — Composed in mind, & meditation — looking to the mercy of the Lord Jesus!
13 Mond^{y}.

We add the following specimen of the hand writing of D.^{r} Stanford in August 1833

Admonitions, &c

Begin the Lord's-Day with God in prayer and thanksgiving; for the Lord Christ arose early from the dead; and his Disciples went early in the morning to seek him. —

J.H.BUFFORD'S LITH. N.Y.

and hope. He has realized the accomplishment of the declaration:—"*Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.*"

When the departure of this devoted minister was announced, all seemed to feel that a great man in Israel had fallen, and citizens of all parties united in doing honour to his memory. He was buried on the 16th of January, and was followed by more than seventy clergymen of various religious denominations, and a numerous concourse of the most respectable inhabitants of New-York. About two hundred orphan children were placed in front of the long procession, which moved from his house in Lispenard-street, to the Baptist Church in Oliver-street, which was crowded by a vast congregation of more than two thousand persons. The public services were introduced by an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Dr. Brownlee, of the Dutch Church, the impressive and interesting funeral address was delivered by the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, and the Rev. Dr. Milnor, of the Episcopal Church, made the concluding prayer, and dismissed the deeply affected audience.

The following are from among the numerous letters of condolence which were sent to the bereaved children of Dr. Stanford.

From the Rev. George Upfold, D. D. Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, to T. N. Stanford.

"*Pittsburgh, January 27th*, 1834.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It is with deep and unfeigned regret, that I have just learned the decease of your venerable father, my most esteemed friend; and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my sympathy in this severe bereavement. There is no person for whom I entertained a higher regard, both as a man and a Christian, and I

think I never heard of any one, who bore the increasing infirmities of old age with such uniform patience and cheerfulness, and such devout submission to the will of God. When I parted from him in May last, he intimated, with much feeling, what indeed seemed almost evident, that he should never see me more on this side of the grave. He spoke with calm composure of his probable early departure, and expressed himself ready for the summons, come when and how it might. Death was to him a familiar topic of thought and of consolation, and he anticipated it as a peaceful transition to a life of everlasting bliss. Amid your grief for his loss, you have the unspeakable consolation to believe that his anticipations are realized, and to contemplate him now as a happy inmate of the paradise of God. He has gone to his God and to his reward, as a shock of corn fully ripe. And if untiring efforts to do good to his fellow-men, will, as the scripture leaves us no room to doubt, swell the recompense of the man of God, your venerated father will meet a recompense which in fulness of glory, falls to the lot of few who pass from time into eternity. For a long period of years he has been the friend and spiritual counsellor of the poor, and the wretched, and the outcast. His labours have been carried on amid scenes of suffering and distress, which few are able to appreciate. It was my privilege, in years past, to be frequently with him in his visits of mercy to two of the public institutions of the city of New-York, which formed a part of his charge, and I can bear testimony to the fidelity with which he reproved the guilty, and the tenderness with which he soothed and comforted the mourner, and the boldness with which he preached the word of life, as well as to the uniform respect and attention with which his labours of love were received by the forlorn and miserable objects to whom he ministered. He has been pre-eminently useful among a class of beings, who but for

him would have had little or no opportunity of hearing the gospel of Christ; and in the great and final account, many wretched out-casts, brought through his affectionate admonitions to repentance and reformation, will appear as seals of his ministry, and rise up and call him blessed; and if they who turn many to righteousness, shall shine as stars for ever and ever, he who has been so devoted in the work, so peculiarly the friend of the friendless, and of those who had none to help, will shine as a star of the first magnitude, in that bright constellation of saints, which shall revolve around the throne of God and the Lamb.

"My family unite with me in sympathy for the loss you have sustained, and in respect for him who is gone.

"Very affectionately and truly your friend,

"GEORGE UPFOLD."

Extract of a letter from Samuel Hope, Esq. of Liverpool, England, to the same, dated,

"*May 20th*, 1834.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I did not receive your letter of the 23d of January, announcing the long apprehended removal of your excellent father from the scene of his active and useful labours, till about a fortnight or three weeks since. When it arrived, I was in South-Wales, in pursuit of health, having suffered so severely from the effects of overstrained attention to public and private business, as to occasion the greatest anxiety to my friends, and to render my immediate retirement from the bustle of business indispensably necessary; and my wife being also unwell, your letter had been mislaid. I had, however, been informed, meanwhile, of this event, by our mutual and excellent friend, Mrs. Bethune, who also gave me several pleasing particulars of his feelings and doings during his last illness. It is most gratifying to me, that in offering to yourself

and the other surviving relatives of my departed friend and father, the expression of my sincere condolence. I can confidently address you as "those who sorrow, but not without hope;" he having left the most satisfactory evidence that could be desired, of your loss being his unspeakably great, and never-ending gain. Let it be your aim, my dear Sir, to emulate his faith and his example, so far as he trod in the footsteps of his Redeemer, (for though I know them not, he, like all others, must have had his imperfections, seeing a perfect transcript of the spotless character of the Son of God is not to be found) imitate, in the confident hope, that you will not only thereby, like him, greatly serve the cause of God in your generation, but that it will, more than any thing else, except the well-grounded assurance of an interest in the love of Christ, make a sick and dying bed easy, and smoothe your passage to the tomb.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Your's very sincerely,

"SAMUEL HOPE."

SUMMARY VIEW.

It will be a sufficient apology for the brevity of the following analysis of the private and public character of the Rev. Dr. Stanford, to say, that the memoir has already grown to a size beyond what was at first contemplated.

In presenting a summary view of the life and death of this venerable servant of Christ, it is no exaggeration to say, that as a model of pious industry, and perseverance in the duties of the sacred office, he had few superiors.

As A MAN—he was endowed with considerable intellectual vigour, and discovered a fertility of invention, a soundness of judgment, a playfulness of fancy, and powers of memory, greatly beyond the ordinary standard of mental developement.

The urbanity of his general deportment rendered him an agreeable companion. He was mild and affectionate to all; but, at the same time, possessed of the most acute sensibility. This was to him a source of frequent grief; but, under the control of the Holy Spirit, it was doubtless a means of promoting his

humility, and consequent growth in grace. He was as far removed from dogmatic arrogance, as from servility; and an intimate acquaintance of more than twenty years, enables the writer, with confidence, to express the opinion, that the mild dignity of his habitual demeanour, the faithful discharge of the duties of his office, and the manifest sincerity of his heart, constituted, in no inconsiderable degree, the secret of that success, with which, for so many years, he continued to enforce the principles, and exemplify the precepts of our holy religion.

Naturally formed for laborious and active service in the cause of Christ, he not only undertook, but, by a judicious application of the most appropriate means, he accomplished much. His regard for truth was so scrupulous and exemplary, that he frequently refused his signature, when solicited by that means, to patronize public objects, with the merits of which other duties had prevented him from becoming familiar.

As a Teacher of Youth—Dr. Stanford was eminently qualified, and employed a portion of his time with singular success. Many, who as the ministers of Christ have been "burning and shining lights," and several of our most distinguished citizens received the first rudiments of their education under his direction; and from its organization, until the close of life, he continued, the useful and honoured President of the New-York Baptist Education Society.

As a Christian—it is impossible to contemplate the character of Dr. Stanford, without emotions of respect and pleasure. His early religious experience was as deep and pungent, as his matured principles were eminently regulated by the standard of evangelical purity; and while he daily evinced a growing dissatisfaction with himself, he struggled manfully towards the attainment of universal holiness; and clung to the cross of Jesus Christ as the only hope of the condemned sinner. Though many have shone more brilliantly, and others have acquired greater celebrity from their eminence in the Christian graces, yet few men have loved and practised the duties of private devotion, more than Dr. Stanford. With him the motto of the immortal Luther—"Bene orasse est bene studuisse," was a practical maxim. The closet was his home, and devout meditation upon the sacred page the constant employment of his life.

"Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

This is no undistinguishing panegyric, but an unvarnished statement of well authenticated fact. No man could set a higher value upon orthodoxy, but yet he regarded personal religion and daily communion with God, as being of paramount importance. From this source of improvement and happiness, no other engagement could divert him. His whole conduct in this respect seemed to be a commentary upon the saying—that if the twelve apostles lived in the same street with a Christian, he would be injured by

their visits, if they interrupted his private communion with God. His devotional exercises, spiritual and constant, were animated by a spirit kindled from above, and inextinguishable as the fire on the Jewish altar.

In the progress of his Christian experience Dr. Stanford cultivated an intimate acquaintance with his own heart, and habituated himself to the duty of bringing his actions and their motives to the test of Christian principles; it is therefore not surprising, that in his diary we find so many passages devoted to self-condemnation.

The habitual state of his mind was indeed calm, and we generally find him "strong in the faith, giving glory to God," yet at times he was cast down, and deeply lamented the hidings of God's countenance; but the distressing doubts which assailed him under these trials, though the invention of an enemy, did but drive him to the throne of grace, that there, as a penitent sinner, he might obtain pardon and eternal life through the blood of the Lamb.

His life was a path chequered with alternate joys and sorrows, of toils and cares; it was a scene of blended light and shade. Few Christians have suffered, laboured, or enjoyed more; but under all the vicissitudes which marked his career, he pursued the undeviating tenour of his way, and in an extraordinary degree, accomplished the purposes of human existence.

Whatever were his own circumstances, he continued

to the end of life, to evince the utmost concern for the welfare of others. His prayers to the throne of mercy were offered not merely for his friends, but even his enemies had an interest in his supplications. From the baneful passions of envy and anger, he was delivered in no ordinary degree; and it is worthy of particular remark, that he was seldom heard to utter a word to the disadvantage of those who had injured him. Although his diary abounds with lamentations for his own sins, yet there is not one word of resentment against his enemies; but over the faults of others he spread the mantle of Christian charity, which "covers a multitude of sins." It is probable that there have been but few instances of a more rigid exemplification of the divine rule, "love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you, and pray for those who despitefully use and persecute you."

As the Minister of Christ—his appearance in the pulpit commanded universal respect. Dr. Stanford was a man of middle stature. His mien was dignified, and his countenance expressive of energy, intelligence, and benevolence. His voice, which was one of great compass and clearness, not only filled our most spacious churches, but, like the spirit-stirring trumpet, it could at once command and sustain the eager attention of an auditory. Like the voice of the Baptist crying in the wilderness, "prepare ye the way of the Lord," he seemed to penetrate

the heart of every hearer; and produced an impression, deeper and more salutary than the thunders of Demosthenes, or the splendid declamation of Cicero. While uttering the terrors of the holy law, his deep tones would often startle the impenitent; but, when announcing the message of mercy, his accents were mild and persuasive.

His chief preparation for the pulpit was earnest and persevering prayer, although he made it an almost invariable rule to compose a new sermon for each occasion. He was as far removed from scholastic pedantry on the one hand, as from inattention to classical propriety of diction on the other; with him the maxim of Dr. Johnson was paramount:—"Words ought to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things," and he therefore "*sought to find out acceptable words.*" While engaged in preaching, he would frequently seize upon some prominent topic or incident, and urge it upon the attention of his congregation with a pathos, and energy of language which few could hear unmoved. His sermons were always evangelical, and replete with the treasures of the sacred volume, to a degree which demonstrated his personal conviction of its paramount importance as a guide in duty, and the only immutable foundation of hope.

"Here is firm footing—all is sea besides."

In point of native intellect, Dr. S. is to be regarded as occupying an exalted rank, although a want of

early culture, and his active employment in the immediate duties of life, prevented him from attaining that literary fame which his great industry and strong mind would, under different circumstances, have enabled him to acquire. With a retentive memory he possessed a fertile imagination, and both were sanctified to the noble purpose of giving force to his public instructions, and aiding the devotion of his hearers. From the deep fountains of a pure theology, Dr. S. brought forth the truth, and not unfrequently enforced it with some striking illustration, borrowed from the familiar incidents of life, and produced an impression upon the minds of his hearers, to which the most elaborate argument would have proved unequal. His figures were always natural, scriptural, and generally felicitous, and it is therefore not surprising that their effect was happy and permanent.* The writer cannot forget passages of this description, from sermons preached twenty years since; and thousands who heard Dr. S. before the writer was born, remember, with pleasure, his pertinent and pious remarks.

As a preacher, Dr. S. is to be contemplated in the light of a man, declaring to others, truths, the unspeakable importance of which he deeply realized. His preaching was something more than studied declamation; and in the flowing stream of his thoughts,

* For a beautiful illustration of his peculiarly happy use of a figurative style, the reader is referred to the interesting letter from the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, with which this memoir closes.

he never lost sight of those humbling doctrines which stand identified with the deep and everlasting interest of the immortal soul. Hence, we never find him wandering into the mazes of doubtful speculation, but himself intrenched within the limits of a revealed theology, he laboured to guard his hearers from overleaping those barriers by which heaven has bounded the researches of the human intellect.

> "He mix'd not faith with fable, but he trod
> Right onward, cautious in the ways of God!
> Nor did he dare to launch on seas unknown,
> In search of truths, by some advent'rers shown,
> But his own compass us'd, and kept a course his own."

Dr. S. was not of the number of those who darken counsel by words without knowledge; but in great plainness, and with godly sincerity, his aim was, to make every sermon tell upon the consciences of his hearers. The exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the infinite value of the atonement, through the blood of Christ, were among his favourite topics. The amazing love of the Saviour—that love, which reaches from

> "The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
> Where angels tremble as they gaze,"

was the soul of his preaching. Like a man desirous of showing a very beautiful picture, he placed himself out of sight, behind the cross, while endeavouring to exhibit the dying Saviour to the view of the people. Having no other ground of hope for himself, he

laboured to exhibit Emanuel, "*God manifest in the flesh*," as the only hope of a ruined world; and as Christ was the beginning and the end of all his brightest anticipations, so Christ was the Alpha and Omega of all his preaching. To the cross alone did he fly for safety; and to the cross, as the only refuge, did he direct the sinner. For this great work every faculty of his mind was brought into requisition—the prayers of the closet—the labours of the study—reading and conversation—providences adverse or prosperous—every event, and every object within the sphere of his observation, was made subservient in the great work of persuading men to be reconciled to God. So intent was he upon promoting the spiritual improvement of others, that he seemed utterly regardless of the toil and sacrifice by which it was to be accomplished. He could say—

> "In serving others, I am myself consumed."

It was an interesting trait in his preaching, that his text and sermon were invariably and peculiarly adapted to the occasion—usually brief—always pointed and impressive. He knew how at once to reach, and to affect the human heart. We can hazard nothing, in applying to him the encomium of the poet:

> "Extensive sense he into compass drew,
> Said what was just, and always something new."

Although as a man he highly valued the approbation of all, yet as a preacher he was not covetous of popu-

larity, in the common acceptation of the term. He sought rather to be useful than entertaining. Nor did he, though his natural temperament greatly predisposed him to this,

"Court a grin when he should woo a soul."

Dr. Stanford was indeed an immoveable champion of the truth. Of Baxter it is said, that he discovered the same intrepidity when he reproved Cromwell, and expostulated with Charles II. as when he preached to a congregation of mechanics; and great injury would be done to the memory of Dr. Stanford, if we should omit to state the fact, that he was indeed remarkable for speaking the plainest truths on every occasion, and to persons in every condition in life. Fearless of consequences in the discharge of duty, he seemed to be animated with the spirit of Luther, when he said:—"Mallem cum Christo ruere, quam regnare Cæsare." I would rather die with Christ, than reign with Cæsar. No one could hear him and not feel that he was indeed an honest man, speaking under the consciousness of a momentous responsibility, and intent only upon the salvation of his hearers.* He was

* The Rev. Samuel Pearce, while on a journey in the north of England, arrived in the town of ——, on a Wednesday evening, and inquired of his host where he could go to hear a good sermon. Several places were mentioned. "Well," said Mr. P. "describe the ministers who occupy these several pulpits, and I will make a selection." "Mr. ——," said his host, "is a celebrated orator—he is much admired for his great eloquence." "And what," said Mr. P. is the reputation of the next

"Simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt: in language plain,
And plain in manner: decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he fed
Might feel it too: affectionate in look
And tender in address, as well became
A messenger of grace to guilty man."

His Success—As a most affectionate, fervent, and successful minister of Christ, his diary confirms the opinion, that he had few superiors. Owing to the peculiar nature of his engagements, the results of his labour in the salvation of souls, were never brought out to public view. His efforts were chiefly limited to institutions where the organization of churches was inadmissible, and where, consequently, the amount of his usefulness could not become a matter of public observation; but it is confidently believed, that in the number of souls actually converted to God through his instrumentality, he would not suffer from a com-

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preacher?" "Why, as to Mr. ——, I can scarcely tell what to say. He is a plain, but all the people acknowledge that he is a good man; he throws himself entirely into the back ground by his great diffidence, and is for ever preaching something about Christ, and urging men to repent and believe; and you know, Sir, that is not the way to be very popular." "That," said Mr. Pearce, "is the man for me; let us go and hear him." O that mankind could realize the importance of the sentiment which this preference of the amiable and pious Mr. Pearce is calculated to teach. Surely the embellishments of rhetoric were never intended to be the food of the mind. Flowers may please, and gems may dazzle, but no man can feed on either. It is the bread, the bread of life; and that alone, which God has ordained as the spiritual aliment of the immortal soul.

parison with those who rank among our most useful pastors. "In every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

It was not in the pulpit only, that he resolved "*to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified;*" he acted upon the same principle in every place, and under all circumstances. His pious resolution, mentioned in a former part of this memoir, is fresh in the recollection of the reader. Though no man was better qualified to add to the innocent pleasures of the social circle, by the good natured wit in which he abounded, yet he solemnly covenanted with God, that he would lose none of his precious time by formal visits, and that wherever he went, he would appear only as a minister. As such, therefore, he was universally recognised and honoured. He

"Paid no moment but in purchase of its worth."

Another characteristic of Dr. S. which it would be injustice not to record, is, that, to surprising industry, he added all the advantages of the most uniform system and order throughout every department of his private and public life. With him it was literally true, that "there was a place for every thing, and every thing was in its place." Few men spent more hours in the study, and no man's study presented a greater degree of neatness and order in its arrangement.

His time was divided into appropriate seasons for devotion and labour; and every person accustomed to visit him, will concur in the declaration, that you could never find Dr. Stanford unemployed. When, owing to age and infirmity, he conld no longer ascend the pulpit, he devoted his remaining strength to the moral interests of his fellow-creatures, by speaking in frequent paragraphs through the medium of the press, and by epistolary communications. "An emperor," said Vespasian, "should die standing;" and of our venerable friend it may be said, that with a more than Roman energy, he persevered in the duties of his station, until he fell in death, covered with the honours of a long and well-spent life.

Another conspicuous trait in the character of Dr. S. was his freedom from that exclusiveness and bigotry which, while it abridges the personal enjoyment, greatly mars the usefulness of the individual who is under its influence. He possessed a heart filled with universal benevolence—he was a lover of all good men, although they did not follow him.

Besides his labours as a chaplain, he was pre-eminently a promoter of the charities of the age. His generosity in relieving the wants of the poor, and meeting the numerous applications of the religious institutions of the day, was bounded only by the amount of his pecuniary ability. It was his invariable practice to devote a certain part of his yearly income, to benevolent purposes; and in the distribution of his annual benefactions, particular reference was

had to those institutions and cases, that were upon a careful examination found to be the most deserving.

Throughout this populous and extended city, we perceive, on every side, the traces of his energetic benevolence. His untiring solicitude to promote the morals, and the happiness of his fellow-creatures, stands inscribed in the history, and his name is enrolled amongst the officers of nearly every Christian and charitable institution of the city. The sanctuaries of our holy religion, the Alms-House, Schools, Hospitals, and Jails; Bible, Tract, Missionary, Temperance, and Sunday School Societies, exhibit the monuments of his fervent piety and zeal.

It is an interesting fact, that this venerable servant of Christ, was probably, not only the first systematic distributer of religious tracts in the city of New-York, but that his labours in this noble cause commenced nineteen years prior to the formation of the LONDON TRACT SOCIETY. His first tract was published and gratuitously distributed more than *fifty-five years* ago. To the piety and zeal of Dr. Stanford we may ascribe the origin of several benevolent institutions, which now adorn and bless our city; amongst which, the NEW-YORK HOUSE OF REFUGE, and the NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB, are not the least important.

AS A THEOLOGICAL WRITER—he was not inactive, yet he seems to have been more anxious, by a life devoted to the public, to engrave his memory

upon the grateful hearts of the destitute poor, than by the pursuits of learning, to inscribe his memorial upon the pages of literary fame. But even in this department he succeeded to a degree truly astonishing, if we take into view the multiplicity of his other duties. The works, on various theological subjects, published by Dr. Stanford, amount to more than THREE THOUSAND PAGES, or about ten octavo volumes. The re-publication of several of these in this country and in Europe, is the best comment upon their adaptation to general usefulness.

History informs us that the youthful Hannibal was led to the altar of Hamilcar, and made to swear that he would never be at peace with the Roman republic; and, like him, though in a better cause, our departed friend, at an early period of life, vowed hostility to the powers of darkness; a pledge which he faithfully redeemed. His love to God, and concern for the souls of men, were early developed, and continued pure, fervent, and increasing, up to the hour when the light of eternity burst upon his enraptured vision, and discovered to him the victor's crown beyond the valley of death.

The last five months of his life were spent chiefly in his study, and when, like the celebrated Gesner, he found his final hour approaching, he gave orders to prepare the room adjoining his study, that he might meet death near the place in which he had spent so many happy hours. In this solemn place, the writer frequently conversed with him on the sub-

ject of his expected change. He experienced no raptures in prospect of that glory to which he was tending; but he was uniformly calm, and as his minutes fled, his Christian graces brightened, and his faith in the atonement of Christ seemed to acquire increased strength. "My hope, my only hope, my unshaken hope," said he on one occasion, "is fixed upon the eternal rock, Christ Jesus." All who visited him in his last days, must have felt, that

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

From his faithful housekeeper we learn, that during the day which preceded his death, (Jan. 13th, 1834,) he was as well as usual, and employed himself in writing letters, and receiving the visits of his Christian friends. At nine o'clock in the evening, he convened his household around the beloved family altar, and there, for the last time, poured out his soul in prayer, and commended them to the grace of God. After this he retired to rest—it was his last night. About twelve o'clock, the attendant who slept in the same room, discovered symptoms of uneasiness, and on approaching the bed with a light, was much alarmed at his altered appearance, and immediately summoned the housekeeper, whose practised eye at once discovered the stamp of death upon his countenance. Medical aid was soon obtained—but the toils of the labourer were ended—the conflict with the prince of

darkness was past—the persecutions and sorrows of the world disturbed him as little as the midnight storm that swept over his peaceful habitation—he was still—he slept—he was at rest.

He fell not as the opening flower before the sweeping stroke of the mower, but, like a shock of corn fully ripe, he was gathered in his season. As his life was one of unaffected piety, of practical goodness, and inexhaustible benevolence, so he died, full of years and full of honours, revered and lamented by all who enjoyed the happiness of his acquaintance. "*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his*"—For

> "Sure the last end of the good man is peace.
> Night dews fall not more gently on the ground,
> Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
> * * * * * * * *
> By unperceived degrees he wears away,
> Yet like the sun, seems larger at his setting;—
> High in his faith and hopes, look how he stretches
> After the prize in view."

"*And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.*"

We exceedingly regret that the following interesting letter from the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, was received at too late a period to be inserted in its proper place in the volume, and we are therefore compelled to give it at the close.

"*New-York, July 28th*, 1835.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I find, upon referring to the record, that the Rev. John Stanford united with the Oliver-street Baptist Church, June 30th, 1817, and was dismissed, as we believe, to unite with the Church triumphant, January 14th, 1834. During the last twelve years of his life, I had the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with him, and found him ever a wise counsellor and faithful friend. It is not necessary that I should detail the various points of character which distinguished him as a scholar, a Christian, and a preacher; this has been done in the memoir you are about to present to the public. But you will allow me to give a brief sketch of a *single sermon*, and the last I had the privilege of hearing him preach in Oliver-street. The scripture he read upon the occasion, was John xi. 1—44. His introduction consisted of a parallel drawn between the death and resurrection of Lazarus, and a sinner *dead in trespasses and sins*, and raised to newness of life by the power of God. The ingenuity, vivacity, brevity, and variety of comparison employed, rendered the exordium unusually interesting. The preacher then, with characteristic abruptness, paused and exclaimed, '*O that I had the skill of a painter!* The chapter I have read, furnishes ample materials for an angel's brush! Well, I will try! And with a palette whiter than ivory, with colours purely scriptural, deeply tinged with the blood of the Lamb, and with the pencil of truth, I will paint FOUR FAMILY PICTURES. God grant that I may so paint them, that

they may be hung up in the secret chamber of your hearts for ever!

"'My first picture shall be,

"'I. *The happy family!* Lazarus, and Martha, and Mary, the little family at Bethany, *whom Jesus loved.* This was the secret of their domestic felicity. The love of God was shed abroad in their hearts, by the Holy Ghost given unto them. They dwelt in love, and dwelt in God; their happiness was genuine and lasting; it commenced on earth, to be perfected and perpetuated in heaven.

"'But we live in a changing world! Even those whom God loves, shall have tribulation! therefore my second picture must exhibit,

"'II. *The anxious family!* Lazarus is sick! Jesus is at a distance. Medicines appear to afford but little relief. The sisters tremble at the thought of being left alone in an unfriendly world, without father, mother, or brother! Mary bends over his sick bed, with all her quiet, deep-toned, persevering affection! Martha, with no less love, is busied about many things; inquiring after some new specific, or making something to allay the feverish thirst. Must he be taken away from us? Send a messenger to the Master, and just let him say, '*Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick.*' But the messenger does not arrive in time to save him! No answer is received! the stroke anticipated with such fearful anxiety, *falls;* and my third picture, hung in black, presents,

"'III. *The bereaved family!* Lazarus is dead! The only brother, the stay of the family, who provides for our daily wants, led in worship, comforted, and counselled us; he is taken away! Oh! '*if the Lord had been here, our brother had not died!*' But it is all over now; the family circle is broken up, and we shall never meet again, till the resurrection at the last day.

"'Daughters of Jerusalem, wipe away your tears!

Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning! My fourth picture shall display to your believing eyes and your rejoicing hearts,

"'IV. *The grateful family!* Behold! our friend Lazarus is not dead—he sleepeth. Jesus is not far off, but nigh at hand, a present help in time of trouble. He stands at the grave, and cries with a loud voice, '*Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.*' He is restored to the embrace of his fond sisters; the family circle is again complete; and while they gaze with wonder, love, and joy, upon Lazarus raised from the dead, their full hearts overflow with *gratitude* to the author of all their mercies, and their united cry is, *Let God be glorified!*'

"Thus have I given an imperfect and hasty outline of a sermon strongly marked with pulpit talent; rich in doctrinal, experimental, and practical truth; the thoughts so happily arranged, and so forcibly expressed, that the *four family pictures* can never be obliterated from my mind 'while memory holds her seat.'

"The last illness of Brother Stanford, as you know, was protracted and painful in the extreme. It was my custom to visit him at least once a week, and I can bear testimony, not only to his *patient* suffering, but to his *cheerful piety*. His waking hours were uniformly employed in reading, writing, meditation, and prayer; and so strong was his sense of duty, and the habit of industry, that he would brace up his system to his accustomed work, under a complication of diseases and pains, that would have palsied the energy of ordinary minds. Two days before his death, I spent with him a most profitable hour. He was sitting up—the Bible was open before him, at the 14th chapter of Job. 'I am soon going the way of all the earth,' said he; 'I have no ecstacies, but am calm—

no fear of death—my hope is firm—I know in whom I have believed—Christ is my all, and in all—he will never leave me nor forsake me. This 14th of Job has been a great comfort to me all day! Let me tell you my thoughts upon it. The Lord made me; he selected my parents and my country; he ordered the time when, and the place where, I should be born; I had no hand in it; and he has fixed the bounds of my habitation that I cannot pass. All this is well. Just so, he fixed the period of my *second birth;* redeemed by the blood of Christ, and called out of darkness into marvellous light by the power of his spirit, he has been working in me, for many years, to will and to do of his good pleasure, and I know he will have a desire to the work of his hands. He will appoint a set time, and remember me; he will call, I cannot tell how soon; that is no business of mine; but blessed be his name, he will call, and I will answer him, and in the exercise of faith, and love, and patience, and hope, I will cheerfully wait all the days of my appointed time, till my change come.'

"These were among the last words of JOHN STANFORD—a man of God. Very pleasant and edifying have his words often been to me, and it is my fervent prayer, that the memoir of his life, labours, and death, may prove a lasting blessing to the cause and kingdom of our common Lord.

"Affectionately your brother,

"SPENCER H. CONE,

"*Pastor of Oliver-street Church.*

"Rev. C. G. SOMMERS,

"*New-York.*"

APPENDIX.

PREFACE.

To record the history and virtues of the departed, is a duty which every generation owes to posterity, and is the appropriate design of biography. In the subjoined Appendix, we do not indeed profess fully to supply this important desideratum; yet we feel satisfied, that the present attempt to give greater publicity to the private and public character of three eminently devoted and useful ministers of Christ, will receive the approbation of the denomination by whom, as members, they were universally beloved and esteemed.

Eminent men, in all ages, have generally been indebted for the splendour of their career, to the fortuitous advantages of birth and fortune; but, it is gratifying to contemplate amongst the most successful in every department of human life, the names of those who have emerged from obscurity, unaided either by wealth or an illustrious ancestry, and have risen to eminence by the force of native mental energy, the power of moral principle, and the blessing of God. In the history of such worthies, we may read Jehovah's own commentary upon the words of the Apostle Paul—"*Not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, that no man should glory in his presence.*" To no other class of men are these remarks more applicable, than to the early Baptist ministers of this

country, and to thousands in the same denomination, who have subsequently lived and died as champions of the cross.

From the days of Roger Williams, the American Baptists have been respectable, not only for their number, and the commendable integrity with which they have explained and practised the sacred injunctions of the inspired volume; but, in numerous instances, have they been men of profound literary acquirements; and, in general, they have every where proved themselves to be men of sense. As the ministers of Christ, not a few of them have been equally estimable, for the orthodoxy of their creed, the extent of their knowledge, and the heavenly spirit of their unaffected piety.

The memoirs of Williams and Baldwin have before appeared, in the American Baptist Magazine, but the biography of Dr. Furman was prepared for the Appendix of the present volume. These Christian memorials are presented to the public at this time, not merely as a just tribute to the memory of three illustrious examples of self-taught and heaven directed men—of men whose zeal and ability in asserting and defending the great truths of religion, were equally conspicuous; but as a commendation to the age and country in which they lived, and in which they were assisted by their own exertions, and the blessing of heaven, to overcome obstacles and discouragements, that nothing but perseverance in toil, and faith in God, could have enabled them to surmount.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS. b. 1767 d. 182

" I would express him simple, grave, sincere,
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—"

Cowper.

THE month of May last,* witnessed the sudden departure of the Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, senior pastor of the Baptist Church in Oliver-street, New-York. He was a man of whose character and history it might well be said, in the brief and beautiful simplicity of inspiration—"*He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord.*" Meek, patient, and zealous, he laboured long and successfully, and, when unexpectedly removed from the sorrows and warfare of the Church militant on earth, into the light and gladness of the Church triumphant above, he left behind him a loved and a lamented name; and good men of all denominations mourned at his death as for a father and leader in Israel. Distinguished for quiet usefulness, he was no less remarkable for his unpretending modesty; and such was the reserve which he always maintained on the subject of his own feelings and history, that with much difficulty were gathered the materials for the scanty notice of his life which follows.

* May, 1825.

John Williams was born in Carnarvonshire, Wales, on the 8th day of March, (old style) 1767. The name of his father was *William* Roberts, from which, according to the ancient custom still retained in some parts of the Principality, of deriving the surname of the children from the Christian name of the father, he took the name of *Williams*. The farm Plasllechejddior on which he was born, had for many generations been the homestead of the family, a race of hardy and respectable farmers. At an early age, Mr. W. was removed to the house of his maternal grand-father, who resided at the distance of a few miles, and with whom he past the years of his boyhood. The family into which he was thus brought, as well as that of his father, were from education and habit warmly attached to the Established Church, and a regular attendance at the parish church,* was one of the first lessons of his childhood. Being from his lameness unfitted for those agricultural labours which had been the pursuit of his fathers, and would else have been his choice, it was desired by his

* The pulpit of this church was, at this period, filled by a man of singular character. At a time when the evangelical party in the Church of England was as yet weak and despised, this man, from the strain of his preaching, was considered as resembling them. But to this comparative purity of sentiment, he added a shameless depravity of conduct; and the high Churchmen were not more disgusted with the purity of his doctrine, than were the pious with the irregularity of his practice. In the pulpit, he was a powerful and zealous preacher; in private life, a drunkard, a gambler, and a bully. When reproved for his inconsistencies, his usua reply was, "*Do as I say, and not as I do;*" and it became a proverbia expression among his rustic parishioners; "When in the pulpit he preached so well, 'twas a pity he should ever leave it; when out of it, he lived so ill, 'twas a pity he should ever enter it." This singular being was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. W.'s grand-father, and Mr. Williams often, at an early age, felt no little surprise at seeing his pastor come up to the door reeling from the sports of the cock-pit, (for cock-fighting was one of his favourite amusements,) and bearing on his face the marks of bruises received in some drunken fray. It seems hardly credible that such a man should be permitted to minister in any church; but those acquainted with Wales, as that country was not fifty years since, know full well that such depravity of conduct in a clergyman was but too common. The chief singularity of the case was, that without any motives of interest, he had adopted sentiments so opposite to his own conduct, and so unpopular among his clerical brethren. Impurity of practice generally leads to heresy of doctrine; he was remarkable for having deserted the opinions without abandoning the practice of those abandoned and dissolute clergy who disgraced the retired curacies of the Principality.

father, that he should receive a classical education, which might fit him to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church. But even at this early age, was displayed that independence of character, that modest fear of becoming burdensome to others, which so strongly marked the whole course of his after life. Unwilling to remain dependent for support upon his family during the long period which might elapse ere he should, in some humble curacy, find the reward of his studies, he declined the proposal, and preferred to acquire a trade, by which his industry might meet an earlier reward. To a trade he accordingly applied himself, and for this purpose went to reside in the county town of Carnarvon. But he had not long been employed in this pursuit, before an event occurred which changed the whole current of his thoughts, and gave a new colouring to his life. The manner in which he first was brought to attend the ministry of the Dissenters is now unknown. It was, however, under a sermon preached by David Morris, a devoted minister of the Whitfieldites, or Calvinistic Methodists, that his mind first found ease from its burdens. At this period, also, he was accustomed to say, that he derived the greatest encouragement and benefit from a Welsh translation of the "Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ," a production of that splendid, though untutored genius, John Bunyan. It was thus, that the writings of one, scarce master of the refinements of his own language, were, under God, productive of a strong effect long after the death of their author, and in a language to him entirely unknown. Little imagining that it should even reach the mountains of Wales, Bunyan, in the spirit of faith, had cast his work as "bread upon the waters," and after many days it was "found again," and became food and nourishment to one whom God had designed for much usefulness. It may well be supposed, that Mr. W. always retained for the works of this author a grateful partiality. He had about completed the nineteenth year of his age when he united with the Independent Church in the neighbourhood, which was under the care of the Rev. Dr. Lewis, a man who, perhaps, stood at the head of his denomination in Wales, distinguished alike for solid judgment and profound scholarship. Under his patronage, not long after his union with the Church, Mr. W. began his pulpit ministrations. Beloved for the gentleness of his manners and the pure ardour of his piety, he was considered as ex-

hibiting the promise of great future usefulness. Possessed of the affection and esteem of his pastor and fellow-members, he was no doubt happy; but truth was to him yet dearer than earthly friendships. His Bible was now his library. He studied it intently and candidly; and, ere long, doubts began to insinuate themselves of the propriety of infant sprinkling. Without, however, revealing to his pastor the workings of his mind, he one day inquired of Dr. Lewis the meaning of the passage, "*Buried with him in baptism.*" The reply, which, as coming from a man of intellect and learning, sunk deep into the mind of the youthful Christian was, "I really think the Baptists have, in the interpretation of that text, the advantage over us." His doubts could not long be concealed, and Dr. Lewis laboured long and earnestly, but in vain, by conversation and the loan of Pædobaptist writings, to remove the scruples which he had unwittingly encouraged. Their friendly discussions were frequently prolonged long after midnight; but the modest conclusion with which Williams generally summed up the amicable debate, was, "Had I, Doctor, your talents and your learning, I could make more of my side of the question than you can make of yours."

Mr. W. had received from heaven a modest independence both in thought and action, which never permitted him to evade his duty; and he was endued, alike, with strength of intellect to perceive, and decision of character to follow the truth, lead him where it might. The Pædobaptist authors which Dr. Lewis lent in abundance for his perusal, were read and tested by the Bible. They failed to convince him; and study, reflection, and prayer, brought him at the age of twenty-one, to the baptismal waters; and he became by immersion, a member of the Horeb Baptist Church at Garn. The discussion which had terminated in his separation from the church of Dr. Lewis, never weakened the esteem which each felt for the other; and to the close of his life, Mr. W. continued to speak of his former pastor with a warmth of affection which time could not quench, and distance could not lessen. Mr. W. had not long been united with the Horeb Church, before he became their minister. They knew his worth, and he reigned in their hearts. It was said of his people, that when a stranger occasionally ministered among them, they never were satisfied; and great as the attraction

of novelty must ever be, none could with them be compared to their stated preacher. Before being fixed over this little flock, he had been advised by some of his friends to enter the Bristol Baptist Academy. In after life, he often lamented his refusal, but the reasons of it do honour to his memory. His early ministrations had produced a pain in his breast, which he regarded as the forerunner of approaching consumption. Believing that the years which remained to him were but few, he was unwilling to waste a moment in preparation, and accordingly threw himself in the strength of faith, with all his imperfections of education upon him, into the work of the gospel ministry. With a perseverance the most devoted, and a patience the most untiring, he travelled and laboured in season and out of season. It was, perhaps, the very energy with which he laboured, as in the expectation of death, that was the means of prolonging his life. The Horeb Church was composed of several branches, which, though forming but one body, met at different places of worship. Mr. Williams travelled extensively through North and South Wales, and collected funds for the building of two meeting houses for his affectionate people. What their number at his coming among them was, we are unable to ascertain; but from Rippon's Baptist Register, we find that in October, 1794, the members amounted to one hundred and forty. By means of these journeyings, he became generally known and respected throughout Wales. He was a friend and fellow-traveller of the celebrated and apostolic Christmas Evans, with whom he continued an occasional correspondence to the close of life.

It may appear strange that he could willingly leave a flock of whose affections he was so entirely possessed, and who earnestly opposed his intentions; but his motives were deserving of the highest praise. The tide of emigration was at this period fast pouring from the shores of Britain into these yet infant States. Many of the mountaineers of Wales, oppressed by the grinding weight of public distress, and perhaps not uninfluenced by the revolutionary principles, the seeds of which were then sown throughout Europe, were abandoning their ancient homes for the comforts of what had been painted to them as a foreign paradise. Many of them were entirely unacquainted with the English language. A hope of being useful to these scattered sheep, a desire that

to their settlement on a foreign shore, they should carry with them the gospel of their fathers in the language of their fathers—this hope and this desire, together with other motives, which, were they published, would throw a strong light on the modest reserve and independence of his character, brought him as an emigrant to these United States. He tore himself from a fond and a mourning people, and following what he believed the call of God, came forth from the land of his fathers like Abraham, knowing not whither he went. His knowledge of the English language was but small indeed; and although when a boy he had been instructed in the grammar of it, his teacher was himself too ignorant to afford much assistance to his pupil. On the 25th of July, 1795, he landed at New-York, bearing warm recommendations from his church and friends in Wales, and among others, from his former pastor, the Rev. Dr. Lewis. A younger brother accompanied Mr. W. Within a fortnight after their arrival in the country, this brother died most suddenly at Schuyler's Mines, near Newark, New-Jersey. Mr. Williams, who was then at New-York, was informed of the distressing event, and immediately set out travelling on foot to the place. The exertion of the journey, added to the suddenness of the blow, produced a violent fever, in which the mind was scarcely less agitated than the body. He had left his native soil, his family, and his friends, to find in a foreign land, and among a people of strange language, a grave for the companion of his voyage, a beloved brother. He began to doubt if he had not rashly ventured where God had not called him; and this consideration seemed to raise his feelings, which were naturally acute, to a pitch of intense agony. It was but the prelude and the promise of after usefulness; it was in a manner the parting blow of the adversary—the struggle in and by which, his heavenly Father was girding and exercising him for his appointed task. In his distress he prayed that one, though but one, soul might be granted to him in America as the fruit of his ministry and the proof of his calling; and when he arose from the bed of sickness, he arose, if possible, more anxiously earnest than ever, in the work of his heart. He had intended to have settled in some neighbourhood inhabited by Welsh emigrants, and in his mother language to have continued his ministerial labours; and with this view, his attention had been directed to Beulah, in Pennsylvania,

and Steuben, in New-York. In Welsh he delivered his first sermon in America. It was preached in the meeting house then occupied by the Rev. John Stanford, in Fair-street.

The Baptist church in Oliver, (at that time Fayette) street, was then composed of about thirty members, of whom, however, only twenty could be found, who met in a small unfinished wooden building, about thirty feet square, without galleries, and seated with benches instead of pews. This church permitted him and his countrymen occasionally to use their place of worship for service in their own language. They also encouraged Mr. W. to attempt the acquisition of the English language, a request with which, after some hesitation, he complied, and began to preach in English for one part of the Sabbath, on the other part still continuing the use of the Welsh. Through every disadvantage, the English brethren saw a deep and fervent piety, and a native vigour of mind, which greatly delighted them. They had made several attempts to procure a supply, but were unable to find one in all respects suitable. They now began to fix their hopes upon the young stranger, and at length, after a trial of nine months, Mr. Williams became, on their unanimous request, their pastor on the 28th of August, 1798. In the summer of this year, the yellow fever commenced one of its most dreadful attacks upon the city of New-York. Mr. W. among others, was early seized with the contagion, and his life was despaired of. But the decisive conduct of his physician, who, in the course of a few hours, drew from him an unusual quantity of blood, proved, under God, the means of his recovery, and he again appeared with new zeal among the people of his charge. Encouraged by the attention which he excited, in January following the little church substituted pews for benches. But they grew, and the place soon became too strait, and in 1800, the meeting house was enlarged to sixty by forty-three feet, and galleries were added. In the course of years this place also became insufficient; and in little more than twenty years after his first settlement, Mr. W. saw raised the third meeting house, the present edifice, a large stone building, sixty-four by ninety-four feet.

Great as was this success, it is not to be supposed that he was without his sorrows: they met him at his very entrance. Some even among the officers of this little church had drunk into the spirit of Antinomianism, and by habitual intemper-

ance, provoked exclusion from the privileges of church membership. The feeble band were also distressed from without by their disputes with another small church in the city; a dispute trifling in its origin, but which mutual recrimination had heightened into a contest, that it required the most persevering exercise of Mr. Williams' conciliatory offices to terminate. It was by his meekness and patience, long and assiduously employed, that harmony was at length restored.

But in the midst of his sorrows he had also pleasures of the most exalted kind. He saw a small and divided body gradually growing into strength and harmony, and a pious and zealous people gathering around him. God raised up for him active friends, and brought into the church men like minded with himself. In a few months after his settlement, he baptized Thomas Hewitt. In October, 1799, John Cauldwell, with his wife, was added on a letter of dismission; and in a similar manner were received in June, 1801, Mr. and Mrs. Withington. The names of these revered and lamented men are mentioned because they now rest from their labours. They seem to have been raised with their pastor, and they, with many others, continued to cheer his heart, and strengthen his hands, until the year 1822, when all three, in quick succession, descended into the grave.

In November, 1801, Mr. W. was united in marriage to her who is now his lamenting widow, an event which contributed greatly to the happiness of his after life.

During an earlier part of his ministry, the salary received from his people was insufficient even to pay his board; he however derived assistance from the trifling funds which he brought with him from Wales. But he was not, to borrow an expression of his own, one of the "disciples of the *loaves*." He laboured zealously, because he laboured disinterestedly. His preaching was not the stinted consideration for a narrow salary. His exertions were labours of love, and they brought with them, in the success and triumph of the gospel, in the added numbers of his church, and in the visible increase of peace, of love, and of zeal, their own "exceeding great reward." It was not in him to faint or to murmur at the scantiness of his support, nor yet did he regard it as an excuse for contracting debts which he might be unable to discharge. With pecuniary difficulties he struggled in silence, thankful

to see in the growing prosperity of his charge, that the blessing of heaven, if not of earth, was with and upon him. The number of members continued steadily to increase, and most walked worthily of their profession. His high recommendations from Wales, together with his own conduct, gained him new accessions of friends among all denominations. He had not looked for applause, he had not laboured for it; but the reputation of being a wise and devoted minister, continually followed him. By gradual increase, the church enlarged its numbers, till it counts at the present moment more than five hundred and forty members within its fellowship. During his connexion with them, Mr. W. baptized about four hundred and forty members, exclusive of others baptized on Long-Island and in other parts of the state. In the early part of the year 1823, the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, of Alexandria, (D. C.) was associated with Mr. Williams in the pastoral office.

He had about this period, from various causes, begun to decline, and the feebleness of his body seemed to obscure the energies of his mind. In the course of one memorable year, (1822) three of the men who had walked with him all his journey through, who had shared his sorrows and doubled his joys, were removed as in a band to their everlasting home. Their departure left on his mind an impression which could never be erased. Others still remained, not their inferiors in love to his person, or in zeal for the church; but those who were gone, had been with him from the first; he knew them thoroughly, had proved them often, and they had never failed him. His labours were still continued among his flock, but decay was making silent and irreparable attacks upon his once vigorous constitution. He did not complain, but his appearance betrayed his internal afflictions. The influenza which prevailed during the winter, seized upon and greatly enfeebled him. But although evidently weakened and often prevented from preaching, he never gave up the hope of ultimate restoration to health, and of a happy renewal of his labours. He seemed unwilling to entertain the idea that his present sickness was smoothing his path to the grave. Such thoughts his friends had, indeed, of late begun gladly to discountenance, and for the last two or three weeks immediately preceding his departure, he seemed gathering new strength, and it was fondly hoped that summer would complete his

recovery. On Friday and Saturday he had walked out, on the former of these days to a considerable distance. The Saturday night was, however, passed without rest, and when he arose on the morning of the Sabbath, he seemed haggard and broken, his eye was dim, and his breathing obstructed. But neither his family nor himself apprehended any immediate danger, as he had often been to appearance much worse; and although his physician was sent for, it was without any expectation of the blow that was so soon and so suddenly to fall. He came down to breakfast as usual, and afterwards returned up stairs to his study. He there spent some time in conversation with Mr. Williams, a young Baptist minister from Vermont, who was then at his house, and in reading a volume of President Edwards. It was his Treatise on the Affections, with him a favourite work. He remarked, with a faint smile, to one who stood by, that he was spending the morning of the Sabbath in a manner to which he had not been accustomed. In former years, he observed, he had at this hour been employed in preparing for the labours of the day; now he was enjoying the labours of others, referring to the volume which he still grasped with a trembling hand. Little thought he, and little expected those around him, that the Sabbath he was this day to begin, was indeed *far different* from those he had been accustomed to spend. Unseen was breaking on him the dawn of a Sabbath, around whose brightness the shades of evening never gather, for God himself is its eternal sun. To Mrs. Williams, who came into the room shortly after, he said, that as often as he had read this work of Edwards', he saw in it new beauties at every perusal. "He speaks," continued he, "so sweetly of Jesus." The Rev. Alfred Bennet, of Homer, New-York, had in the meanwhile called to pay a friendly visit. After a little conversation, in which Mr. W. seemed not inclined to suppose that there was any danger as to the event of his sickness, he complained of having passed the previous night without sleep, and requesting Mr. B. to employ himself with a book, walked into an adjoining bed-room. He lay down, but soon became uneasy, and expressed a wish to rise. He was assisted by Mrs. W. so to do, and sitting up in his chair, passed as in a moment away. When Mr. B. was called in from the next room, pulsation had ceased. Without warning, without fear, and without pain, he had in an instant, burst the fetters of the

flesh, flung aside the habiliments of mortality, and passed at once from the darkness of earth, into the full blaze of the New Jerusalem. Ere he had even thought of entering the valley of the shadow of death, he was wafted, dry-shod, over the swellings of Jordan, and found himself standing a disembodied and purified spirit before the gates of the city of God. If it be possible that death should resemble translation, certainly his departure bore that resemblance. Without groan or struggle he ceased to breathe. The change to him was the more ineffably glorious, from its unspeakable suddenness. He had not been disposed to believe that this sickness was unto death, yet was he, in the fullest and best sense, prepared for his end. The wise, as well as the foolish virgins slumbered and slept; with them, indeed, he slumbered, but with them, also, even at the midnight hour, his lamp was trimmed and his loins were girt, as those that wait for the coming of the Master. His was an habitual preparation, a preparation of the heart, though not of the eye. His dissolution was not betokened and preceded by those glimmerings of glory which often shed so rich a lustre on the death-bed of the faithful. It had no slow gradations from darkness to light,—no day breakings of joyful anticipation,—no dawnings of increasing rapture, growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; but like the change of one who lies down in the shades of evening and wakes in the noon-day blaze, all was suddenness of ecstacy. He had not, as from the summit of Pisgah, been transported with clear views of the "land far off, and the king in his beauty;" and although he always, by the eye of an habitual faith, contemplated the land of promise as lying at the end of his journey, he saw it but as through a glass darkly, nor knew that he was already on the borders of his inheritance.

It had been in some degree his wish to pass suddenly away. He had prayed that his life might not be lengthened beyond his usefulness. The prayer was heard. His labours were finished. Ever ready to give in a joyful account of his stewardship, the voice of the Master on a sudden reached his ear and pierced his heart. And ere the sun, which had shone so brightly into his sick chamber, had reached its zenith, his spirit had soared beyond "the flaming bounds of space" where imagination faints to follow him.

There was a beautiful adaptation in many of the accompanying circumstances of his death. The time,—the morning of

the day of the Lord,—the place,—a room which had often witnessed the secret and fervent prayer,—the morning sun, streaming down its golden brilliancy,—the resplendent serenity of the sky,—the stillness of the hour, ere dissipation and riot were yet abroad in the streets of the great city,—all, in their peace, their brightness, and their purity, seemed to unite in shedding a glow of holy triumph upon the last moment of the departing saint. Moment we say—for it was but a moment; and a hand too gentle to be felt, had loosed the silver cord, and broken the golden bowl; and he, that scarce an hour before, had spoken of uniting in the worship of the congregation, ceased to be a dweller upon earth. The promise which the dying Withington had made, to be the first to greet his pastor welcome home, was no doubt fulfilled.

Fancy may perhaps be forgiven if she finds in the volume which employed his last thoughts on earth, a happy adaptation to the circumstances of his death. The sentence on which his eye would seem to have cast its last look, (Edwards' Works, vol. iv. p. 201,) was one of the many in which Edwards is employed in heaping proof upon proof, and with all his characteristic strength of collected argument, making "demonstration doubly sure," in shewing that it is possible to have strong and deep feelings of the excellency of the character of God, and yet be wanting in the temper of true Christianity. Directly opposite was the situation of his mind. He had, in a large measure, the genius and spirit of true Christianity, although, at the moment, he probably knew no remarkable elevation of feeling. He proved what he read, and rose, in confirmation of the truth, to that heaven, where the "*affections*" never wander.

On the 22d of May, 1825, at about twenty minutes before ten, in the morning, he entered into his rest. On the following Tuesday, his remains were interred from the meeting house in Oliver-street, after an affecting funeral discourse, pronounced by one who had travelled with him, in the Christian and ministerial path, many days, the venerable John Stanford. "The rest of the labouring man" of God "is sweet," formed the basis of the discourse.

The memory of the just is blessed. Few men equalled John Williams in the consistency of his Christian character as a whole. We frequently see some one individual excellence carried out into glorious exercise at the expense and

to the neglect of other virtues; but in his character, all the traits of true Christianity seemed to unite their beauty, without giving to any one feature an unseemly prominence. His zeal was ardent, but united with the greatest prudence. That prudence, instead of degenerating into craftiness, was accompanied by the most perfect simplicity; simplicity was tempered by meekness, yet his meekness had, for its basis, strong decision of character, and unbending firmness of principle. He never insulted charity by offering to sacrifice on her altar the truth "as it is in Jesus," and yet he never hoped to advance the cause of truth by bringing to her defence bigotry and intolerance. He loved the image of the Saviour whereever he found it, and it was not the barrier of his own sect, or the badge of another, that could prevent him from acknowledging his union in spirit with those whom the same Redeemer had purchased with the same blood. As a minister of the gospel, he lived the gospel. Charitable to the poor of his flock, profuse of his labours, and constant in his visits, it was his meat and his drink to do the will of his heavenly Father, in showing mercy and kindness to the afflicted and the desolate. He carried the consolations of the gospel into the meanest hovels, and never shrunk from entering the deepest cellar, or the filthiest den, in which misery and grief had enshrouded themselves. It is believed, that in this employ it was, that he imbibed the contagion of that fever which had so nearly proved fatal; and when, during the last winter of his life, he was confined by the weather to his house, his most feeling lamentations were, that he was prevented from seeing the poor and the afflicted of the flock. In hospitality, he always endeavoured to maintain the character of a primitive bishop, and the brethren from every part of the country were ever cheerfully welcomed to his table and his dwelling. In the meetings of the church, he is described as presiding with a moderation and calmness that never deserted him. His opinion was not given until all had spoken; it was modest and brief, and moulded with the kindest deference for contending opinions, and therefore it was generally decisive. No man sought authority less. Never an action of his life assumed the character of "lording it over God's heritage." The peace of the church gave peace and comfort to him; when they were agitated he was distressed, and many a sleepless night testified the anxiety which preyed in

secret upon his spirit, when contention and bitterness had sprung up among the household of faith. It was to this pacific, gentle, and forbearing spirit, that he was indebted for much of his usefulness and much of his influence. His advice was the more regarded, because it was known to come from a mind unbiassed by passion. He never lent himself to a party, and all parties honoured him. In the pulpit, he was not invested with that eloquence which delights while it dazzles a polite audience. His language was not at all times "furbelowed and flounced" with grammatical nicety, and his gestures wanted the gracefulness of practised oratory. But circumstances like these were overlooked in one who never seemed to enter the pulpit but under a view of the vastness and solemnity of his charge. His spirit was in the work. His exhortations and admonitions were earnest, simple, and frequent. He had about him that fervour of feeling which is the very soul of true eloquence, and although he never ceased to feel the disadvantage of preaching a language acquired late in life, his devoted zeal, his willingness to be as nothing in the hands of Him "who is the fulness of all things," set him above the fear and beyond the reach of puny criticism. Provided he was but understood, he seemed careless of the garb and style in which he came forth, "a dying man to dying men." The event showed, that he had chosen the right path. He who confounds the wisdom of the wise of this world, made him an acceptable and useful minister of that gospel, which was first preached by fishermen and tent makers. The careless simplicity of his style, proved to the man of observation, that his spirit was set upon the substance of his ministry, and like "the brave negligence of antiquity," delighted, because it showed a mind intent on higher thoughts than the pointing of a maxim, or the rounding of a sentence.

The foregoing observations, let it be remembered, are applied to the *manner*, not to the *matter* of his discourses. Let it not be supposed, that his sermons were the unstudied effusions of indolence and ignorance. He was in truth a close student, given to much reading, well versed in theology, both practical, doctrinal, and polemic. He had attentively studied the most valuable divines of England and America, both controversialists and commentators. Of the latter, his favourite was Henry, and his pulpit exercises in their sim-

plicity and earnestness, and their numerous and beautiful allusions to familiar occurrences, seem to have been partly formed on the model of that admirable writer. He made no pretensions to learning, but of theological learning he was certainly possessed in a high degree; and the size of a library, gradually acquired, witnessed his fondness for books. The truth is, that he devoted much labour and study to his pulpit ministrations, and at his death, he left behind him more than two thousand manuscript skeletons of sermons.

His studies were mingled with prayer. In prayer, he steeped the seed of the word, which with prayer he scattered. Prayer was his grand weapon; but there were certain times in which, rising as it were beyond himself, he seemed to wield it with more than human strength. Those who have kneeled for any length of time around the family altar, cannot but remember with what peculiar unction and earnestness he came among them to the duty of family prayer, on the evening preceding the Sabbath. Always fluent and vehement in his petitions, on Saturday night, his spirit seemed to glow with warmer feelings, and in his preparations for the exercises of the coming day, his lips seemed to have been touched as with a live coal from off the altar. It was, in general, late before he descended from his study into the room where the family was assembled. His countenance, his air, and conversation, all bore marks of his having enjoyed communion unutterable, "that the world knoweth not of." There was a burning urgency, an emphasis of humility in every petition that trembled on his lips, and his words came seemingly too slow and too weak to give utterance to his feelings.

> "When one, that holds communion with the skies,
> Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise,
> And once more mingles with us meaner things,
> 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
> Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide."

On the evening of the Sabbath also, when the labours of the day were closed, he seemed to enjoy unusual happiness. In the services of the morning, he would often complain of constraint; but with the number of his exercises, (for he generally preached three times a day,) his freedom and zeal seemed to increase. "*One Sabbath nearer the end*," was his usual exclamation before retiring on that evening to rest, and he

always seemed to speak it with the tone of a labourer delighted in the employ that fatigued him, looking forward with pleasure, but without impatience, to the rest of the weary and the home of the way-worn.

The strength of his mind has been underrated by those far his inferiors in intellect. He had received from heaven a strong natural understanding. He had much of what Locke has somewhere styled, "*large, sound, roundabout sense.*" In early life, he had, from principles which we cannot but honour, even while we lament their application, declined availing himself of the advantages of a classical education. A man of less good sense would have affected to despise the critical learning he was conscious of wanting, but such was not John Williams. He often spoke of neglected opportunities, and spoke always with the deepest regret; while, to the last of his life, he was a supporter and promoter of Education Societies for the instruction of pious young men for the ministry. His own case was a strong instance of the truth, that the Head of the church often gives to intellect and piety, the success and graces which he denies to mere human learning; but he was never encouraged by success to act upon the principle of making himself a blockhead, in the hope that God would make him an apostle. He sought learning eagerly and constantly, and, by diligent study, acquired a mass of general information, far from common. In the structure of his discourses, he exhibited great judgment. His divisions were few and natural, yet his sermons were always copious, The allegorizing taste, which finds every doctrine in every text, he disliked too heartily to imitate. The grand feature of his mental as well as of his moral character, was simplicity. He was less anxious for what was novel, than for what was true. He sought rather the useful than the pleasing. He did not profess to hold forth the truth as the result of a train of elaborate reasoning, but he stated the doctrine with the simplicity of one perfectly convinced of its truth, proved it briefly, pressed it warmly, and left the rest to heaven. In his ministry, his temper, perhaps, led him to dwell rather on the beauties of the gospel, than on the terrors of the law; to hover rather around the milder graces of Zion, than amid the darkness and thunders of Sinai; but he delivered few sermons, perhaps none, in which the ungodly were not pointedly addressed. In the discussion of a controverted point in the

social circle, his good sense was exhibited in the same unpretending manner. It accorded neither with his habits nor his wishes to discuss the argument at length. Some well put question, some pithy maxim, when others had ceased to speak, expressed at once his wisdom and modesty. He might, perhaps, have been unable, from the defects of his early education, to give a regular account of the series and connexion of the steps by which he arrived at an opinion; but good sense in general led him to the right and true one. It was enough that he reached the port, without recollecting each tack and bearing of the voyage.

His sentiments on what has been called the modern question, and on most others, perhaps on all debateable points, agreed with those maintained by Fuller. Edwards, Owen, and Fuller, might be called his triumvirate in doctrinal theology. He had studied all, deeply and repeatedly. A favourite class of writings with him, was the works of the Puritans and Non-conformists of England. From the more familiar beauties of Henry and Bunyan, up to the sublimity and grandeur of Owen and Charnock, he had attentively perused the most distinguished works produced by that venerable race of confessors, "men of whom the world was not worthy."

Of his own acquirements, he thought most humbly. A sermon delivered before the New-York Missionary Society, at a time when that body was composed of various denominations, was, with the exception of a few Association Letters, his first and last effort as an author. Of Missionary and Bible Societies, it is almost needless to say, he was a firm supporter from the first moment of his acquaintance with them, to the last of his life.

As a man, a relative, and a friend, to know was to love him. The unaffected benignity of his manners, his sincerity, and his kindness, gained him friends; and probably, no one who had once been his friend, was ever entirely alienated from him. Indeed, the manner in which he carried the temper of Christianity into the duties of every day life, gave an uniform beauty to his character which was irresistibly pleasing. With acute natural feelings he combined great fortitude. Christianity taught the one to flow out in continual out-goings of love towards mankind, and heightened the exercise of the other, into the most uncomplaining, childlike

resignation. His ministerial path had been strewed with many mercies, but it had had also its thorns and its roughness. He spoke often and feelingly of the one, scarcely ever of the latter. In the walks of public and the shades of private life, he exhibited the same spirit of dependence and faith. He was always, in all places, and through every change, and at every period, the same mild, meek, and patient Christian. He had, in a great degree, what may be called oneness of character. Above disguise and free from change, jealousy never clouded the warmth of his friendship, passion never obscured the wisdom of his judgment. Not that this uniformity of character was owing to a stagnation of intellect and feeling, to a cold and heartless nature. Few excelled him in warmth of relative and religious feeling. But the zeal which ever marked him was enduring and equable. Its movements were not the occasional ebulitions of heated passions, or the effect of strong external excitement, the bubblings of a summer brook, noisy and evanescent; but they were the gentle and the continued overflowings of a living spring of charity, ever fed by the love of God "shed abroad within his heart." It came down, not like a violent storm sweeping away all before it, and levelling the weed and the flower in one common ruin; but it was a calm and steady shower, fertilizing as it fell, and witnessed in its effects by the beauty and freshness of the scenery it watered. He possessed, in a great degree, perseverance of character, not the obstinacy which disgusts, or the sternness which awes, but a settled adherence to a plan cautiously and deliberately formed. It was never his unhappiness to feel that restless vacillation, that constant change of object, motive, and pursuit, which ruins all influence and all happiness. He did not venture rashly on every splendid speculation that presented itself; but when he had once embarked with serious and prayerful deliberation, it was not a slight tempest or a passing cloud that could drive him back. This temper may, in some cases, have assumed the appearance of obstinacy, but it was the stubbornness of an upright mind too strong to bend, too well rooted to be shaken.

Such a character could not but command respect, even from those who thought differently. Men, proud of their infidelity, have done homage to his transparent sincerity; and scoffers, who have delighted themselves with ridiculing the

religion of others as hypocrisy, have been known to eulogize him. Their eulogy was not bought by unmanly concessions and cowardly disguise. He spoke earnestly and feelingly on the subject of religion, it mattered not where or before whom; but there was no attempt at display, and they who hated his principles, were awed by the evident purity of his motives. His gravity was as free from all tincture of moroseness, as was his mildness from all levity. The gentleness of his temper seemed to beam from his countenance, and words of kindness distilled from his lips. In the church and in the world, he was eminently a man of peace. He sacrificed feeling, convenience, interest, and every thing but principle, to this darling object of affection. And among the frailties, which must ever attach themselves to humanity, it was perhaps the leading one in his character, that he yielded too tamely to the will of others.

Humility seemed in-wrought into the very texture of his mind. He displayed it, not in loud and nauseating professions of self-abasement, but in a reluctance to speak of his own feelings and his own doings; in a willingness to be the least in greatness and the last in honours. This was not assumed, because it was displayed more in deeds than in words. When he would occasionally mention himself, he always spoke with the deepest lowliness; but it was a subject on which he did not often touch, on which he seemed unwilling to waste a thought. He scarcely mentioned even the success in his ministry which had delighted his heart. To all the varied duties of the pastoral office, he seemed anxious to apply the precept first spoken of alms-giving, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." During the whole course of his ministry, it is not remembered that he ever used, in a discourse from the pulpit, the pronoun "I," (as applied to himself,) or that his sermons ever contained, with the exception that follows, any open allusion, however pardonable, to the events of his own life, or the workings of his own heart. Was it that he was deficient in the feeling of what he taught, or had he no stores from personal observation from which to draw? The contrary was eminently the fact; his sermons were most rich in Christian experience. But he feared all appearance of preaching himself rather than his Master. One feature was ever the prominent character in the fore-ground of every sermon. He held up the Saviour, and was himself concealed in the shade.

On his recovery from the yellow fever in 1798, he chose for his subject, on appearing again among his people, the eighth and ninth verses of Psalm cxvi. The same text formed the basis of his discourse on the afternoon of Sunday, March 20th, the last sermon which he delivered before he went up to that church where ministrations and ordinances are at an end. Its selection, in the latter instance, showed that he considered himself, in some measure, restored to health. The issue proved, that the thoughts of the Lord were high above his thoughts.

A life like his, however barren in incident, cannot but be most fertile in instruction. Is there a youth depressed in spirit at comparing his own advantages and attainments with the high standards around him, let him look to the success with which God crowned a faithful, self-taught labourer; and, blushing for his own despondency, let him thank God, and take courage. Eloquence and secular learning are not indispensable; and the spirit of faith, and prayer, and love, that animated John Williams, is more rarely found, and when found, is worth far more than all the unsanctified learning that all the volumes of an university can give. Forbidden to shine in the walks of science, let him who laments the ignorance of his youth, be content to share the obscurity together with the usefulness of those holy, devout, and humble men,

> "Who comfort those, that wait,
> To hear plain truth at Judah's hallowed gate;
> Their language simple, as their manners meek,
> No shining ornaments have they to seek;
> Nor labour they, nor time, nor talents waste,
> In sorting flowers to suit a fickle taste;
> But while they speak the wisdom of the skies,
> Which art can only darken and disguise,
> Th' abundant harvest, recompense divine,
> Repays their work."

But let such a man remember too, how assiduously the subject of this memoir toiled to supply the want he so deeply regretted, and let him never be guilty of despising knowledge. Is there one who, on the contrary, hopes by fancied eloquence to gain and secure the love and respect of his people? To him let this humble biography speak, 'The most touching and powerful of all eloquence is the eloquence of a holy, harmless life, and even that may fail.'

Is there one who fears to mingle too familiarly with the flock under his charge, lest intimacy wear off that dignity which should attach itself to the minister of the gospel, to him would we say, Few men visited more faithfully, fulfilling to the very letter the apostolic practice, "preaching from house to house," than did John Williams; and few more thoroughly gained and more devotedly preserved the affections of his congregation, than did he. We almost fancy, that we yet see him, at an early hour, setting out on his route of pastoral visitation, or, at a late hour, returning from it, exhausted with fatigue; and we gaze upon the picture, till we almost forget that he is, where the flock are exempt from sickness, and the shepherd from fatigue. Is there one whose imagination has dwelt upon the sublimer speculations, the more romantic and shadowy views of the Christian pastorship, till he has become weary of the common and every day employments of a minister—till his mind has grown disgusted with the tedious rounds of sermons and visits, which he must travel from January to December;—until, in fine, he begins to grasp at something better and larger, and more adapted to his talents? Let him know that the path of humility is the path to usefulness; and that it will require all his wisdom to tread it without deviation. John Williams had no splendid generalizations to talk of, and to labour about, and to find in their failure an excuse for the neglect of humbler duties. He had no new and grand views of human nature to propose, no novel methods and machinations for subduing the world, that were to sweep away at once, the stubborn enmity of the human heart, and effect what the eloquence and wisdom of Paul were too weak to accomplish. On the contrary, he knew that man was ever the same—that the enmity of the human heart was ever the same; and that the remedy for that enmity was at all times but one. Instead of looking to some new system of theology, or some original plan of sermonizing, he looked to heaven and trod the beaten path, the path that had been worn by the feet of apostles and martyrs, the path of humble faith. That path led him to a high stand in the church of God. He had gone unto his task, anxious to do a little good as in a corner, and blushed to find, by the praises he received, that he had been doing more than his louder neighbours. He knew that there was One, without whom he could do

nothing, with whom he could do all things. To that One he prayed; in His name stood up; in His name went forth; with His name began; and with His name ended. It was the Alpha and the Omega of his thoughts, his words, his prayers, and his labours. In the might of this single-eyed faith he laboured and returned, bearing his sheaves, rejoicing and trampling on every obstacle.

In this imperfect and feeble sketch of a most excellent character, we would not, that description should swell into panegyric. Were the lamented subject of it now on earth, nothing to him would be more displeasing. His graces and gifts were but the faint reflection of light from above. He was but an instrument in a mightier hand; by that hand he was at first moulded, and by the same hand afterward employed to build up the church of Christ. His virtues are held up not to be praised, but that their exhibition may awaken others to emulation, that they, "beholding his good works, may glorify his Father which is in heaven," and become "followers of" him who "through faith and patience," is now "inheriting the promises." A life so modest, would be ill adorned by indiscreet encomium. Were it for us to choose, and, unconsulted, to give an unasked opinion, the monument that is to mark his grave, as well as every other object intended to perpetuate his memory, should, in its unornamented simplicity, be like him whose name it bears, and its only inscription should be

"JOHN WILLIAMS,
A MAN OF GOD.
Born 8th of March, (O. S.) 1767.
Died 22d of May, 1825."
Let who will, claim a higher eulogy!

To the private Christian, no less than to him who fills the sacred desk, the life of Mr. W. may teach the wisdom of that Providence, which shrouds its paths in darkness. The eye that saw him a cripple peasant boy on the mountains of Wales, would not easily have detected in him the seeds of future greatness, the stamina of intellectual and moral strength. But the eye that marks the sparrow's fall, and guides the wanderings of every mote of dust that dances in the sun-beam, saw otherwise. God had marked and chosen

him for a leader of his Israel. The eye of an unseen, and as yet unacknowledged, Providence, was on his early path. Its care shielded him from danger, and fixed the course in which his character should be formed. The hand of his heavenly Father meted out to him the afflictions that should exercise, and the consolations that should support him. That hand brought him, at an early age, into the ways of his commandments, and led him in safety and peace in all his journeyings through his native land, "by a way that he knew not;" it finally conducted him over the waste of waters to a foreign shore, and there fixed him, against his own expectations, as a city set on a hill, a burning and a shining light. That light is not yet quenched, still his example speaks. His words are yet ringing in our ears, and the fruits of his labours are yet before our eyes. We cannot but remember him with lamentation for ourselves, with rejoicing for him. The tears that will find their way at the recollection of his loss, are brightened by the thought of what he has been on earth, of what he is now in heaven.

Thrice happy they who sleep in God,
Securely wafted o'er the flood
To Canaan's peaceful shore:
Whose lives were as a daily death,
Who walk'd with God and liv'd by faith,
And now shall die no more.
Such, gracious Lord, we wish to be,
Such was our pastor, now with Thee.

Toplady.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. THOMAS BALDWIN, D. D.

RARELY has it been our duty to record the personal history of a man so extensively known, so universally respected, or so tenderly beloved. Rarely does it fall to the lot of an individual to fill so many and so important stations in the religious world, and to fill them all so meekly and yet so ably. A name so unsullied has not often been written on the tomb, nor has a patriarch often been gathered to his fathers amid so wide spread a burst of filial lamentation. Under such circumstances, we are well aware how difficult is the task which our situation at present imposes upon us. Well might we shrink from it, were it not our duty. We know how extensive was the circle of friends to whom the subject of our Memoir was known, how deep and how affectionate was the interest which he never failed to awaken in those who approached him, and that every one will expect us to give to the picture, the living, breathing loveliness of the original; and we well know that to do this will be impossible. There was in Dr. Baldwin's countenance a peculiar charm of expression, which no painter ever succeeded in transferring to the canvass. And there was in his mind a striking combination of varied excellence, which every one has felt, but which we despair of being able to recal to definite or even to vivid recollection. We shall only therefore humbly attempt to lay before our readers what we have been able to collect of his history, and what we have observed of his character, sincerely regretting that the task had not fallen into abler hands.

The Rev. THOMAS BALDWIN was born in Bozrah, Connecticut, December 23d, 1753, and was the only son of Thomas and Mary Baldwin, both natives of the same place. Of the early history of his family but little is known. It may,

however, be observed, that his father was attached to the military service, and rose to distinction in the then Colonial army. He died whilst his son was an infant.

The family of his mother was remarkable for talent. She was one of eleven sisters, all of whom were distinguished for unusual acquirements, and for powerful intellect. She was also a woman of eminent piety; and it is to her early instructions that the Church of Christ is indebted for much of the usefulness of that son, whom from a child she brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

It cannot be expected that much should be recollected of the early history of a man, who has outlived so many of the companions of his childhood. So far as any thing, however, can be known, the traits of character for which he was in manhood remarkable, were very early developed. From very infancy, his temper was noticed for its unruffled serenity. His mother used to observe, that never did she but in one single instance know him to betray any signs of impatience; and when on this occasion she expressed her surprise, he instantly replied, "Mother, I am not angry."

Another trait for which his childhood was distinguished, was love of justice. Even in his boyish sports, he was always the enemy of oppression, controlling the strong and supporting the weak. And yet this sway was exercised so mildly, that among the playmates of his infancy, he obtained the blessing of a peace-maker.

He very early discovered a taste for reading. Not only did he devote every leisure moment to the improvement of his mind, but also consecrated to this object the hours of labour. Whenever his employments were of such a nature that one of his hands was disengaged, it was occupied with a book. By these habits of incessant application, he very early acquired a stock of valuable, though miscellaneous information, which, combined with strong powers of original thinking, seemed in youth to mark him out for unusual eminence.

At this time, the advantages of education were much less extensively enjoyed in New-England than at present. Schools were more rare, and the mode of instruction palpably defective. As a proof of this, it need only be remarked, that when Dr. Baldwin removed to Canaan, New-Hampshire, where he afterwards resided, he was generally selected on the Sabbath to read a sermon to the people who assembled for

public worship, because he was the only young man in the town who was sufficiently educated to perform this service acceptably. The mention of this fact is sufficient to show how strong must have been his early bias towards intellectual improvement.

It will tend to show how soon the most striking traits of his character were exhibited, if we add, that those who knew Dr. Baldwin in youth have remarked, that he was then peculiarly noticed for the sprightliness of his wit. Though always innocent and always unoffending, it was frequently pungent, and always in point. Those who were in the habits of familiar intercourse with him, will well remember that rich vein of most playful good humour, which was at times discoverable until his latest day.

When Dr. Baldwin was about sixteen years of age, his mother, who was now the second time married to a very worthy and pious man by the name of Eames, removed to Canaan, New-Hampshire. He removed with the family; and this became for several years the place of his residence. The town was yet unsettled, and the waggons which transported their necessary baggage were the first that ever traversed the forest. Mr. Eames was by trade a blacksmith, and to this business, as is usual in the early periods of a settlement, he added another, that of a miller; and, if we mistake not, that also of a carpenter. In these labours he was assisted by his step-son, who, until his marriage, lived constantly at home, enduring the hardships and sustaining the privations peculiar to early settlers.

At the age of twenty-two, on the 22d of September, 1775, he was married to Miss Ruth Huntington, of Norwich, Connecticut, with whom he was happily united until her death, February 11th, 1812.

The town of Canaan was rapidly peopled by emigrants from Connecticut and Massachusetts. Before he was thirty, Dr. Baldwin was elected to represent it in the General Court. Of his reputation as a legislator, we have no certain information. It is evident, however, that his success was such as to gratify his constituents; for they repeatedly re-elected him. If we mistake not, they did not cease to choose him, until, feeling the importance of his ministerial labours, he had decidedly expressed his determination to serve as a legislator no longer.

We are happy to have arrived at a period in this memoir, at which we are enabled to refer to a manuscript written by Dr. Baldwin himself, during the few last years of his life. It commences with the relation of the events connected with his religious experience, and abruptly terminates with the time of his arrival in Boston. As it is numbered "Memoir, No. 2," it is probable that either the former part was written and has been irrecoverably lost, or else that the author commenced with that part which most deeply interested him, with the intention of completing the beginning at some other period. This narrative comprises about ten years of his life; and as it has been very kindly placed in our hands by his afflicted widow, we shall make no apology for introducing it at once to our readers. We do this with the greater pleasure, not only because, in a very simple dress, it presents some of the most interesting events in the religious history of its much beloved author, but also because it gives us an unusually vivid idea of the manners and customs of that part of New-England at the time of our revolutionary contest. The autograph memoir commences as follows:—

"In the year 1780, I have reason to hope I was brought to the saving knowledge of the truth. The methods by which this change was effected I will endeavour to state with as much particularity as may be necessary in this place.

"Before I proceed, I would, however, just remark, that I have no reason to believe that I had ever been the subject of such religious impressions as many others have during my early years. I had indeed a general conviction of the reality of revealed religion, and that I had no lot nor part in it. When, however, my conscience accused me of living without God and without hope in the world, I was usually able to pacify it by promises of future amendment, or by recurring to the plea of inability. Often when I had spent an evening until a late hour in mirth and dancing, when I came to lay my head upon my pillow, the thought of sudden death would intrude into my mind. Such questions as these would often force themselves upon me:—'What if you should die before morning?' 'What if the judgment day should come?' The answer was, 'I am unprepared for either.' These thoughts at times caused me to weep freely. But perhaps when the morning returned, all was forgotten. Although I resolved at some future time to be religious, (for I supposed I could be

religious at any time) yet I never fixed that time as near at hand. There always appeared some peculiar obstacles in the way, and some sinful propensities to be indulged, before I could think of being religious. Thus I lived from year to year, in a state of awful security and forgetfulness of God.

"My conscience frequently accused me of the sinfulness of my heart and conduct; but such were the charms of pleasure, that I could not persuade myself to give them up. Yet while in this vain pursuit after the pleasures of the world, I was often forced to serious reflection. At times, I appeared to myself to be awfully hardened, and have thought, when walking or riding alone on a dark evening, that I really wished a light from heaven to shine around me as it did around Saul, when on his way to Damascus. At other times, I have had such a sense of my miserable condition, that I thought I should be willing to suffer a severe fit of sickness, if it might be the means of bringing me to God. These feelings were, however, only transient, and the moment they subsided, the same rage for vanity would return.

"One reason which induced me to be willing to suffer sickness or some other calamity from the hand of God, was a foolish dread of what the world would say of me. 'How,' said I to myself, 'should I become religious, could I hold up my head before any of my young companions, who might inquire what was the occasion of my being so dull.' I thought I could never have fortitude enough to tell them I was concerned about my precious soul. What a pitiful excuse for living in sin!"

Here we trust we shall be excused for interrupting for a moment the course of this interresting narrative, to remark how simple and affecting a discovery is here made of the depravity of the human heart, and its total alienation from God. We see how a man can be perfectly convinced of the reality of religion, of his obligations to God, and of the consequences of disobedience, and yet live in wilful neglect of every duty; pursuing the course which he knows the Eternal God has forbidden, because if he did otherwise, man might laugh at him. Well did the Saviour say of such men, "I know you that ye have not the love of God in you;" and aptly did he allude to one great cause of their disobedience, in that question, "How can ye believe, who receive honour one of another?" And we would ask, Do not the preceding

paragraphs delineate very exactly the moral condition of many of our readers, and of a very large portion of those who, with very respectful attention, hear the gospel every Sabbath day? But to resume the narrative:—

"In the month of November, 1777, God in his holy providence was pleased to take from me my first-born by death; a dear little son between six and seven months old. This painful event was rendered more distressing, both to me and my dear companion, by the circumstance of my being absent at the time. I had left my family eight or ten days before, all in usual health; and when having accomplished my business, and returning home, was met by a friend, who informed me that my child was dead and buried.

"As oppressed with grief I rode silently homeward, the thought struck me—'This is the voice of God to call me to repentance. What excuse can I now have? Under the appearance of mourning for my child, I may become religious, and no one will know it.' Accordingly I set myself about it, and for the first time, attempted to pray in my family. I felt very solemn, and thought I was very sincere. I concluded I should never more yield my heart to vanity as I had done before. My devotion was continued morning and evening; and I believe for the space of two or three weeks, I was never seen to smile. I remember that once I felt much remorse, after having, in an unguarded moment, been surprised into laughter. At the same time indulging serious reflections, I was not unfrequently much affected. But, alas! it was only the sorrow of the world. The impression made upon my mind by the death of a darling babe, began gradually to wear away. In a little time my seriousness was gone, and I returned to my wonted cheerfulness and gaiety.

"All that now remained of my seriousness that had the appearance of religion was, a mere lifeless formality in prayer. I look back with shame and remorse to this period of my life, when, notwithstanding my constant but unmeaning prayers, I lived in the eager pursuit of the vanities of the world, only with perhaps a little more concealment than I had formerly done. I had early imbibed a thirst for honour. I knew this could not be gratified without preserving a fair reputation. But such was my love of gay company, mirth, and dancing, that I went as far as my respect for character would at all permit. I tremble to think of the temptations

and snares which then beset my path. But for the restraining power of a merciful God, I had certainly been ruined.

"In the summer of 1780, my mind became at times very uneasy. I had serious thoughts about religion, yet did not feel determined to set about it in earnest. I had a decided conviction that there must be a change of heart, or all the outward forms of religion would be unavailing. I would often ask myself, What is meant by being born again? I remember once having attempted to take refuge in this. It is said, Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God. I believe that Jesus is the Christ; am I not therefore born of God? But I perceived that my belief had no effect either upon my heart or life. I was also fully aware that Christians possessed something of which I was destitute. They told of joys and sorrows which I had never felt.

"In the month of September, God in his holy providence sent two Baptist preachers into the town. They preached several lectures, and spent one Lord's day in the neighbourhood. Several persons appeared greatly alarmed by their preaching. I thought they were good men, but too illiterate to edify me. I however felt very solemnly under their preaching, and perceived that others felt yet more than myself. Some professors of religion were very much aroused, and several young persons were very deeply impressed."

Dr. Baldwin proceeds to mention the increased solemnity which rested upon his mind whilst attending several religious meetings, which were held about this time in the neighbourhood. The narrative then continues:—"In the evening there was to be a conference at a private house. I attended. The meeting was opened by prayer; after which two persons came forward and told what God had done for their souls. One of them, a sensible and well informed man, gave a very striking account of his conversion to God. Almost the whole assembly was in tears. I felt very tenderly, but in a great measure refrained from weeping. Soon, however, after this a moving scene commenced. A very pious man came, and falling down on his knees before me, addressed me as follows:—'Neighbour Baldwin, can you forgive me, can you forgive me, that I have lived so little like a Christian, and that I have set no better an example before you?' I trembled like Felix, and replied, 'I have nothing against you

more than I have against my own soul.' He followed these remarks with the most solemn entreaties and feeling exhortations to turn unto God and live. Although in my proud heart I had resolved never to shed a tear in public, all my resolutions were utterly unavailing. In spite of every effort, I trembled and wept, and changed my seat to avoid observation. My extreme agitation, however, soon discovered itself. Several persons spoke to me; many rejoiced and many were affected at seeing that my mind was impressed. When asked to state my feelings, I could only say with Agur, 'I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man.' I thought I earnestly desired conversion; but how to attain it, how to obtain an interest in Christ, I did not know. I at first apprehended I should in some way have a discovery of Christ on the cross, and that this would give me comfort. Again I thought I was now so distressed, that God would soon give me relief. I cried; but, alas! all seemed in vain.

"Although I had continued my cold, pharisaical prayers from the time before mentioned, yet till this night I had never conversed with my family on the subject of personal religion. But now I entered with seriousness into the subject; and after disclosing my feelings, expressed my resolution, that let others do what they would, I was determined to seek the Lord. I found much tenderness in attempting to pray before retiring to rest. I had some concern lest these impressions should leave me, and my mind become yet more hardened than before. I awoke before the day dawned, and found my mind still deeply impressed. I cannot say as many have, that I strove to shake off my convictions; on the contrary, my great anxiety was to increase them; for this was the way in which I was looking for deliverance. My distress continuing day and night, I began to hope that God had begun the work, and that he would carry it on. At times I experienced great tenderness, and often both in public and private wept bitterly.

"I was satisfied that my prayers were exceedingly defective. They appeared so sinful, that I thought God would not regard them. But as Christians appeared to be in earnest for me, at times I was encouraged to believe that God would hear them in my behalf. Although I was not called by name, yet I thought I knew when they presented

my case before the Lord.* At one of these seasons of prayer, it seemed to me that my case was wholly neglected. I was ready to say with David, 'Refuge faileth me, and no man careth for my soul.' I concluded that if the saints were not permitted to pray for me, my case was desperate. Despondency seised me, and I began to fear that all was over with my soul. Yet at times I could not but hope, that God would at some time or other bring me out of this distress, and that I should yet praise him.

"My distress did not arise so much from the fear of punishment, as from a sense of having abused divine goodness and mercy. All my hopes from any thing in myself seemed to vanish. I had been accustomed to think that I was not so great a sinner as some others, because I had been addicted to no degrading vice. But I now saw that my morality, fair as it had appeared, was most wretchedly defective; and that my prayers had been no better than solemn mockery. I greatly feared that my repentance was not genuine; that it would ultimately prove no more than the workings of a natural heart writhing under the lashings of conscience. Often would I say, What shall I do to be saved? How can I come to Christ? O that some man would guide me! Thus I went mourning from day to day as without the light of the sun. The world had lost its charms. The pleasures that had heretofore appeared so fascinating, now seemed so extremely insipid, that I wondered I could ever have thought so highly of them. They not only appeared empty and trifling, but to a great degree disgusting.

"After spending an anxious and almost sleepless night, I arose just after the dawning of the day, and resolved once more to pray. I said with Jonah, 'I will look again towards his holy temple.' I knelt down, and in a few broken sentences, tried to send my cries to the mercy-seat. I felt convinced that I had done nothing to merit the divine favour,

* In this supposition it is probable that the author was not mistaken. An aged minister by whom Dr. Baldwin was baptized, once mentioned that several Christians in the neighbourhood, observing his prominent talents and amiable disposition, had agreed together to make his conversion a special subject of prayer. This agreement was formed while he was yet thoughtless, and we may well suppose that their desires were strengthened when they saw so pleasing a hope of their fulfilment.

nor could I do any thing, though I were eternally to perish, This I thought I confessed to the Lord; and as my last refuge, endeavoured to cast myself upon the mercy of God. During this day I felt less anxiety than I had done for many days before. Sometimes I hoped I had given myself to God, and sometimes I feared that my convictions were wearing off, and that I should return again unto folly.

"Just in the twilight of the same day, I had occasion to walk to a neighbour's house about a quarter of a mile distant. As I walked, a new train of thought occupied my mind. How happy, thought I, are the angels! They are happy because they are holy, and have never sinned. How unhappy I am on account of sin! My thoughts now ran back to Adam in the garden. I thought I would have given the world, had it been at my command, if he had never sinned; then I should not have been a sinner. But I now felt myself a dreadful sinner, and could see no way by which I could be made holy. At the same time I was convinced, that unless I were made holy, I could never be made happy. It appeared that I had a great something to do; what it was, or how to do it, I knew not. Immediately as I walked, this passage of scripture came powerfully into my mind,—'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' A gleam of hope seemed to come from these words. But I thought they were only words which I had read, and were now suggested by my imagination. They seemed to be repeated the second time, —'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' The effect was overwhelming. In an instant, the great plan of mercy, through the atonement of Christ, was astonishingly opened to my view. He appeared to be just such a Saviour as I needed. I saw that by his atonement he had (so far as an atonement could do it) '*taken away the sin of the world.*' What, said I to myself, is it only to believe in Jesus Christ in order to be saved? It appeared almost too free and too glorious. It seemed impossible that it should be true. But the more I reflected, the more clear it appeared that this was the gospel method of salvation. I could not help taking hold of it, and thought I saw in it a glorious consistency with the attributes of God.

"My mind now became calm, but not transported. It occurred to me that this was not such a conversion as I had been looking for. I had expected my distress to be increased,

until I should see myself hanging, as it were, over everlasting burnings, and that then I should have some discovery of the Saviour; but in what way I knew not. Those sweet words would still recur to my mind,—'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' The gracious invitations of the gospel, such as Isaiah lv. 1. 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price,' appeared exceedingly precious. The more I reflected, the more I was lost in wonder and astonishment in contemplating the riches of grace. The Saviour now began to appear precious to me. Yet I was exceedingly afraid that I should be deceived.

"A short time afterwards, being asked at a conference meeting to relate my religious feelings, I complied; and though honestly, yet with much fear and trembling, I proceeded to state what I had experienced. Christians rejoiced, and anxious sinners wept. I was called upon in the course of the evening to pray. I attempted, and was blessed with some degree of freedom. Seeing some persons who had been for some time anxious, I could not refrain from addressing them. They were asking, 'What shall we do to be saved?' I replied, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved.' I then thought that I could tell them so, that they would believe. But after stating to them my views of that wonderful declaration,—'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,' I could not perceive that they were affected by it. It seemed to me that every one now could believe, and I wondered that I had never believed before. I seldom afterwards attended meeting without taking some part in the public exercises, until I was solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry.

"It may be proper here to observe, that previous to my religious concern, I had, with the advice of several friends, determined to enter upon the study of the law. Two gentlemen, one of whom had been States' Attorney in Connecticut, the other a practitioner in law, kindly engaged me their assistance, and furnished me with books. I had already read a number, and was reading Blackstone's Commentaries, when my attention was arrested. I was obliged to lay them aside, but with the expectation of resuming them after my impressions had subsided. I made several attempts to resume them,

but now found it utterly in vain. My attention was wholly engrossed with another subject, although I do not recollect that I thought of preaching. I have since, however, had reason to believe that the impression was very general upon the minds of the people, that I should at some time or other become a minister of the gospel. As there was no settled minister in the town at this time, I was constantly called upon to take some part in all the religious meetings. I however felt a great diffidence in speaking, unless when requested by some of the older brethren.

"Not long after I had obtained a hope of an interest in Christ, when meditating on the character of the Saviour, these words were impressed very forcibly on my mind, 'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.' I was struck with the thought, and wished that I might be one of them, for they seemed to me to be peculiarly blessed. But the question immediately occurred, 'Where has the Saviour gone as an example for his people to follow?' I was first led to view him coming from Galilee to Jordan, to be baptized of John in Jordan. I at once said to myself, I cannot follow him in this, nor am I required to. I have been already devoted to God in infancy; therefore this part of Christ's example can have no claim upon my obedience. Still the words followed me,—'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.' I at length resolved prayerfully to search the New Testament, with, I trust, a heart breathing the language of the apostle, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'

"I had been educated in the principles, and what I now consider the prejudices of the Congregationalists. I had read little on the baptismal controversy, except 'Dickenson's Divine Right of Infant Baptism.' This work had been reprinted with a preface by eight Congregational ministers of the then town of Norwich, one of whom was my great uncle, under whose instructions I had been brought up. I thought very highly of the work, and had read it with much attention more than once, in order to furnish myself with arguments in favour of infant baptism. These arguments had satisfied my mind until now, when I read the scriptures with different feelings. I wished to be candid, and to receive the truth wherever I might find it. But after all, when I perceived that the evidence appeared against my former sentiments,

and in favour of the baptism of believing adults only, it required an amazing struggle to surrender the point. I concealed my conflicts from all my Baptist friends, but unbosomed myself freely to several Pedobaptist ministers, hoping that they might be able to remove my difficulties. But all of them proved physicians of no value. I had fully resolved to follow the truth wheresoever I might find it. I well knew, moreover, that all my earthly connexions were decided Pedobaptists. I endeavoured to count the cost, and though I should forfeit their friendship, felt determined to follow the dictates of my own conscience.

"During my unsettled state of mind, a respectable Congregational minister visited and lodged at my house. In the course of the evening, he introduced the subject of his visit, which was, he said, to invite me to offer myself a candidate for examination before the Association to which he belonged, with a view to my being licensed to preach the gospel in their fellowship. But being so far convinced of the correctness of the distinguishing sentiments of the Baptists, I thought it improper to take any step until my mind should be decided. I thanked him for his friendly invitation; but frankly told him the state of my mind. I requested him, if he thought I was in danger of embracing an error, to endeavour to reclaim me. With this view, I requested him to tell me where to find a warrant for infant baptism. He immediately referred to Genesis xvii. and went at large into the ordinary argument founded upon the Abrahamic covenant. After conversing till a late hour, I informed him that I had hoped he would have convinced me that infant baptism was right; but was sorry to say, he had entirely failed. My conscience still preponderated towards the opinions of the Baptists. 'Sir,' said I, 'in this case, what shall I do?' 'Why,' said he, 'if we cannot agree to think alike, we must agree to differ.' We united in prayer, and retired to rest.

"Previously to my baptism, I visited my friends at Norwich, Connecticut. I then took an opportunity of conversing with my former venerable pastor. He received me very kindly; and when at his request I related my religious exercises, was quite melted into tears. But when, towards the close of the evening, he suspected from some of my inquiries, that my mind was not established in the doctrines of Pedobaptism, he remarked to me, in rather a stern tone of voice,

'Well, Thomas, if you renounce your infant baptism, and are re-baptised, I shall reprobate you, notwithstanding all that you have told me.'* I was much shocked at the remark, and after a moment's silence, replied, 'I hope, Sir, I shall be directed to do what is right.' Thus we parted, perhaps with mutual dissatisfaction.

"He put into my hand, at parting, 'Wall's Abridgment of his History of Infant Baptism.' But all the help I derived from this was, to be confirmed in what I had before feared was true. Dr. Wall unhesitatingly acknowledges that the primitive mode of baptism was immersion, and blames the Presbyterians for changing it into sprinkling. Neither during my inquiries nor before them, had I ever seen a page written by the Baptists, except a small pamphlet written by S. Wilson, entitled 'A Scripture Manual.' This I had read many years before. I once told a Baptist minister that I wished to have some conversation with him respecting baptism, as I had some doubts in my mind on that subject. He replied, 'Do you only read your Bible, and you will do well enough.' I thought the advice correct, and determined to follow it. And whether now right or wrong, I can only say, that the Bible and my own conscience compelled me to be what I am. In the latter part of the summer of 1781, I was baptized by the Rev. Elisha Ransom, then of Woodstock, Vermont.

"From my constantly speaking in public, I began to fear being suspected of aspiring to become a preacher. This impression I studiously laboured to prevent. An ardent desire for the salvation of immortal souls on the one hand, and, on the other, a consciousness of my want of those acquirements which I considered necessary to qualify me for the work, kept me for some time in a state of perplexity.

"It may not be improper here to mention a remarkable season of prayer, which I once at this time enjoyed. [If these lines should ever meet the eye of any other person, I hope that what I am to relate will not be imputed to vanity or egotism. 'Behold, before God I lie not.'] While the

* It is pleasing to record, that the good old man did not execute his threat. After Dr. Baldwin had become a Baptist minister, his aged relative treated him with great kindness, invited him to preach in his pulpit, and indeed to the close of his life manifested towards him the most parental attention.

subject of preaching was yet undetermined in my mind, after sermon one Lord's day, as was then customary, a brother present, who was far gone in consumption, addressed the people in a very affecting exhortation; after which I was requested to pray. I engaged—but it is impossible for me to describe the scene which opened to my view. Soon after I began to speak, my soul appeared drawn out in an uncommon degree towards God, and the ecstacy of joy that I then felt, was absolutely indescribable and full of glory. For a few moments, I apprehended I was about to quit the body. Words flowed as it were without an effort of thought. My language and conceptions appeared uncommonly elevated. When I had closed and opened my eyes, I perceived the assembly almost all in tears. One man cried out in an anguish of soul, '*I am undone!*' Some others, who had remained in a hardened, stupid state until now, were trembling and weeping. These impressions with some, I have reason to hope, terminated in saving conversion to God.

"This gracious manifestation of divine mercy and goodness to me was accompanied with a peculiar peace and calmness of mind. It was indeed that peace of God which passeth all understanding. It was a season never to be forgotten, whilst memory holds a place in my breast. It had, moreover, a considerable effect in reconciling me to devote myself to the work of the ministry. In the days of my vanity, I had never looked forward to any appointment with such intense desire as I now waited the return of the holy Sabbath, that I might meet with the children of God, and tell my fellow-sinners the blessedness there is in believing.

"The winter succeeding, we were favoured with a refreshing season. Several were, as we hoped, brought home to God; among them one, who has since become a minister of our denomination. The church continued united in love, and additions were made from time to time of such as we trust shall be saved.

"Although I had generally conducted the religious exercises in most of our public meetings, yet it was not until August of 1782, that I attempted to take a text, and preach doctrinally and methodically. The news soon circulated widely, that I had begun to preach; and the next Sabbath many collected from most of the neighbouring towns. Our assemblies were full and attentive, and the prospect highly encouraging, and thus in general it continued.

"In the spring of 1783, the church invited me to receive ordination. I consented to be ordained, but not as the pastor of that particular church. It was, however, understood that I should perform the duties of a pastor so long as I should think it proper to stay with them. A meeting was then called, and the subject laid before the town. They unanimously voted to concur with the church, and presented a call on their part. Arrangements were accordingly made, and a council convened in Canaan, on the 11th of June, 1783, at which time I was publicly ordained to the work of an evangelist. Rev. Samuel Shephard, of Brentwood, New-Hampshire, preached on the occasion from 2 Cor. iv. 7. Rev. Elisha Ransom, of Woodstock, Vermont, gave the charge, and Rev. Samuel Ambrose, of Sutton, New-Hampshire, gave the right hand of fellowship. Some other ministering brethren also assisted on the occasion.

"The church enjoyed as great a degree of harmony as commonly falls to the lot of churches in the age in which we live. Additions were from time to time made, until our number amounted to seventy. A considerable portion of these were from the adjacent towns.

"I continued my labours with this church seven years, during which time, though principally at home on the Sabbath, I spent much of the intervening time in visting and preaching in the destitute parts of the surrounding country. There were few towns within the space of fifty miles round, in which I did not occasionally preach.

"In this warfare, I went chiefly at my own charges. Some few churches, however, which I visited by appointment of the Association, made me some compensation, and some individuals made me small presents; but I do not recollect, that during the whole of this period, in all my journeyings, I ever received a public contribution. I usually met with a kind reception from Christians of all denominations; and besides receiving their decided approbation, often, quite often received the following benediction, with a hearty pressure of the hand at parting,—'The Lord bless you, brother; such men as you will never want.'

"My mode of travelling was on horseback. In pursuing my appointments, I had often to climb the ragged mountain, and descend the deep ravine. These exchanges, from rocky steeps to dismal swamps, were far from unfrequent at that

early period of the settlement of this part of our country. The roads are since so improved, that it would be difficult to persuade the traveller now-a-days that they had ever been as bad as the early settlers represent.

"The people were not, however, so much wanting in kindness, as in the means of assisting a travelling minister. As for silver and gold, the greater part of them had none. The cause for this scarcity of money arose from the particular circumstances of the times. At the close of the revolutionary war, the continental currency, which had before depreciated to almost nothing, ceased. The little silver that remained in the coffers of the rich, was with much reluctance permitted to be drawn from its long sequestered concealment. It hence often happened, that the travelling preacher must either beg or go hungry, if he happened to travel where he was not known. This, however, did not very frequently fall to my lot. I am, however, well aware, that mankind in general are much more likely to remember a single circumstance of affliction, though the suffering be ever so short, than many mercies of long continuance."

We have thus far followed the manuscript with scarcely any alteration or abridgment. On the interesting topics to which it refers, the conversion of its author, his change of sentiments on the subject of baptism, and his call to the Christian ministry, we felt it our duty to allow him to speak for himself. In doing this, we doubt not that we have performed a most grateful service to our readers. There is always a charm about a narrative, in which a man declares what he himself has seen and felt, which a narration written in the third person can never acquire. And besides this, there is in the memoir above, so many traits of genuine Christian simplicity, so well executed a delineation of the workings of the human heart in many of its most interesting attitudes, that it can scarcely be read without lively and peculiar interest. Instead, therefore, of apologizing for its length, we are persuaded that the wish will be general that it were longer.

The remainder of the narrative is not, however, so well adapted for a memoir of this nature. It contains many incidents interesting to the author and to his particular friends, but which might not so generally interest a miscellaneous public. We shall therefore leave the latter part of it, and

only use it to supply us with such facts, and occasionally with such reflections, as may throw light upon the character of its author.

It will be readily perceived from what has been stated above, that the labours of Dr. Baldwin in Canaan must have been excessively severe. His reputation as a preacher was such, that his assistance was very frequently required at ordinations and councils in all the surrounding country; and besides, the destitute condition of many of the neighbouring settlements presented innumerable claims upon his Christian sympathies. To all these calls he unhesitatingly yielded himself up. In the narrative before alluded to, after relating the events of one of these journeys of an hundred miles from home in the dead of winter, in which he had suffered much from cold and something from hunger, and had been engaged in almost daily preaching, he concludes with the following reflections. We insert them as a happy illustration of the tone of his piety, and also of the honourable disinterestedness for which he was always distinguished.

"During this tedious journey, I had suffered some little inconveniencies, but enjoyed much comfort in my own soul. O what an honour to be engaged in so good a cause, and to serve so glorious a Master! Like him, for the joy that is set before me, may I ever be willing to endure the cross, and despise the shame, continually looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith."

"It has often afforded me much consolation to reflect on what Christ said to his disciples, when one of them said, 'Lo, we have left all and followed thee;' and he said unto them, 'Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.' I have never been able to discern any worldly motive which could have had any influence in making me a Baptist. I had literally to forsake, (in point of sentiment,) all my earthly friends, all my expectations of honour, and I may also say, of wealth. When I was settled in the ministry, it was without any stipulated salary whatever; and during the seven years which I spent with the church where I was first settled, the whole of my salary would not average *forty dollars a year!* Hence I may say with the apostle, 'These hands have min-

istered to my necessities and those that were with me.' I would have gladly devoted myself wholly to the work, could I have seen any way in which my family could have been supported."

It could not be expected that a minister of Dr. Baldwin's native talent, and we may now add, celebrity, should be destined to labour for life amid the sparse population of an almost frontier settlement. The event proved, that by this severe discipline, Providence had been preparing him for a field of more extensive usefulness. Towards the close of the winter of 1790, the Baptist church in Sturbridge, Massachusetts, understanding that he was not confined by his ordination to the people in Canaan, applied to him to visit them as a candidate for settlement. After some hesitation, the church in Canaan granted him liberty to visit Sturbridge, and promised, that if after due deliberation he should consider it his duty to remove thither, they would furnish him with letters of dismission and recommendation.

About the same time, he also received a letter from the church in Hampton, Connecticut, containing a similar request. And while on his journey to visit these places, early in the summer of the same year, he received an invitation to visit the Second Baptist Church in Boston, which had just before been deprived by death of their excellent pastor, the Rev. Mr. Gair. After visiting Sturbridge and Hampton, and receiving from both churches an unanimous invitation to become their pastor, Dr. Baldwin continued his journey to Boston; and in compliance with the request of the church, preached his first sermon to them July 4, 1790.

In the beginning of August, some indications of a revival began to appear in the congregation. These daily increased, until a very considerable number were heard with deep solemnity to inquire, What shall we do to be saved? The interest excited by his public labours, was very general; and on the 22d of August, the Church and Society, by an unanimous vote, invited him to become their pastor.

As we have before stated, Dr. Baldwin had previously received an invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church in Hampton, Connecticut, and also another from the church in Sturbridge, Massachusetts. With the appearance of this latter society, he was much pleased, and for some time thought that he should probably settle with them. Two con-

siderations, however, had an influence in determining his mind to Boston. One was, that he wished to reside where he could give himself wholly to the work. This was the great object for which he wished to remove at all. For this, Boston appeared the most eligible situation. He perceived that here nothing was expected but what belonged to parochial concerns. This to him was a most desirable consideration. Connected with this, the special attention which appeared among the young people at this time had great weight upon his mind. He sincerely believed that there was a greater prospect of usefulness there than in any country town whatsoever. Besides these considerations it may be remarked, that a striking coincidence of events connected with his first coming to Boston, seemed to point out the path of duty too plainly to be mistaken. Under these circumstances, though with much trembling, he gave, on the 18th of September, 1790, an affirmative answer to the invitation.

Dr. Baldwin was in consequence installed on the 11th of November following. The services were performed in the meeting-house of the Rev. Dr. ELIOT, which was kindly offered for the purpose. The Rev. Dr. STILLMAN, then pastor of the first Baptist church in Boston, preached from 2 Cor. iv. 7—'*For we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us.* The Rev. Dr. SMITH, of Haverhill, delivered the charge; the Rev. THOMAS GREEN, of Cambridge, presented the right hand of fellowship; and the Rev. JOSEPH GRAFTON, of Newton, the venerable and the only survivor, offered the concluding prayer. The day was pleasant, the services highly interesting, and the assembly numerous and respectable.*

We are now called to contemplate the subject of this memoir under circumstances very different from those with which his ministry commenced. From the frontier settlements of New-Hampshire, where almost the whole of his life had been spent, he was removed at once to the centre of a polite and literary metropolis, and was placed by the side of men

* Dr. Baldwin's discourse preached on the first Sabbath in January, 1824; with an Appendix, containing an Historical Sketch of the Church and Society.

whose praise had long been in all the churches, and whose lives had been devoted to academic learning. Probably the pulpits of Boston have never since been more ably filled. Drs. LATHROP, ELIOT, HOWARD, BELKNAP, and THACHER were the ministers of the Congregational churches, and Dr. STILLMAN, probably the most eloquent and most universally beloved clergyman that Boston has ever seen, was his immediate fellow-labourer. His early advantages for education were, as we have seen, but scanty. Constant labour had left him but little opportunity to improve them. He was now thirty-eight years of age; a time of life beyond which men do not generally make much advancement in knowledge. All the resources upon which, depending on the grace of God, he could rely in this arduous situation, were sincere desires to be useful, native vigour of mind, a fixed resolution to prepare himself for the duties to which Providence had called him, and, we may add, a store of sound reflections on theology, an intuitive knowledge of human nature, and sagacity in remarking the workings of the human heart.

For this situation, Dr. Baldwin proved himself manifestly equal. And his success at least proves one thing, that a man of sense is at home any where. He here commenced that course of judicious theological and critical study, which laid the foundation of his extensive reputation, and which enabled him not only to serve the church in the pulpit, but also still more extensively to illustrate and defend her doctrines through the medium of the press.

The ministry of Dr. Baldwin was at its commencement in Boston unusually blest. The revival which began whilst he was preaching as a candidate, continued without much interruption for two years. To the second and first Baptist churches more than one hundred were added during the year 1790. In 1791, additions were made every month, sometimes to the number of nearly twenty. The whole number added to the second church this year was about seventy.

At the time of Dr. Baldwin's installation, the number of members whose names were recorded on the books of the church was ninety. Of these, many were unknown, and had been long forgotten. The present number of the church is about four hundred and fifty. During Dr. Baldwin's ministry, he baptized more than six hundred and seventy, who were the fruits of his ministry in Boston.

Of his life, from the time of his settlement to his death, very few records are extant. The history of a clergyman, who devotes himself to the appropriate labours of his office, is of course barren of incidents which would interest the world. It is the plain and reiterated account of studies, and visits, and conversations, and preaching, in which week after week has in rapid succession been consumed. His world is the people of his charge; or, to speak still more truly, and with still nicer restriction, it is that people seen only in the light of their moral relations. The changes in these relations are so gradual, that generally the minister himself can hardly estimate them without comparing attentively, and at leisure, two pretty distant periods. To describe these slow moving revolutions, the means by which they were produced, or the results by which they were made manifest, would savour of egotism, or frequently of senility. In this unostentatious labour is the time of a minister of Christ usually and most profitably employed. Unseen, and noiseless as the evening dew, his influence descends upon the people of his charge; and after his sun is set and another has risen, its effects are most visibly acknowledged in the moral loveliness of a succeeding generation.

Such was the general tenor of Dr. Baldwin's ministry. He was a faithful, affectionate, and devoted pastor. No man was perhaps ever more tenderly beloved by his church and congregation. Nor was his usefulness confined at all to these. He was for the part of the city in which he lived, appropriately the minister of the poor, and of those who but for him might have said, No man careth for our souls. In the chamber of sickness and the house of death, he was emphatically at home. His amiable deportment, venerable appearance, and unassuming piety, rendered him the peculiar favourite of those who felt themselves neglected by the world. He was *their* minister. To him they could unburden their sorrows; to him could they, as to a father, unbosom the overflowings of their penitence. He it was whom they wished to see at their bedside in the hour of their departure, and to commit the dust of their friends to its lone and silent grave.

But not to Boston alone was the usefulness of Dr. Baldwin restricted. Under his fostering hand many of the churches in its vicinity arose, and by his parental care were they sustained. And it is no small praise, both to his piety and

to his ability, that they drank so universally into his spirit. He had the faculty, the true evidence of greatness, of forming other men into his own likeness. And hence it is that his character has left so broad an impression upon all this part of New-England. The standard of the pulpit rose in his own denomination every where around him. He assisted the young of his brethren in their attempts to acquire the advantages of education. He set before them an example of simple, unaffected piety. He was a man of peace, and hushed all their contentions, until in his vicinity contention was wholly forgotten. In few places of our country, perhaps, is there so great a degree of harmony existing as in the associations of which Dr. Baldwin was a prominent member. This fact all will unite in ascribing to his meek, patient, wise, and upright precept and example.

It was in labours such as these that his life was principally consumed. There are, however, a few circumstances somewhat more deserving a particular notice.

We have alluded to the revival of religion which was witnessed during the two first years of his settlement. After this subsided, the church continued for some time to advance with the growth which usually attends the faithful dispensation of the word and ordinances of the gospel. In the year 1797, the congregation had so much increased, that it was found necessary to enlarge their place of worship. This work was completed, and the house re-opened, on the 30th of November in that year. A sermon was preached by the pastor on the occasion, from Psalm cxxii. 7, 8, 9—"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces," &c. And although the addition comprised two-sevenths of the whole house, yet the pews were soon taken up, and the house became as full as before the enlargement was made.

In the year 1803, a second revival of religion, and the most remarkable that was witnessed during Dr. Baldwin's ministry in Boston, occurred. It extended to both the first and second, then the only Baptist churches in Boston, and its results were felt also in the churches of other denominations. It is perhaps not too much to say, that the happy change in the religious views of a large portion of professing Christians in Boston, may date its origin, very evidently, from this event. It continued for more than two years, and a very great number were the subjects of its salutary influences.

The particular account of this work of the Holy Spirit, may be found in the first volume of the American Baptist Magazine, first series, numbers for September, 1804, and September, 1805. To these we must refer our readers, as the narrative would be too extended for our present purpose. It will only be proper here to remark, that the attention commenced simultaneously in both churches in the spring of 1803. In September, October, and November of that year, the attention was the most solemn. In September of 1804, though somewhat abated, it was still pleasing and interesting; and it was not till August, 1805, nearly two years and a half from its commencement, that it could be considered to have terminated. During this period, the first church received one hundred and thirty-five, and the second two hundred and twelve; in all, three hundred and forty-seven members.

We cannot, whilst referring to this work of grace, omit a few extracts from the remarks which accompany the narrative to which we have alluded. We do it to illustrate the nature of the religious impressions then made upon the minds of the multitudes who thronged the houses of worship, as well as to show the sound discretion of him whom God used as one of the principal instruments of their conversion.

"This work," he remarks, "has, we believe, been carried on with as little noise and confusion as any of equal extent which has ever taken place in our land. We are far from thinking that there cannot be a good work where there is a considerable mixture of enthusiasm; but still we think it not very desirable. There has been little or no outcry, swooning, &c. in the present work. The mind has been silently yet powerfully impressed.

"The converts in general have appeared to have a deep and thorough sense of the depravity of their own hearts, and of the infinite evil of sin, as committed against a holy God. They have not so frequently expressed their fears of hell, as their dread of sin on account of the wrong which it contains in itself. Comfort has been variously communicated. The precious promises have in some instances been powerfully applied. Others, on viewing the Divine character, have had instant joy infused into their souls. They have felt such a sweetness in meditating upon the perfections of God and the glories of the Redeemer, as apparently to lose sight of every thing else. In other instances, light has been gradually let

into the mind, and they have obtained evidence of their change by finding within themselves the tempers and feelings of the gracious heart.

"We add, in the last place, a remark upon the effects of this work on individuals and on society at large. It has reclaimed the profane swearer, the Sabbath breaker, the gambler. It has made the 'young men sober-minded.' It has formed the minds of all who have embraced it to the love of virtue and religion. It has led them to the discharge of all the duties of social and religious life, with conscientiousness and fidelity. In a word, it has laid a foundation to hope, that in future life they will so conduct as to be ornaments to religion and blessings to the world." To this the most happy period of his ministry, Dr. Baldwin often referred with unspeakable pleasure to the very close of his life.

In September, 1803, Dr. Baldwin, by the appointment of the Baptist Missionary Society of Massachusetts, commenced the publication of the American Baptist Magazine, then under the title of the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine. This work was first published semi-annually, then quarterly, afterwards once in two months, and at present monthly. From its commencement until the year 1817, he was its sole editor. From 1817 until his death, he was its senior editor, and continued from time to time to enrich its pages with the results of his experience and the warnings of his wisdom. For many years this was the only Baptist religious periodical work in America. To its influence, and to the labours of Dr. Baldwin, by its means may be ascribed in a great degree the rapid progress which has been made in his own denomination in acquaintance with each other, in missionary enterprise, and in religious knowledge.

Dr. Baldwin has, however, been more extensively known to the world as an author, through his works on Baptism and Communion. The first of these was entitled, "*Open Communion* Examined," and was originally published in 1789, at the request of the Woodstock Association, whilst the author resided in New-Hampshire. The second was published in 1794, and was in answer to a tract of the Rev. Noah Worcester, entitled "*A Friendly Letter*," addressed to the author. In 1806, these were re-published in a volume, with the addition of an appendix, containing a reply to Mr. Edwards' "*Candid Reasons*," together with some additional remarks

upon some sermons and pamphlets which had recently appeared on the subject.

The author's principal work on this controversy, was published in 1810, and is entitled, "*A Series of Letters, in which the distinguishing Sentiments of the Baptists are explained and vindicated, in answer to a late Publication by the Rev. Samuel Worcester, A. M. addressed to the Author, entitled, Serious and Candid Letters.*" This is a volume of about 250 pages, and contains a pretty ample discussion of the principal topics of dispute between the Baptists and Pedobaptists. This is considered the ablest of Dr. Baldwin's productions. It was written in the meridian of his strength, upon a subject on which he had long and deeply reflected, and at a time when, by repeated trials, he had become aware of his own power, and could fearlessly rely upon the decisions of his own intellect. It has accordingly given him a more extensive reputation than any other of his works, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic. The late Rev. Andrew Fuller, than whom no man was better able to decide upon its merits, pronounced this the ablest discussion of the question he had ever seen.

To enter into an analysis of these letters, would, on this occasion, be irrevelant to our object. It could not be done without presenting an abstract of the whole matter in dispute. It will be sufficient to remark, that the letters enter quite fully into the merits of the controversy on most of its points, and they every where exhibit a vigour of intellect, an acuteness of logic, and a perspicuity of reasoning, not often to be met with in works of this nature. Their style is simple, forcible, and direct; sometimes enlivened by the easy playfulness of a man who feels entirely at home in his subject, and at others repelling with manly dignity the unhandsome aspersions which in those days it was too common to heap upon the Baptists, or those who defended them. Now that the hour of controversy has gone by, it is not, we believe, denied by candid men, even of other denominations, that, able as was his antagonist, and he was in his lifetime the leader of his sect, yet that Dr. Baldwin had the decided advantage in the argument.

Besides these works, Dr. Baldwin published in the year 1820, a short essay on the subject of John's Baptism, a question which at that time, in consequence of the allusion to it

in Mr. Hall's work on Communion, was considerably agitated. The design of the author was to establish the position, that John's Baptism was Christian Baptism; a doctrine which many were labouring to subvert. This, although written with ability, is probably inferior to his other works on this controversy. If, however, it lacks somewhat of the vigour of his former productions, it should be remembered that the man of seventy is not in all respects the man of forty-five.

Whilst thus actively engaged in the arduous labours of a pastor, as the editor of an important periodical work, and as a successful polemical writer, it will of course be supposed that Dr. Baldwin received those marks of public attention, which are usually bestowed upon those who rise to eminence in their profession. He was repeatedly chosen chaplain of the General Court of the Commonwealth. In 1802 he was appointed to deliver the annual sermon on the day of the General Election. This sermon was received with great attention, and two or three editions of it were immediately printed. In 1803, he was admitted to the degree of Doctor in Divinity at Union College, New-York. The degree of Master of Arts had been some time previously conferred upon him by Brown University, Rhode Island. Of this institution he was first a trustee, and at the time of his decease had been for many years the *Senior Fellow*. Of Waterville College, Maine, to which he had been a liberal benefactor, he was a trustee from its first organization. Of most of the benevolent institutions of Boston he was an active manager, and of not a few the presiding officer. At the time of his death, he was president of the Baptist Board of Managers for Foreign Missions, and one of the trustees of the Columbian College of the District of Columbia. He was a member of the Convention for amending the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the year 1821, and in all its deliberations, especially those which had any bearing upon the subject of religious liberty, he took an active part, and not unfrequently spoke with unusual ability.

To those who were acquainted with his reputation, it is needless to remark, that of his own denomination in the northern states, he stood decidedly at the head. No important association seemed complete unless it had enrolled him as its president. No measure seemed to promise success, and it is but a just tribute to his wisdom to add, that very few

succeeded, which had not received his sanction. His brethren may with much justice say of him, Unto him men gave ear, and waited and kept silence at his counsel. After his words they spake not again, and his speech dropped upon them. He chose out our way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.

Within this widely extended sphere of usefulness, beloved and respected by all good men of every station and of every sect, did Dr. Baldwin walk until the close of life. No gusts of passion, no bitterness of resentment, no sectarian jealousy had alienated friends or exasperated enemies. He retained the entire confidence and veneration of the community to the last; for at the first, having honestly deserved it, by meekness, and humility, and sincerity, he daily evinced that with no other man could it be so safely trusted.

About seven years before his death, he was attacked with a slight paralytic affection, which gave his friends the first intimation that his active labours were drawing to a close. From this his physical system soon recovered; but he always believed that his mind had received an injury, which would never be repaired. He sometimes alluded to it with some degree of emotion, and seemed aware that his mental energies, particularly his memory, were sensibly enfeebled. Whether the change was owing to this attack or not, it is probable that his estimation of himself was correct. It was not, however, until about four years before his death, that his friends would allow that they beheld in his intellect any of the infirmities of age.

And when these were at last discovered, they were such as rendered him to the pious and the kind man even more than ever interesting. Old age had imparted none of its fretfulness, but, on the contrary, shed abroad upon him yet more abundantly, the grace of Christian charity. The power with which he once could grasp a difficult subject, and pursue to its results a striking chain of illustration, seemed perhaps gradually in his public performances to be leaving him; but yet the ardour of his piety was unabated, and his parental exhortations were frequently inimitably affecting. He spoke in the undisguised sincerity of his heart, as a man on the brink of eternity; and an audience would sometimes be melted into tears by the exhortation of his old age, which would probably have remained unaffected and unmoved by the eloquence of his more vigorous manhood.

In private conversation, the change was far less perceptible. His memory, as is usually the case, was the power of his mind on which the hand of age had been laid most heavily. This was not, however, often discovered, unless he were suffering under the pressure of some temporary indisposition. His judgment remained almost entire to the last. We do not mean to say that he could comprehend a train of abstruse reasoning as readily as at forty-five, or see as intuitively the results of moral combinations; but on a matter once fairly before him, his opinion during the last year of his life was as sound as ever. As is common to old age, he delighted more in the narrative than in the abstract; but his narrative was always interesting, and his illustration, pertinent and happy. And thus, like the sun at his setting, what was wanting in meridian splendour, was more than supplied by the mild radiance on which the eye delighted to dwell, and which threw abroad its rich and mellowed glories more profusely the nearer it approached to the moment of its departure.

For about a year before his decease, his strength began visibly to decline. His feeble voice and tottering step too well forewarned his friends that his venerable form was soon to be gathered to his fathers. Of this, he himself was aware; and frequently, both in public and in private, alluded with much feeling to the hour of his departure, now so rapidly approaching. Rarely for some time before his death, did he attend a meeting with his brethren in the ministry, without alluding to the fact that *he* might never meet with them again. Scarcely could he hear of the happy departure of a saint, especially if he were aged or a minister of the gospel, without betraying visible emotion. It was not the fear of death. Dr. Baldwin was not afraid to die. His faith was firm, his hope was unclouded. It was the tear which nature sheds over the sundering of long cherished, of much loved relations. It was the tear which an apostle shed when standing for the last time on the seashore of Miletus, or which a greater than an apostle shed when surrounded by the weeping sisters at the sad tomb of Bethany.

Dr. Baldwin, as our readers are already apprised, died suddenly, and from home. He had left Boston to attend the commencement of Waterville College, and arrived at Hallowell on Friday, August 26. The voyage seemed beneficial to his health, and on the succeeding Sabbath he preached

twice in the Baptist meeting-house in that town. His text in the afternoon was, Gal. ii. 20—*The life which I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.* In this his last discourse he bore testimony to the supports which, during his long life, he had derived from the gospel of Jesus Christ. He declared that his only hope of pardon and acceptance with God was through the mediation of a crucified Redeemer. With an emphasis which sensibly affected his audience, he adopted as his own the language of his text, and declared, The life which *I* live in the flesh, *I* live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*. He concluded the service with the 71st Psalm of Watts, 3d part, C. M. and read with great feeling the following stanzas:

God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?

Let me thy power and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of *death*
Attends my *next remove!*
O may these poor *remains of breath*
Teach the wide world thy love.

His audience felt assured that this was his last testimony to them in favour of the gospel; but little did they think that he had read, or they were singing his requiem, and that the two first lines of the last stanza were so soon to be literally accomplished.

On the following day, August 29, he proceeded to Waterville. He seemed better for the ride, and spent the afternoon in walking over the college premises, and examining the condition of the institution. In the evening he officiated at the domestic altar with peculiar devotion and solemnity, and after bidding each individual an affectionate adieu, re-

tired to rest at about nine o'clock. After sleeping apparently well for about an hour, he seemed to awake, and answered in his usual manner, a question respecting his health; he then suddenly groaned and was no more. His usefulness and his life terminated together. Spared the pains of death and the agonies of separation, "he was not, for God took him;" and almost whilst he listened to the voice of affection on earth, the plaudit burst upon his ear, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Every token of respect for the memory of the deceased was shown by the Trustees and Faculty of Waterville College. On Wednesday his remains, enclosed in a leaden coffin, were sent to Boston, attended by the Hon. MARK HARRIS, of Portland, who had been appointed by the Trustees to accompany the afflicted widow with her sad charge to the place of his former residence. They arrived there on Friday, September 2.

On Monday, September 5, a prayer was offered at the house of the deceased, by the Rev. STEPHEN GANO, of Providence. The other funeral services were attended at the meeting-house of the Second Baptist Church by a thronged and deeply affected congregation. The Rev. JOSEPH GRAFTON, of Newton, who offered the concluding prayer at the installation of the deceased, prayed. Rev. Mr. SHARP, of Boston, delivered the funeral discourse from Acts xi. 24—'*He was a good man.*' Rev. Mr. WAYLAND closed the services with prayer. The body was then conveyed to the family tomb, followed by thousands, who were anxious to testify their respect for this faithful and distinguished servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Baldwin was twice married. His first wife was Miss Ruth Huntington, of Norwich, Connecticut. She was the mother of all his children. Of these, the only survivor is Mrs. Ruth Holt, the wife of Mr. Benjamin Holt, of Boston. Mrs. Baldwin died February 11, 1812. On the 1st of December, 1812, he was married to Miss Margaret Duncan, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, who still survives to mourn her irreparable loss, and whose affectionate and assiduous attention to the kindest of husbands will for ever endear her to all by whom he was beloved.

The history of a man's life is the only sure evidence of

his ability. What a man *has done* we hold to be proof positive of his power. Judged by this standard, Dr. Baldwin certainly will be ranked among the most eminent men of his profession in this country. To say nothing of his publications, some of which have become standard works on the subjects of which they treat, it is evident that no man, not highly gifted of nature, could ever, under his circumstances, have acquired so extensive an influence, and retained it to the last, entire and undiminished. Men do not confide their interests into the hands of another, unless he be abler than themselves. And he who for so long a time united the suffrages of all, could only have retained them by giving repeated proofs of undoubted native pre-eminence.

And this consideration will be more striking, if we recollect the circumstances under which Dr. Baldwin entered the ministry in Boston. His opportunities for improvement, either by reading or intellectual association, had been limited. He had read little, he had seen little; but God had given him the ability *to think*. He was of an age at which the intellectual habits of most men are formed. They are too wise to learn, and too much attached to the habits of their early education to amend them. Hence too frequently, to men of this age, a change of location is the end of usefulness. "As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place." But not so with the subject of this memoir. The change was a great one, but he was equal to it. He looked upon the relations of society in the light of common sense and of truth. He perceived what was required in the situation which he had entered. He saw what he wanted; and in the strength of a mind competent to dictate terms to itself, he resolved to supply it. He threw aside what was unsuitable to his present station; he performed with his full ability what that station required; and soon found what he who honestly does his duty will always find, that he was competent to the work which Providence had assigned him.

The prominent trait in Dr. Baldwin's intellectual character was vigorous and manly discrimination. His imagination was not luxuriant, nor had his taste acquired that accuracy of tact, which is only the result of an early acquaintance with the classics of language. Hence he succeeded best in a train of ratiocination, especially if it were one which led to an

urgent appeal to the conscience. Hence his style is remarkable more for perspicuity than grace. It is clear and forcible, but not ornate, and it gains nothing when the author attempts to adorn it. When relying on his reasoning power, he is strong; but when attempting to indulge his imagination, the critic might sometimes say in good nature, *Bonus Homerus dormitat.*

In public life, Dr. Baldwin combined in a rare degree unbending rectitude with unsophisticated kindness of heart. In the discharge of his duty he never knew fear. He was naturally above any thing like timidity; and religious principle had still more effectually taught him to do right "uncaring consequences." And yet no man could have more carefully avoided unnecessarily injuring the feelings of the most insignificant human being. He rigidly obeyed the command, 'Speak evil of no man.' In company or at home, he either spoke kindly, or was silent. Whilst true to a hair's breadth to the principles which he believed, he gave full credit to the honesty and the rectitude of those from whom he differed. Hence was it that he so often obtained the blessing of a peace maker. Hence he maintained to the last, the entire confidence of men of the most conflicting opinions, and even came off from the arena of theological controversy rich in the esteem even of those whom his argument failed to convince.

But it was in the retirement of domestic life, as the husband, the father, and the friend, that you beheld him clothed in the most endearing attributes. It was here that he shed around him the bland and attractive lustre of finished moral excellence. His disposition was in a pre-eminent degree charitable, kind, and benevolent. To know him at home, was to venerate and love him. Always self-possessed, always dignified, yet always instructing and always cheerful, no one could long be unhappy beneath his hospitable roof. The writer of this feeble attempt to delineate his character, was for four years in the habit of seeing him daily, and on terms of the most familiar intercourse; and for nearly half of this time was an inmate of his family, and remarked his deportment under every variety of circumstances; and he can truly say, that he does not recollect to have ever seen him betray a temper inconsistent with the Christian profession.

The character of his piety corresponded, as might be ex-

pected, with the type of his mind. It was visible in the firm adherence to truth, and the conscientious practice of what he believed to be his duty. This was at the same time blended with fervent charity and ardent love for souls. He was a sincere believer in the doctrines of the Reformation, and his daily life manifested their influence upon his heart. If any feature of his piety was more prominent than another, it was meek, child-like humility. This was seen in every walk of life, and every where did it add a new charm to his other excellent endowments.

As a preacher, he stood among the most eminent of his time in the denomination of which he was so long the distinguished ornament. He has published more than thirty sermons preached on particular occasions, and all of them are deserving of attentive perusal. In all of them may be discovered the traces of strong and accurate reflection, or of fervent and deeply affecting piety. Sometimes they are remarkable for acute and original argument, and at others for tender and overflowing feeling. Whatever was his subject, he always left upon his audience the conviction of his own sincere and earnest solicitude for their everlasting good. His expostulations with the young were in a remarkable degree affectionate, parental, and pathetic. Very frequently on such occasions he was moved even to tears.

His manner in the pulpit was dignified, simple, and unaffected. He rarely wrote his sermons in full; and not generally, at least in the latter part of his life, did he even furnish himself with a copious skeleton. His preparation most commonly consisted in studious reflection upon his subject, and writing merely the leading divisions. To this method he had been earliest accustomed, and in this manner he was probably more generally successful. Some of his ablest printed sermons were preached in this manner, and never written till after their delivery. Though far from being prejudiced against the use of notes, he was fully and doubtless very truly aware, that at the present day, at least in New-England, there is as much danger to be apprehended from too great a reliance upon writing, as there is from not writing at all.

In person, Dr. Baldwin was rather above the usual size, firmly and strongly built, and towards the close of his life barely inclined to corpulency. His countenance was digni-

fied, mild, and engaging, and his hair, of late years perfectly white, rendered his whole appearance in the highest degree venerable. His habits were temperate and regular, without being formal or ascetic. Hence it will be readily imagined, that he uniformly left upon every one the impression of old age in its loveliest and most interesting aspect, and Christianity in its mildest and most attractive exhibition.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. RICHARD FURMAN, D. D.

Of this eminent servant of the Lord, it is difficult to express what is just and proper without the appearance of excessive partiality. To represent him in the ordinary terms of eulogy, or to depict his virtues by any of the common standards of description, would be the direct way to fall short of the truth. The providence of God gives few such men to the world as Dr. Furman. After a long acquaintance with the world, and an intimate knowledge of ministers of the gospel, of various denominations, and of almost every diversity of talent and attainment, I am free to confess, that I have scarcely met any where the individual of such commanding excellence. The feeling which he inspired in the mind of those best qualified to judge, was not the cold approval of unquestioned merit, but the hearty admiration of true goodness and exalted worth. Where others were great, he was transcendent; and where others were fair and consistent in character, he stood forth lovely and luminous in all the best attributes of man. His genuine goodness was coupled with moral grandeur; so that in viewing him it was not requisite to single out some one quality upon which to fix the estimate of his character, but to contemplate that character in its beautiful and comprehensive integrity, as constituted and formed out of all those elements which give weight and importance to human nature. His endowments of mind were such as to give him a station among those most favoured by the bounty of Providence, and his attainments were such as to secure the respect of the most intelligent men.

Richard Furman, D. D. was born at Æsopus, in the state of New-York, in the year 1755. His parents removed with

him, whilst yet an infant, to the state of South-Carolina, and after some time spent on the sea-coast, ultimately settled at the High Hills of Santee, where his father held the office of Prothonotary, and followed the profession of a surveyor. At this place, then almost a wilderness in comparison of what population and wealth have since done for it, he grew up to manhood under the immediate eye and tuition of his father. By him he was carefully instructed in the knowledge of the English language and mathematics, while his attention was directed to the study of the Scriptures, portions of which from the Old and New Testament, his father daily read in the family. Dr. Furman commenced the work of the ministry about the age of eighteen, at which period of life, on account of the gravity of his character, the extent of his attainments, and the soundness of his piety, the most encouraging hopes of his future usefulness were entertained.

He entered the service of his divine Master under a deep and permanent conviction of the importance of the sacred office, and with that ardour of piety which gave to his future life a decided direction. The love of souls, the love of Christ, and a benevolence which experimental religion had warmed and ennobled, were united into one sublime passion of his soul, under the predominating power of which he went forth to publish the gospel of peace. From the very first his preaching was marked by good sense, cogent reasoning, searching applications, and powerful appeals to the fears, hopes, and rational motives of those who heard him.

There was in his early ministrations an earnest of that incomparable usefulness and devotion which his after life developed. There was a steady march in his first movements, a regular and determined progression, suitable to the eminence from which he had commenced his life of sacred duty. In this respect he differed from many who have passed their youth in unavailing experiments before they could attain any settled plan of action. His flight was lofty from the first, and free from the eccentricities which too often spoil great minds, he soared at once toward the summit of human worth and Christian dignity. There was a greatness in the very rudiments of his ministry, a majesty in the style of his youthful performances, which agreed well with the sedate lustre of his subsequent life.

The scene of his early labours in the ministry was that

portion of country lying east and north of the rivers Wateree and Santee. In that extended section of South-Carolina he preached, and recommended with an ardour and ability that excited universal surprise and admiration, a crucified and all-sufficient Saviour. Many of the churches afterwards united to the Charleston Baptist Association, were founded by his instrumentality, and ever cherished the deepest affection for his person and labours. The early settlers in that region were almost wholly destitute of the requisite provisions for religious instruction. Not only so, but even common morality was a rare commodity. Tavern scenes, night revels, drunkenness, and licentiousness, were so common as to have ceased to shock the minds of any. The influence of the young Furman's preaching upon these moral wastes, was most salutary and effective. Many of those hardy sons of vice, smitten with conviction under the searching power of his convincing appeals, were rescued from the power of darkness, and brought into the liberty of the sons of God. The aged ministers with whom he was in habits of intercourse, viewing in him an uncommon force and ripeness of judgment, together with the most unassuming demeanour, soon transferred to him the principal place in their associational meetings, and thus yielded to his youth a tribute of respect which had been previously conferred only upon venerated age. They felt and manifested towards him the sentiments of unaffected kindness and esteem.

Like most of our influential Baptist ministers of that day, he was a most decided Whig, and exerted his talents and influence in promoting the cause of the revolution in the then British colonies. The trumpet in his hands gave no uncertain sound in the cause of liberty; and he conscientiously sought the welfare of his country as a part of his duty to the Lord. The British army had at that time invaded South-Carolina, and, in consequence, the subject of these remarks found it expedient to retire with his family into North-Carolina and Virginia. This measure was naturally suggested as necessary to his safety, in consequence of the unsparing vengeance with which all those were pursued who were known to favour the cause of the revolution. In this retreat he continued to follow the high avocation of a Christian minister, and to exhibit the feelings and sentiments of the true patriot. The ability with which he enforced the

principles of sacred truth on the one hand, and the firmness and intelligence with which he asserted the rights of his country on the other, attracted the attention of some of the leading advocates of the revolution. He was afterwards sought and respected as an invaluable acquaintance and friend, by the Pinckneys, and Rutledges, and Sumter, names intimately blended with revolutionary achievements in their native state.

In the year 1787 Dr. Furman accepted a pastoral location in the city of Charleston, South-Carolina. There he moved in the uniformity of well doing. There he continued his residence for the period of thirty-eight years, exemplifying by rich and affecting illustrations, both the active and passive virtues of the Christian name, up to the moment of his death.

History derives both its interest and its accuracy from the manifest changes and transitions in the progress of human affairs. But in the measured tenour of a single life, made up of nameless repetitions of the same acts, there is not to be found that variety which confers interest upon other series of events. Should the moral impression, however, to be derived from individual history be thereby diminished? Is the benignity of the solar ray to be less admired because it is diffused by an order of unvarying succession? Are the stupenduous works of nature to have less respect and consideration because they continue to a thousand generations the same revolutions, stand in the same order, and produce the same results? The character which is formed upon the great model of divine excellence, will indeed partake of the uniform aspect of the pattern, but it will also resemble the pattern in the beauty and grandeur of its features. Dr. Furman, in regard to the offices and duties of his station, differed from other faithful pastors in this respect:—He performed the same ministerial acts that others did, but it was in a manner wholly his own. He preached, prayed, taught the ignorant, consoled the afflicted, visited the destitute and the sick, used hospitality, met and counselled his friends and brethren—all which things an ordinary man might do, but not as he did. What he did, always seemed to be best done; and what he said, seemed to be so seasonable and just, that no one might hope to express it better. It was therefore not so much by the kind of life which he led, that he was raised to the eminence which he attained, as by the degree of supe-

riority in which he stood above others. And after all this superiority was simply a *glorying in the Lord.*

There was a spirit of frankness and generosity about Dr. Furman, which qualified him for a pre-eminent station in society. No man better knew, or more fully exemplified the principles of social deference. His whole temper was sweetened with the love of conciliation, and the actions of his life were all of that amiable and obliging character, which are necessary to cement the union of good society. Though naturally grave and thoughtful, he was free from those severities of character which often render the more gifted classes of our race inaccessible to their inferior brethren. In company, his condescension to those of meanest condition, was no less remarkable than the refinement and pious urbanity with which he addressed his equals. His well chastened humour would frequently flow out, as much to the instruction as to the gratification of those present. In the department of amusing anecdote and agreeable atticism, he was often unrivalled, and never inelegant.

For nearly the whole period of his ministry, he was connected with one religious body, formed upon the principles of a popular delegation, and consequently requiring much care and kind feeling to maintain its harmony and union. In this association he not only secured an invariable good-will among the individual members, but under every variety of questions and discussions presented at its meetings, with every diversity of character and disposition to be found in a mixt assemblage, he continued to sustain the authority and influence which his wisdom had established, and to receive from all the testimony of unfeigned love. Among his duties as moderator, was the presentation of proper salutations to the messengers of distant associations. On such occasions his manner and sentiment was truly tender and impressive. His pathetic and engaging address, his Christian refinement of expression, and, above all, his noble and manly visage, over which charity had shed its kindly glow, impressed upon such scenes a character which memory delighted to retain.

Such a mind as his readily comprehended all the important relations of life, and bestowed on each due consideration. He recognised the debt which he owed to civil government; and from the conscientious part which he sustained in several distinguished appointments, it was evident that he knew how

to value independence and freedom; and that he connected the true glory of his country with the prevalence of Christian principles. He was placed, by the suffrage of the people, among the leading men of the state, to assist in forming a constitution for South-Carolina Being a member of the Revolution Society, he was appointed by that respectable body, in conjunction with the Cincinnati, to prepare and deliver discourses, one on the death of Washington, and the other on the death of Hamilton. The tribute which he paid to the virtues of these great men, showed at once his intimate acquaintance with the events of the revolution, and his masterly power in delineating the characters of men who had stood foremost in the struggle for liberty. In these funeral eulogies, which too are happy specimens of a dictium formed upon the rules of a correct and pure style, he speaks like one who had been an eye witness of what he relates; and while he surveys with just admiration the moral sublimity exhibited in the life of a personage so illustrious as the father of his country, he admits no tinge of an idolatrous devotion to human instrumentality. But as he had borne his part of the burden in the fearful conflict, and knew from experience what kind of magnanimity was requisite to sustain man, in such deeds of adventurous patriotism, he was well qualified to estimate the claims of those who, by discretion and valour, rolled back the tide of war, and animated the sinking hopes of their countrymen.

His mind was awake to every incident which could be thought to have a bearing on the happiness of his fellowmen. He lifted up the voice of solemn admonition in warnings and expostulations against vices which at any time threatened the moral repose of the community in which he lived; and urged frequent and powerful pleas in favour of that virtue which is necessary to exalt a people. Whenever tempest or fire spread their destructive ravages, he was among the first to call for an humble and pious deprecation of divine judgments, and the fostering of religious respect for the events of God's providence.

The most eminent ministers of his own persuasion, both in England and America, sought and enjoyed his correspondence. This on his part was conducted with so much care and regularity, and with so much of good sense and spiritual unction, as to render his letters always edifying and grateful.

His judgment, as expressed in the freedom of epistolary intercourse, was always directed by sound principles, striking discernment, and charitable forbearance. Whilst he was a most faithful reprover of faults and errors, he was in the habit of making the most liberal allowances for the frailties and imperfections incident to the human character. With party strife he never meddled but in the capacity of a peacemaker; and when his efforts failed in this respect, he was content to restrain the expression of opinions as to the culpability of all parties. On one occasion, where he had been appealed to by contending brethren, betwixt whom he was unable to restore the desired concord, he meekly observed, "that the case appeared to him to be a revival of the old dispute, which of them should be greatest!" He was never known to do or to say any thing which could be supposed to originate in the spirit of jealousy or rivalship. He was always among the first to accord the tribute of deserved commendation to his brethren in the ministry, and seemed to regard their success and happiness as an important ground of satisfaction to himself.

In person he was somewhat above the common stature, with a frame robust, athletic, well proportioned, and remarkably dignified. It was impossible to be in his presence without a feeling of veneration, or to hear him speak without a sincere deference for all he said. His face was full, manly, and highly expressive of kindness and penetration. In the pulpit he appeared to the greatest advantage, when the natural force and elevation of his person were rendered majestic by the presence of truth, and the solemnity of eternal things.

As a Christian of rich, deep, and varied experience, Dr. Furman presented much that was worthy of attention. He was among that class of believers whose unsophisticated convictions and feelings were the consistent impress of scripture truth. His joys were not the bursts of sudden transport, nor were his sorrows the paroxysms of temporary grief. His whole life appeared to be an exercise of pious contrition, and the distinguishing feature in his religion was the humbling sense of nature's depraved and corrupted state. If we are to judge true piety by the disposition which it assumes towards sin; if the living faith be certified by the temper with which the believer stands affected towards the turpitude of his own

nature; and if the most obvious tendency of that divine energy which forms the inward man to the habits of spirituality and godliness, be the expulsion of sin from the heart, then may we conclude that few men ever reached such eminence in grace. In meekness, simplicity, and equanimity of soul, he was at all times most exemplary. The care and jealousy with which he watched over and examined himself, were not the least conspicuous parts of his daily conversation. He was rather of the doubting than of the strongly confident class of Christians. His daily experiences in the divine life, presented in faithful record, resembled a true register in which the state of the passing season had been duly noted; and where might be found that alternation of bright and gloomy days which usually makes up the history of the weather during almost any given period.

In the deep and practical knowledge of the human heart, he was truly a master in Israel. His information had been derived from a severe and conscientious analysis of the diversified operations of his own mind; and the rigid scrutiny with which he sat in judgment on himself, added truth and certainty to the result of his close examination. Strict and faithful in deciding upon his own case, and a charitable judge of others, he was qualified to unfold to the timid and wavering Christian, those principles which an experimental process had developed to his own view. His religion was not a mechanical organization of frames and feelings, nor the irregular vehemence of a transient passion, but the established rectitude of a renewed heart struggling with the principles of spiritual wickedness, and aspiring after the genuine liberty of the sons of God.

As a minister of the gospel, he had carefully studied, and successfully acquired, all the properties of the sacred office. Like some of the great models of ancient eloquence, he conquered by early assiduity some natural impediments, and by this means acquired a habit of extemporaneous expression at once terse and conspicuous. His method of treating a subject was always remarkably happy, and no one ever thought of improving an arrangement of topics which his masterly conception had once formed. In the discussion of the several parts of his subject, he was distinct, deliberate, and solemn. His style, which was simple and clear, rose by a natural elevation with his leading ideas, and then were enriched with

chaste and pertinent illustrations. The general character of his preaching was judicious, affectionate, and instructive; but frequently, in the moments of deeper feeling, he adopted a loftier strain, and yielding to an impassioned impulse, he rose in the height and grandeur of thought, far above his ordinary elevation. Then it was that he appeared great and commanding. Terror and pity were blended in his air; his divine commission was held up in view of deeply penetrated multitudes, and the authority under which he acted was seen and felt by all present. The common fault of repetition, and the commoner redundancy of words without exact meaning, so universally prevalent among *extempore* speakers, were seldom to be found in his sermons. He always had a meaning, and that meaning was clear and intelligible.

I have seldom, if ever, known the man so distinguished for that prudence and useful forecast which are absolutely requisite to the attainment of respectability and usefulness, as was Dr. Furman. The smallest matters were weighed by him with jealous caution; and when the feelings or the opinions of others were concerned, he always adopted the most conciliating and amiable course. As an evidence of this, it will be sufficient to remark, that where he was known, all were his friends, none were his enemies. In asserting the peculiarities of the denomination to which he belonged, though bold and impressive, yet he always evinced a proper respect for the sentiments and practices of others, and by the spirit of modest deference, secured the kind regard of his opponents. Like Melancthon, he was great in counsel, and whilst conducting plans of general utility and benevolence, exhibited a wisdom, the plenitude of which seemed adequate to every occasion.

In pastoral duties and observances he was a model. The people of his charge enjoyed the constant benefit of his visits, admonitions, and prayers. In all these he was the untiring and painstaking servant of the church, looking after the delinquent, consoling the afflicted, confirming the feeble-minded, and supporting the weak. No other engagements were ever permitted to interfere with those which he felt bound to execute in the regular prosecution of his pastoral labours; whether it were the rich or the poor, the master or the slave, all equally shared his attentions and affectionate visitations.

Though in his views of scripture doctrine he followed no man exclusively, yet he was not unwilling to be found coinciding with such men as Doddridge, Fuller, and Dwight. He thought that many of the advocates of exact system in theology, had not deserved well of the cause; and that it accorded better with Christian wisdom to adopt an unmutilated revelation, than to press it by forced constructions into the service of a system. He was in general agreement with the summary of faith held by the Calvinistic Baptists, and was among those who advised the re-publication of that summary under the sanction of the Charleston Baptist Association. Still he held that all creeds were subordinate to the word of God, and that a reasonable latitude of interpretation of this latter instrument should be allowed, provided there was no infringement of fundamental principles.

In general learning he had made such progress as would have ranked him among men of the first intelligence in any country. The defect in his earlier grammatical studies was well supplied by his liberal and comprehensive knowledge of the philosophy of language; and whilst he did not lay claim to an intimate acquaintance with the rudiments of the ancient languages, he was nevertheless capable of performing the part of a judicious critic in the Hebrew and Greek originals of scripture. His studies were chiefly confined to mathematics, metaphysics, belles lettres, logic, history and theology. He cultivated also an acquaintance with the ancient classics, particularly Homer, Longinus, and Quintillian, with whose beauties and precepts he was familiar. He read with sedulous attention all the writers of the Augustan age of English literature, and whatever the language possessed valuable in criticism and immortal in poetry. There are few men, it is believed, who have had their minds more richly stored with the fine passages of Milton, Young, Pope, Addison, Butler, and other great authors, than Dr. Furman. From them he could quote properly and appositely for almost every occasion, what was most beautiful and eloquent. He possessed uncommon talent in disarming the utility of those studies connected with the mind, and in condensing them into such abstracts as to make them clearly intelligible to every capacity. In this way he could analyze and expound the principles of moral philosophy and logic, with a facility which could only have resulted from a ready mastery over the subjects.

But that which imparted a charm to his whole life, was the godly savor which pervaded and sweetened all his superior endowments and qualifications. All the vigour of his noble intellect was consecrated to God. All the matured fruits of his long experience was an oblation to the Father of Mercies. All the variety of his acquirements, and all the vastness of his well furnished mind, were merged in one prevailing determination, to know nothing save Christ crucified.

The whole period of thirty-eight years, which passed from the time of his settlement in Charleston to the day of his death, was spent in acts suitable to the life and character here set forth. Among his brethren in the ministry throughout the Union, there seems to have been but one opinion of his worth and talents. With one consent he was appointed president of the first Baptist Convention for the United States, held in Philadelphia, 1814, and was looked up to as the leading mind in all the deliberations and transactions of that body. His whole life was untainted by the breath of reproach.

Having reached his three-score years and ten, this eminent servant of the Lord finished his course among the people of his charge August, 1825. He had been twice married, and left behind him a numerous family. All his children have, more or less, walked in the ways of their venerated parent. Not one of them has proved unworthy of such a descent. Three of his sons are now zealous and able ministers of the gospel, and adorning the profession which was so signally honoured by their father.

The last sermon that Dr. Furman delivered was founded on the text—"Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him." Although in this last effort nature seemed almost exhausted, yet his mind was borne above all earthly things, and his lips appeared to be touched with hallowed fire, while he unfolded the privileges of that communion with God, which he was soon to enjoy in measure large and high. As his malady increased, and his sufferings became more intense, the graces of a sanctified disposition were more conspicuous. These were an humble reliance on Christ as the all-sufficient Saviour, patience under affliction, and tenderness of heart. When any of his friends would allude to his past services in the cause of Christ, he would reply—"Upon a review of life I find much to be thankful for; but O, what

cause to be humbled before my God! I am overwhelmed with the sense of my ingratitude, of my neglects, of my unfaithfulness as a minister of Christ!" It evidently distressed him whenever his past exertions were spoken of as indications of uncommon piety. "If I have been the instrument in the hands of God of doing any thing to his glory, it is to me a great mercy. But how numerous have been my short comings. I am filled with shame and confusion when I reflect, how little I have improved my opportunities for doing good!" That glorious theme on which it had been his delight to dwell in all the exercises of his ministry, swelled in magnitude as he approached the close of his life, and it was evident that Christ, and only Christ, was all his hope. To a friend who reminded him that past experiences were valuable, as furnishing evidence of our acceptance with God, through Christ, he replied—"Yes, they are; and if I had not these, I know that the promises of grace are still held out. Christ is still the Almighty Saviour, ready to receive and to pardon the repenting sinner." Like the great and pious Watts, when in the extremity of nature's struggle, he was looking for the prop that was to sustain his sinking spirit, he found the simplest truths of the gospel the most encouraging ones. The last time he visited the house of God, was when a neighbouring minister preached on some of the plain and practical points of the Christian faith. On this occasion he expressed his satisfaction, observing—"These are blessed truths on which we may live and die." To some friends who seemed deeply affected at the view of his sufferings, he said—"I do not pretend to determine, but my own impression is, that this is my last sickness, and if through the riches of divine grace I may obtain the lowest seat in heaven, death is not unwelcome to me." He lost no opportunity to address, in the most affectionate manner, all who entered his apartment; and as his strength permitted, he continued to pray in his family with that spiritual fervour and elevation of soul, that indicated his ripeness for bliss. During a violent thunder storm while he was in great pain, he repeated with emphasis, the following beautiful passage from Jeremiah—"Are there any among the vanities of the heathen that can cause rain? or can the heavens give showers? Art thou not he, O Lord our God? Therefore we will wait upon thee, for thou hast made all these things." To a friend who entered his cham-

ber, he said—"O, if such sinners as you and I ever get to heaven, redeeming grace will be greatly magnified in our salvation." To some friends present he said—"I am a dying man, but my trust is in the Redeemer. I preach Christ to you dying, as I have attempted to do while living. I commend Christ and his salvation to you." Just before he expired, he requested the twenty-third psalm to be read, and whilst this delightful portion of scripture was imparting its balm to his listening spirit, he gently passed to the everlasting repose of the saints.

THE END.

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